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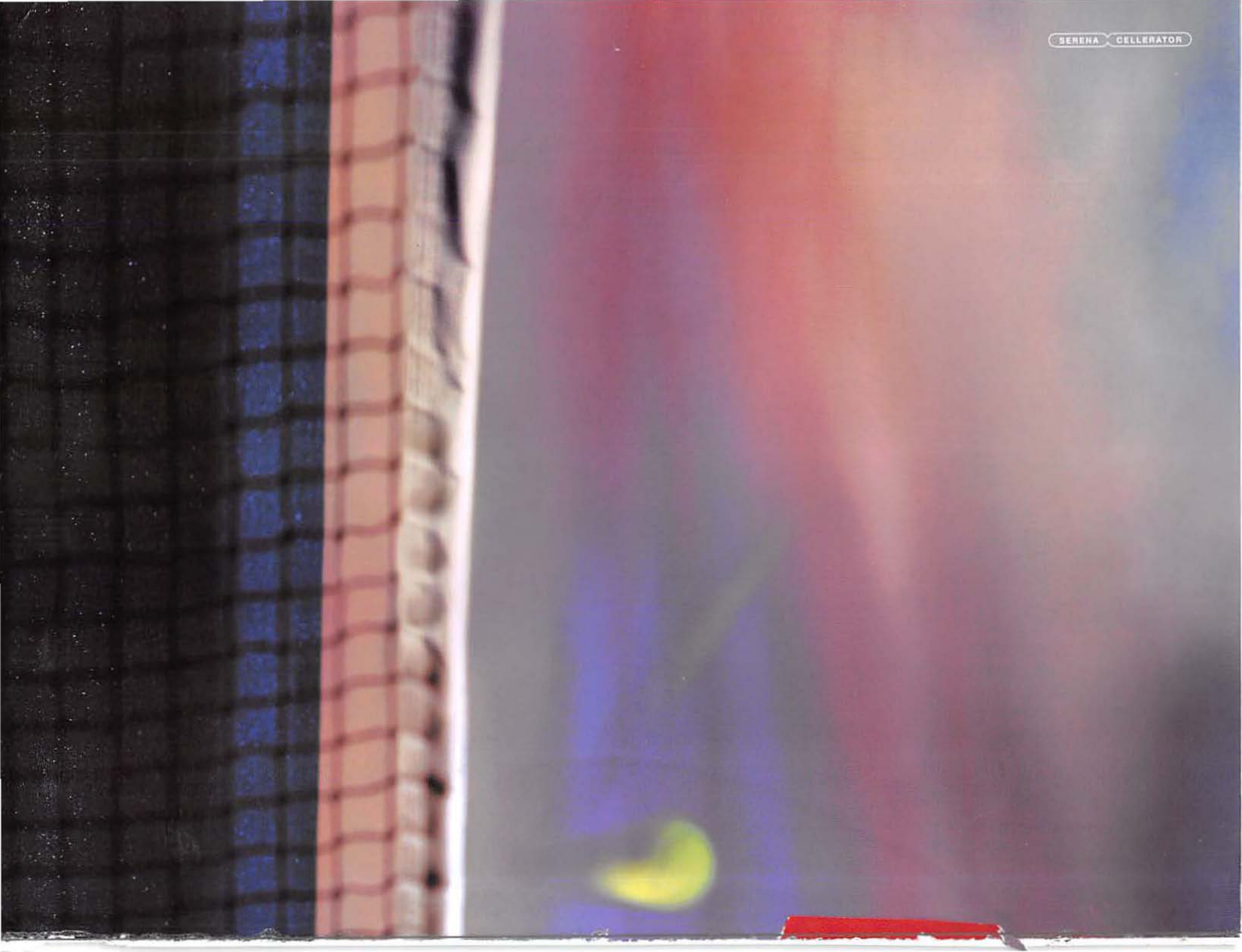
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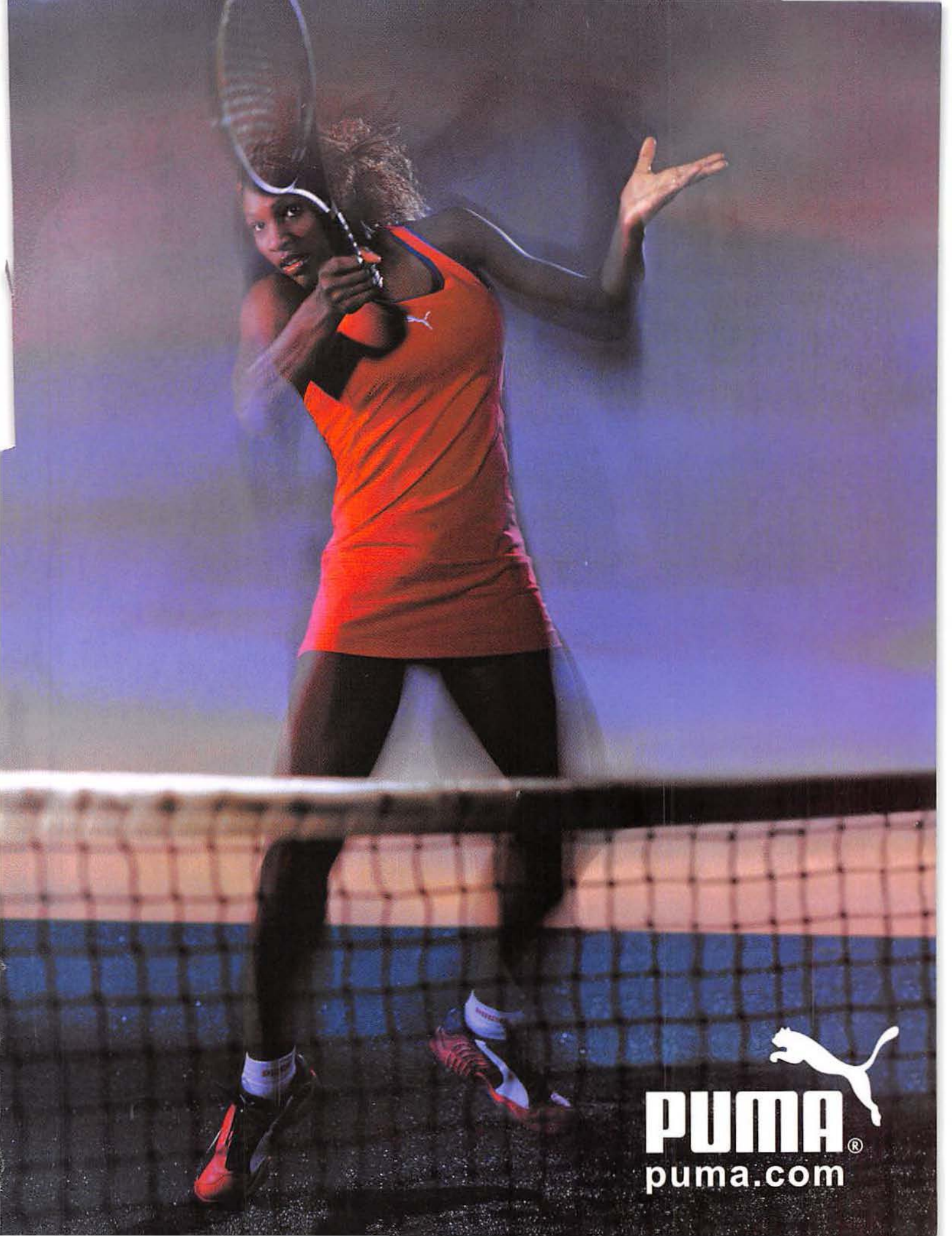
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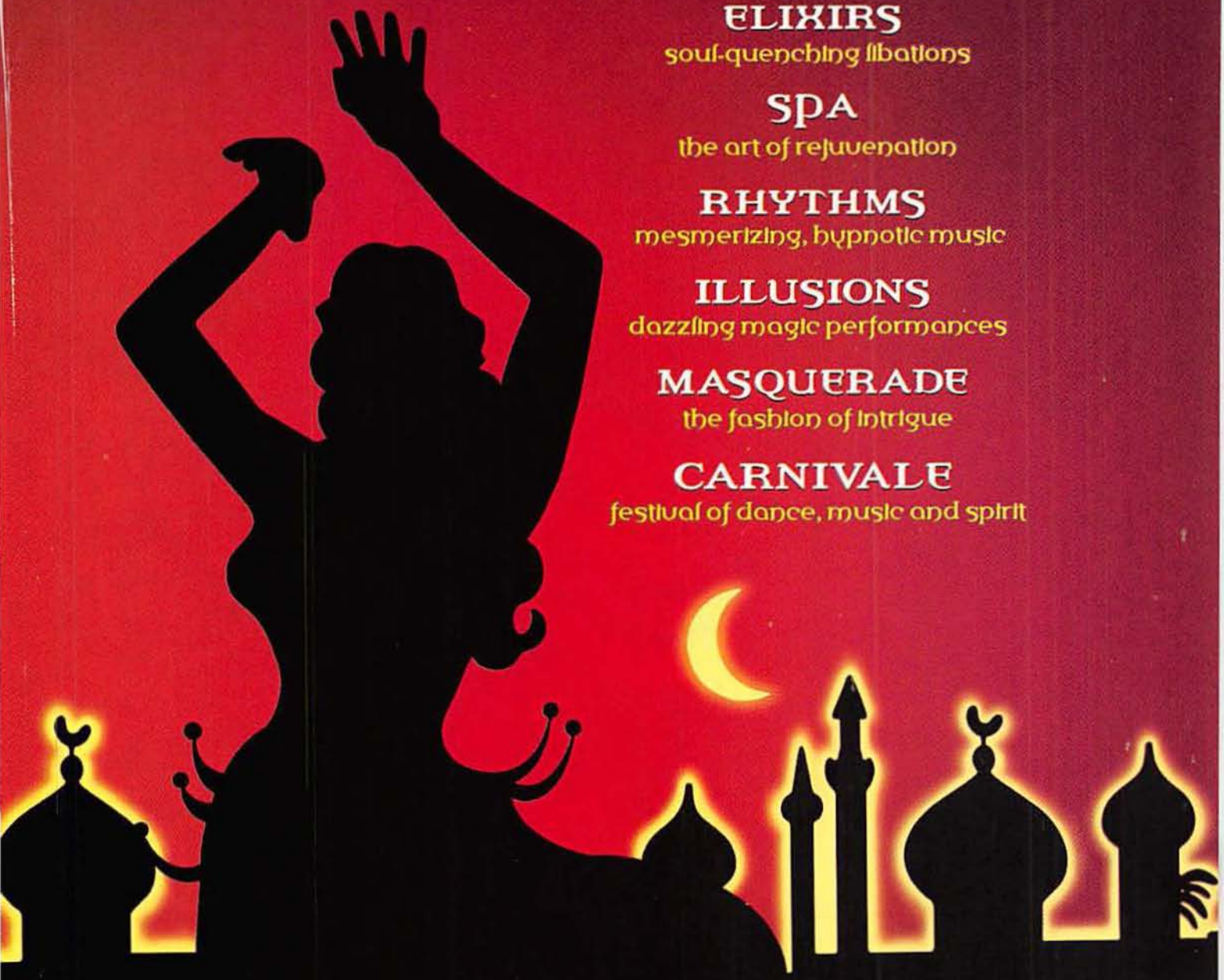

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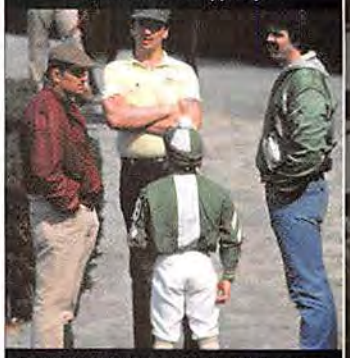
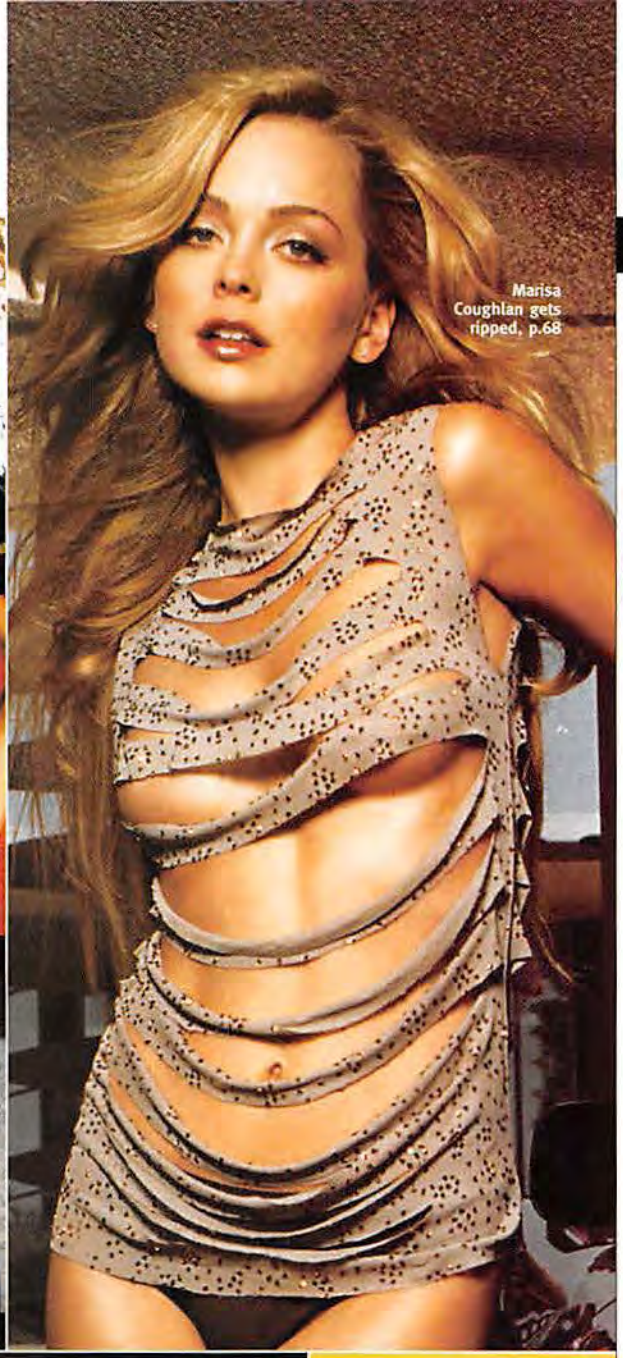
PLEASURE TO BURN

You and me: Vegas—let's go, p.102

Not pictured: Her nipple, p.28



Small man pissing on big men's feet, p.74



Marisa Coughlan gets ripped, p.68

Oh, to be that table! Not because she's sitting on it. It's just a really nice looking table, p.96

Monkey, meet ass. Ass, meet monkey, p.109

Stuff

p.90

FEATURES

68 Cover: Marisa Coughlan
The actress withstands our barrage of questions about sex, cops, Velcro, catfights and ripping off Tom Green's clothes. You'll like the photos. Of her, not Green. God, no.

74 Murder! Drugs! Hay!
Go behind the Kentucky Derby and what do you find? A bunch of spoiled, rich, unsavory characters popping pills and breaking laws. And that's just the horses.

p.160

78 You Can't Read This Story
Why? Because you won't be able to peel your eyes off the photos of bouncing Czech Petra Nemcova.

84 Psycho Therapists!
That guy your girlfriend pays 75 bucks an hour to listen to her gripes may be as stable as a Jell-O fruit mold. Which isn't very stable.

90 Banged and Bruised
Dangerous sex. Painful sex. Bone-breaking, testicle-ripping, penis-popping sex. Enjoy these true tales.

96 Candid Kam
"There's something wrong with the lettuce!" and other phrases to get you fired from a fast-food job, courtesy of actress Kam Heskin.

102 The Best Hump
We played darts with Engelbert Humperdinck and found out why women hurl their underwear at him (and what he does with it later).

109 Stuff Cool
Wanna be cool? Take these tips. No? Fine, be that way.

116 "Take My Leg—Please!"
The poignant story of a man with a healthy limb and the shady sex-change doc who cut it off.

p.132

On the Cover

Marisa Coughlan

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL BIONDO

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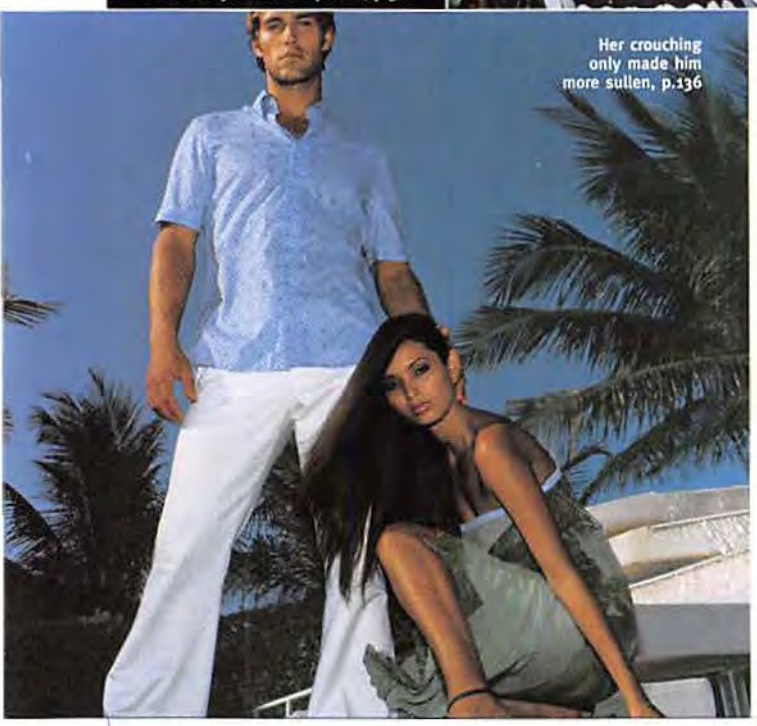
Contents

Later, he dreamed of marshmallows, p.90

Cartoons that look like Björk, p.42

Fast food you can sleep with, p.36

So tan, so pretty. But enough about us—check her out! p.78



Her crouching only made him more sullen, p.136

If only there were some way to carry it—oh, yeah, on our back! p.144

p.158

DEPARTMENTS

14 Letters
Just the ones that didn't explode.

18 True Lies
A vanishing drunk, an extra tooth, a missing shoe, porn at RadioShack and other crap you sent us.

20 Blitz!
Retard wrestling, Prince's protégées, an old woman's nipple prints, Lenny Kravitz's twisted body jewelry, Elvis as a blonde and, uh, more.

40 Hype!
Pearl Jam's roots, Frank Black's return, Gorillaz in our midst and driving tips straight from Hollywood back lots. Plus reviews of CDs, movies and games and secret references to forgotten icon Willie Aames.

58 Greatest American Hero: Billy Martin
The legendary Yankee's greatest hits were off the field.

62 Powder Room
Four women who will worship at your feet—literally.

123 Instant Cool
Pool toys, the Anna Nicole Smith of cars and incendiary cocktails.

154 Smart Bombs
Translate a prison tattoo, pick a lock and operate a flamethrower.

162 Where to Buy
Our No.1 suggestion: at a store.

164 Clown Wisdom

p.50

STUFF STYLE

131 Tough Skins
Swiss Army jackets and other clothes that'll outlive you.

136 Hot Tropics
We head to Miami, home of the dangerous fashionista rebels.

144 Surfer Duds
Own the ocean—or at least sublet it for a decent price.

146 Jean Therapy
Denim's now more flexible, and we found gymnasts to prove it.

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May I Help You?

Have you ever wondered—I mean really, really, *really* wondered—so hard that you hurt the wondering part of your brain? And then you sit there blankly, and you actually forget everything? And then you cry? You've just described my day, my friend—and by you, I mean me. So what was I wondering about?

Oh, right. I was wondering about this issue.

Remember last month, when I said I couldn't wait for May? Look! It has finally arrived!* And I'm tickled pink. Really, I'm pink all over from the tickling. It's actually more of a rash. It should go away in about five days. But in the meantime, I look a lot like Sissy Spacek.[1]

Why do I like May so much? Because, as we all know, May is short for mayhem. And our May issue is all about mayhem. We've got stories focused solely on mayhem and the people who cause it: crazed psychologists, wacked-out sex perverts, twisted surgeon-butchers. They're here in these pages, ready to make your life a living hell. When it's over, the virus we've secretly coated our pages with will enter your bloodstream, and you will shake uncontrollably—like Dan Rather[2] reading the latest issue of *Clam Fancy*. Then you will die. Of course, this doesn't really help our magazine. But we were never very bright to begin with. Here, let me show you something.

I just ate this Chipwich,[3] and I feel really sick. See, that's what May is all about. Doing things that are stupid, things that cause problems. Then forgetting about them completely and doing them again. This is the story of my life. This is the story of all our lives. Remember WWI? My point exactly.

But it brings up another important point. People spend their lives worrying about impending doom. How will you die? A car accident[4] perhaps...or a plane crash? Maybe. Maybe not. My point is, we've become so obsessed with safety precautions that pregnant women can't even shoot heroin anymore. I mean, who the hell do these people think they are, telling us how to live and what kind of sponges you can or can't eat? This causes much ambivalence, and not just in the military.

People don't realize that the real safety hazards lie not in the sky or on the freeway but in your bed. Thousands of accidents happen in bed, and I'm not referring to the kind that spawn gruesome Kennedys. I mean the horrible tales detailed in "F**king Dangerous." Want to see them? Get naked and take a peek at page 90. It's a good page. Real sharp, a cutup at parties.

This brings me to Dawn Yanek,[5] our sex columnist. She just got a haircut. I have the clippings in a small packet in the left-hand side drawer of my desk. Would you like them? Go to our Web site (www.stuffmagazine.com), click on DAWN'S HAIR AUCTION and make your bid. The catch: You can't bid with money. What do you have of equal or higher value that is every bit as personal as Dawn's precious locks? I'll leave that up to you. Remember to pack anything with blood vessels in ice.

On a similar note, I'd like to introduce our new photo intern.[6] His name is Manmeet. He plays the patient in the opening photo spread of the "Psycho Therapists!" piece (page 84). Isn't he delightful? Manmeet in May—what more could you ask for? A lot, perhaps. A lot.

*Actually, I'm writing this on February 28, but you aren't supposed to know that, you scamp.

GREG GUTFELD EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ANOTHER PHONE MESSAGE FROM MY MOM

"This is your mother. I did get the magazine. It was very nice of you to send it. Also, yes. [*Pause*] Lovely magazine. [*Long pause*] I was so surprised to know you like vacuum cleaning. That was the one thing. When you come home next time, you can spend some of your leisure time using the machine.

"Also, yes, those thin, beautiful girls would look better if they had a big plateful of osso buco. And they would look softer if they had cute little animals in their arms....That would make them a little softer.

"I haven't read the magazine, really. I wanted to take it to the beauty parlor today, but then I thought those ladies would ask me why I was reading it and where I got it. And it's so embarrassing. Their white hair would turn purple from shock. I'll be talking to you. And call your sister. She's pregnant, you know."

ATTENTION, MICHAEL TAYLOR OF DETAILS

Hey, pal, stop sending me invoices demanding eight bucks for your magazine. I never subscribed, and I've already called to tell your circulation department, but I'm still getting the magazine and those invoices. I love your in-depth reporting on disaffected club kids, but be a charmer and put a stop to this, or I swear our models will come over and beat the shit out of your models. And they will. Trust me. At least, like, three of them know some kind of jujitsu.

LOOK FOR RANDY, THE HELPFUL PINEAPPLE

You can get advice from all sorts of unexpected places. Like, say, pineapples. Throughout the issue, keep an eye out for Randy, the Helpful Pineapple. He works here at the company, dispensing useful advice on everything from how to use a phone to how to keep the sun from shining on your computer. He's very bright—and he's a pineapple. Enjoy his extra-chunky solutions to your syrupy problems!

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Is there someone you hate—someone in your neighborhood, cell block, office or country who wronged you or maybe just irritated you a little? Send us his name and address and we'll take care of him for you.

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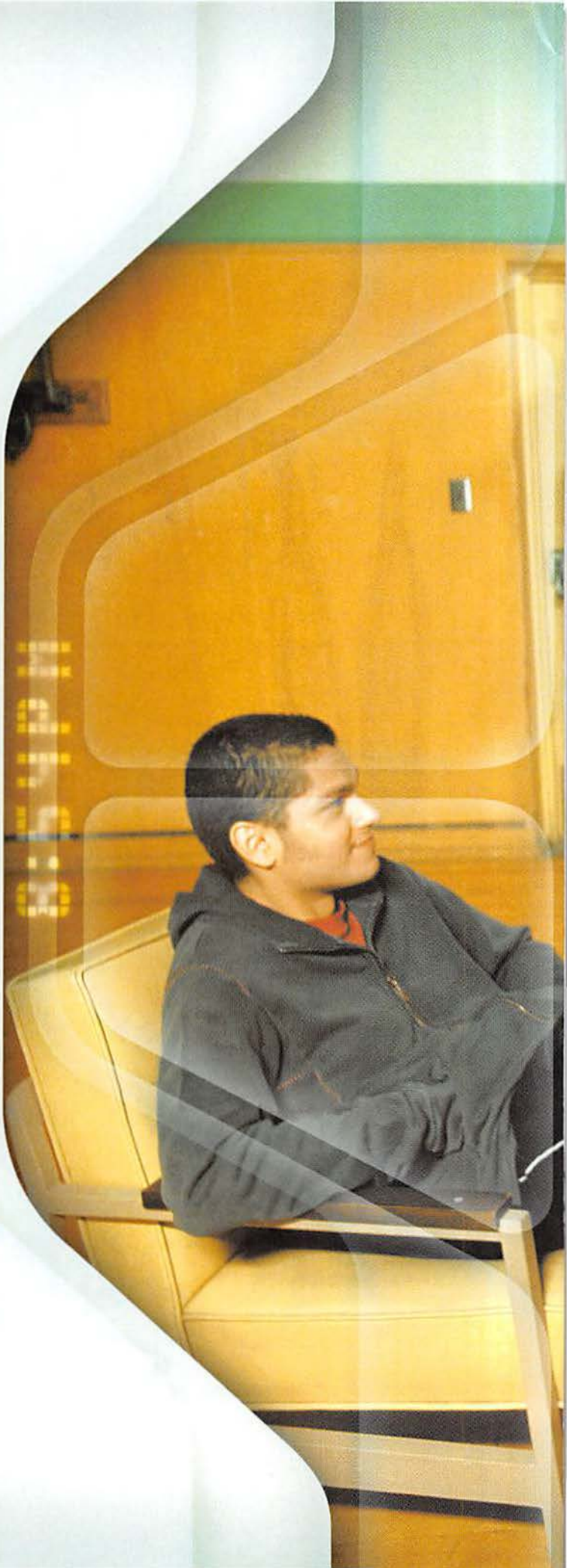


EXIT

It's Your Call

Another chance to abuse your God-given right to free speech.

We'd love to call them "bosom buddies," but we'd be lying. They hardly know each other

Battle of the blondes

I just got done with your "Blonde on Blonde" article in the March issue. How many hours did it take to airbrush out the big ol' stick up that model Tamara's butt? I can't understand why any model would have such a snooty attitude when you guys make her look so great. I'm a small-time model who would jump at a chance to grace the pages of your magazine. She should enjoy the high times while they last. Also, I have to mention how excited I was to see that mini-article about *Tail Ends* magazine. One of the covers you had pictured was the November '99 issue, which included a photo from my first modeling gig. I'm in the Nurse Madison layout. It really made me happy to know that people had the issue I was in. If a girl can't be a man's fantasy every once in a while, then what fun is that?

—Madison, via e-mail

We resent the suggestion that we airbrushed any stick out of anybody's butt. According to proctologists, using an airbrush on a stick in the rectum will have no beneficial effect and may, in fact, complicate the situation. If you don't believe us, ask Tom Brokaw.

Man wounded while fondling *Stuff*

I was reading the February issue when I came across the article "That's Gotta Hurt!" I discovered something in it that made me enjoy the magazine even more, and I quote: "You'll never get a paper cut while reading *Stuff*. We laminate the edges with marmoset placentas." Now, I don't know what the heck marmoset placentas are, but using such big words made it seem like a superadvanced anti-paper cut chemical, so I continued reading the rest of the magazine without worry. Lo and behold, one of those *Stuff* subscription cards fell out while I was turning a page and sliced my thumb. I got a paper cut, and not just any paper cut—this was the mother of all paper cuts! It cut me a quarter of the diameter around my thumb.

—Fabian Mendez, Santa Ana, Calif.

After hearing of similar paper-cut problems, we've switched to the placentas of freshly clubbed baby seals. However, the price of each issue will now be $500.

Torture with office supplies—made easy!

I felt right at home reading your "That's Gotta Hurt!" article. I would, however, like to update you on the latest in school-pain pranks. I personally have had my nipple slightly disfigured from a purple nurple, but I can still tell you that the absolutely most painful prank is the rubber-band sting. It's simple: Loop a rubber band over your thumb and forefinger and spread them apart. Now go find someone sitting down or otherwise leaving a limb unattended. Pull back the bottom of the rubber band really far, place it against your victim's arm (or leg or neck) and release. This hurts like holy hell, even through jeans or a T-shirt, and it leaves a funny dark red line, to boot. Do this to someone and soon you and everyone in your office or classroom will be living in fear of rubber bands and one another.

—Ernest Garrett, via e-mail

Ernest Garrett is currently looking for a job in the Bush administration. But only top-level stuff, please.

The China syndrome

I have a small correction to your March issue, in which you refer to the crazy dentist from Beijing, China, in "Cantonese Cavities" [Bizarre]. The truth is that Cantonese ▷▷▷

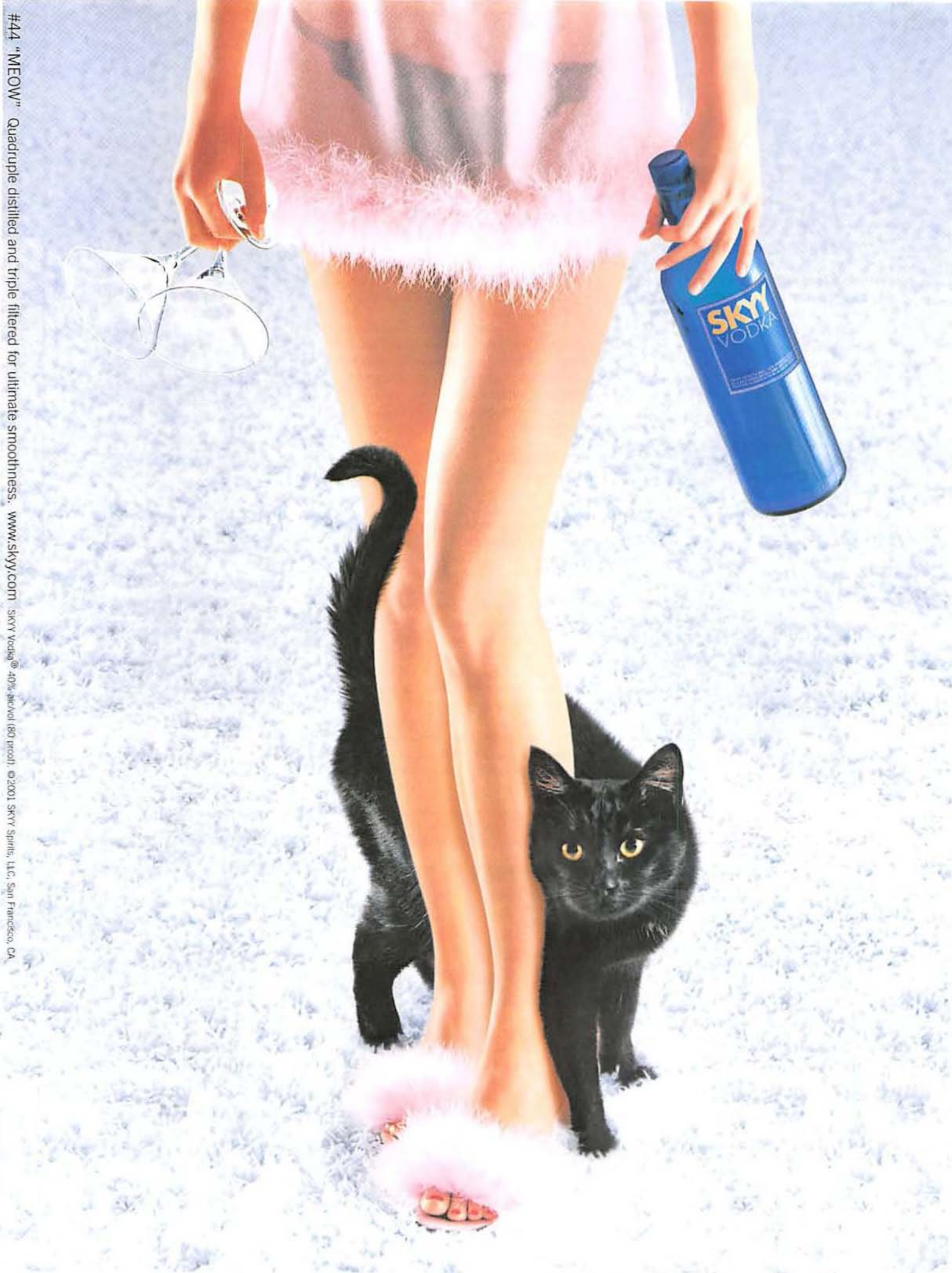
Letter of the Month

I read with alarm in the March issue about Pinky the Pig refusing to remove his blond wig. You might be underestimating the seriousness of the situation. I'm a psychologist and can tell you what's going on. As I'm sure you know, pigs go through their oedipal phases earlier than humans. Pinky has no stable father figure around, which has interrupted his ability to identify with the same-sex parent, making it necessary for him to resolve this complex by taking on opposite-gender characteristics. The wig, then, is Pinky's way of resolving his psychosexual conflicts in his gender-identity formation. In other words, you've turned him into a gay pig—unless, of course, Pinky is a girl. Then this is all crap.

—Dr. Skeeter Cleetus, North Conway, N.H.

Pinky is a boy, all right—but he's just experimenting with an alternative lifestyle. We support our Pinky regardless. For your adept yet flawed diagnosis, you've won a Nike PSA Play 120 digital MP3 player, worth $299.

Photography: (Blondes) Bruno Bisang, represented by Danielle Forsythe, Stylist: Lisa Gerrard, represented by Danielle Forsythe; Hair: Felix Fischer for J.Lo; Case: Marc Jacobs; Jewelry: Gabriel Rivendi for Garren New York. (Pig) April R. Boyles. Illustration: Gary Brandham



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is spoken in southern China, which is about as far from Beijing as New York is from Florida, yet they have a totally different language. Beijing people speak Mandarin. Please be more careful in the future—I will be checking.

—The Same Guy Who Corrected the Thing with the Chinese Sailors a Few Issues Ago But Still Loves Stuff

But we beg to differ. We actually know people from both Florida and New York—and they speak the same language. Besides, the Chinese sailor thing was a gag, and everybody knew it. Except you.

The Nuge gets nuged

Ted Nugent's death will be a blessing for the world. Anyone who would hire him is obviously a jerk, too. When I need a catalog, I'll purchase one from JCPenney.

—Paul Sigler, via e-mail

Hey, if we're such jerks, how come we get our catalogs for free?

You talkin' to us?

Is it true that your magazine scours the sewers and gutters and detoxes of the world for your centerfolds? Enough said—anything for a buck.

—Chuck Wepner, Hoboken, N.J.

We don't understand. You ask a question, and before we have a chance to answer, you come to a conclusion as if we already answered it. What type of questioning is this, in which you answer your own questions? *Stupid* questioning?

October sucks

You really have to fire Greg Gutfeld. After reading his little manifesto on why he likes September, along with 10 other months [Editor's letter, March issue], I noticed that he forgot October in his rankings! Editors-in-chief should not make such mistakes. They're editors. How could he forget October? College football season is in full swing, the World Series is starting, there's Devil's Night, and let's not forget Halloween! I could see how looking at all those pictures of Amanda Marcum, Tamara and Brittany Daniel could make you forget your own name, but there is no reason on God's green earth to excuse forgetting October. Moron!

—Christopher Flavin, Columbus, Ohio

Although we couldn't fire Greg because he's our boss, we did spit in his beer last night. Turns out he likes that sort of thing.

You Likey Our Nikes?

What's up with you not wearing shoes all of a sudden, anyway? A) It's unhygienic. B) You've got some nasty plantar's warts on those bad boys, and we're not exactly thrilled to have to look at 'em. And c) Hitler never wore shoes, and we can all agree that he was a nasty little man. Anyway, if you send us a letter that we deem worthy enough for footwear, maybe we'll send you a pair of these inspirational Nike Air Trainer Escapes. You don't have to thank us. Covering up those puss farms you call feet is thanks enough for us.

Send your letters to:
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Too Hot for Prison

The Texas prison system is violating my rights to freedom of speech. They are refusing to permit me to discuss the above with you because they claim that you aren't listed in the *Ayer Directory of Publications* or *The Editor and Publisher Yearbook*. Please advise me on a course of action.

–James A. Slone, Tenn Colony, Texas

First, break out of jail. Second, egg the houses of the editors of the *Ayer Directory of Publications* and *The Editor and Publisher Yearbook*. Third, turn yourself in again. Serves those bastards right for keeping us off their stupid lists.

Corrections

In the March issue, we reported that union bartenders will give a free drink to anybody who can stick their spit to the bar ceiling ("Things You Should Know"). We neglected to add that they will also give you $100 in cash and free drinks for you and a friend for a year.

In an effort to be current with our language, we used the phrase "Please, baby, don't sit on my flava" twice in the February issue. However, according to everyone we know, that doesn't make any sense. Shiatch!

Many times over the past year we insisted that *Die Walkure* was our favorite opera in Wagner's Der Ring des Nibelungen cycle. We must have been on something because we just love *Das Rheingold* so much more.

If you read the April braille issue backward, it's just a bunch of raised dots.

Boozin' with Fame: Jim McMahon

I grew up playing football, and Jim McMahon was my idol. Last year I got the opportunity to caddy for JM for four days at a celebrity golf outing. During this time, we stayed at his condo. The first night, we hit the bar and started pounding spiced rum. After returning to the room, we decided to keep drinking to see who could go the longest, knowing that our tee time was at 7 A.M. Four and a half hours and almost four bottles of spiced rum later, I was still going strong. We agreed that whoever remained upright would take a picture of the one who passed out first. So here's a couple of pictures of Jim, one while drinking and the other after he passed out. I couldn't believe I beat the Super Bowl champ. It was the best four days of my life, and Mr. McMahon treated me great. I felt like one of his old drinking buddies, and the night I kicked his ass drinking makes me smile every time I hit the rum.

–Peter Babic, Aurora, Ill.

Touched by the puke of a celebrity? Snap a pic and send it in. 'Cause who's better suited to police celebrities than us? If you get a cool shot of a star high on life, send it to us and maybe you'll get something nice in return (from our advertisers, so we don't have to pay for it).

"I had that dream again last night—the one where I'm washed up."

That Time of the Month

Tom Cruise's agent's friend

I am so glad your writers decided to churn out such a helpful guide, "Talk Like a Scientologist," in the February issue. Since I *am* one, it will really help me in my daily conversations. I've got a good idea: This could be the start of a monthly series, including "Talk Like a Jew," "Talk Like a Mormon" and, of course, "Talk Like a Black Man" and "Talk Like a Native American." Then there's "Talk Like a Neo-Nazi." I know that no one takes your magazine seriously, but since I am sure that many young men buy it, how is my son supposed to feel when some other kid rips on him because of his religion?

–Greg Shoop, via e-mail

Some say that ripping actually feels good. Some disagree. We like to think we're open to diverse points of view. A different strokes kind of deal. But we understand. Scientologists have thin skin. Is that some kind of space-alien thing?

Photography: (Timekeeper) Jens Mortensen

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True Lie of the Month

I was enjoying my first day of Christmas break, having just finished finals and a successful semester. I was in such a good mood as I walked down the street that I happily reached into my pocket to give a dollar to an old panhandler on the sidewalk. Unfortunately, as I was wishing the bum a merry Christmas, a drunk driver swerved off the road and hit us both. The homeless guy was killed instantly, and I was sent to the hospital after sustaining serious head, face and internal injuries. I had major surgery and was in the hospital for almost three months before I could finally go home. The surgeons did a great job of repairing my disfigured face and other injuries, but for some reason I had recurring jaw pain. Fed up, a year later I went to a new doctor who discovered the problem. It seems I had one extra molar in my lower jaw! Apparently, after the accident, the paramedics had gathered up as many body parts as they could from the scene and had unknowingly sent me to the hospital with the old drunk's molar.
—Jeffrey Plecque, Sunnyvale, Calif.
A few years ago we toyed with the idea of using homeless body parts to improve our climbing, but damn those lobbyists! Along with the free tooth, you've won a case of Kremlyovskaya vodka worth $300.

Ale angel couldn't fly

I was invited to a party at a buddy's second-floor apartment. By the time I arrived, the place was packed. Cases of empty bottles were already piling up at the door. I grabbed two beers and proceeded to the window, where a few of my friends were laughing because some moron had tripped and spilled a whole beer. One guy I didn't recognize was sitting on the window ledge. He said, "That's alcohol abuse, man. You should have more respect for the gifts that God has bestowed upon you." Then he tipped his beer to the sky and took a large chug. We all turned away and continued talking. When I turned back to talk to the guy on the ledge, he was gone. I looked around the room. Gone. I popped my head out the window, looked down and saw him. He was lying unconscious two floors below, his beer still in his hand.

—Scott McKenzie, Killeen, Texas

Blair Witch paparazzi

This past summer, I went hiking alone for two weeks along the Appalachian Trail. It was very peaceful and solitary. Although I met some people along the way, I never talked with anyone for more than a few minutes and I slept by myself. I took a bunch of pictures during my trip of some pretty amazing scenes and animals. When I got back, I rushed to have them developed. The pictures were phenomenal and brought back great memories—except one. It was a photo of me, crashed in my sleeping bag with my thumb in my mouth. I couldn't have taken that picture, and I have no idea who did. If the person who snapped that photo is reading this, please come forward. I must know the truth.

—Eric Gibson, Gettysburg, Pa.

Shoeless in New York

During an office party a few months ago, I was having an interesting and very flirtatious conversation with this hot clerical assistant. Once the party was over, I sweet-talked her back to my car, and we wound up fooling around in the backseat. This wouldn't have been such a big deal if it weren't for the fact that I'm married. I had never cheated on my wife before, and I felt terrible. Anyway, cut to a few days later: My wife and I were driving to a wedding on Long Island. Cruising down the highway, I spotted a black high-heeled shoe on the floor of the passenger side of the car. I felt my heart drop to my stomach. It was the assistant's. Thinking quickly, I pulled over to the side of the road and told my wife that I thought our rear tire was flat. As she stuck her head out the window, I grabbed the shoe and tossed it out my window. When we arrived at the wedding, my wife began frantically looking around the car. "I can't go inside!" she cried. Turns out it was *her* shoe.

—Lucius, New York City

Video killed the RadioShack guy

I'm a RadioShack employee and have proudly been for about two years now. One day, this clean-cut guy wearing a three-piece suit and wire-rimmed glasses came into the store looking for a moderately priced VCR. I showed him a bunch of different models until he finally found one he liked. He asked if he could test it out with a tape of his own, and I kindly consented. This was a mistake. The tape he played was obscene. Some girl wearing a large, black strap-on was violating her male companion. A roomful of employees and customers stood in shock as this was broadcast over a wall of TVs. A little girl started crying, and an elderly man was screaming at the top of his lungs. After about a minute of absolute confusion, the man popped out the tape and said he'd have to think about it and would come back in a few days after he made his decision. I never saw him again.

—John F., Staunton, Va.

Win a Year's Supply of Cider

When we think of cider, we think of apples. Lots of apples. Mmm, yummy apples. Which is why we were so excited about Cider Jack Hard Cider. It's loaded with lots of apples. And they're hard. Cider Jack hard. We'd like to share this apple-icious surprise with you, but first you have to share something with us. Send us a tale of inexplicable weirdness, and if it's really odd, we will send you a year's supply of Cider Jack worth $250. For those who got 320 on their math SATs, that's 12 cases. How do you like 'dem apples?

For rules, see the Where to Buy page.

Send your stories to: *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; or letters@stuffmagazine.com.

Check out more True Lies at www.stuffmagazine.com.

Photography (Cider): Jens Mortensen. Illustration: David Tazzyman.

The new album from Kool DJ Red Alert coming soon...

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Blitz!

A FULL-FRONTAL ASSAULT ON YOUR SENSES

First lady

Grosse Pointe Anatomy

Lindsay Sloane plays ditsy actress Marcy Sternfeld, who plays the evil twin of the ditsy character Kim Peterson on the fictitious soap *Grosse Pointe*, which is featured on the real sitcom *Grosse Pointe*. Confused? According to medical experts, if you look at this picture, you'll feel lots better.

STUFF: Are you the Tori Spelling character in this sitcom?
LINDSAY: Originally, the story line centered around my high-powered uncle, who gets me the part in the soap. But then in real life Aaron Spelling got upset. He thought my character was making fun of his daughter, so they had to redo the whole thing.

Did you talk to her about it?
I actually did talk to her. I was really nervous about it. I never get nervous, but my stomach was turning. My palms were sweating.

They make ointment for that.
I felt so bad. I don't want to offend or hurt anyone. It made me sad to upset her.

Do you need a moment?
I don't think Tori Spelling wants to be my friend.

You kissed guest star Sarah Michelle Gellar. She's a girl.
It's always uncomfortable to kiss a stranger. This was especially weird since it was my first lesbian kiss. But at least it was with a friend. There was lip touching but not so much saliva. Sorry to disappoint your readers.

If by disappoint you mean arouse, no apologies necessary. *—Shannan Rouss*

Photography: Cynthia Levine. Styling: Vincent Bucher at luxe. Hair: Alex Dizon for Artists by Timothy Priano. Makeup: Garret Gervais for Artists by Timothy Priano. Special thanks to the Latin Lounge (9077 Santa Monica Boulevard, L.A., 310-888-88111).

38 YEARS AGO IN STUFF

NOVEMBER 1963 ISSUE

AN INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT KENNEDY

STUFF: So, Jack—can I call you Jack?—what's on the agenda for this month?

JFK: Er-ah, the missus and I are, eh, going to Dallas. Some luncheon hosted by the civic leaders. The, ah, plan is to, ah, go straight to the luncheon. Right from the airport. Er-ah, nothing fancy. And no, you cannot call me Jack.

What are you driving?

A Cadillac hardtop, I believe.

We could set you up with a sweet Lincoln Continental, and it's a convertible. We just did a review on it. They love us.

I'd rather not. I sunburn pretty easily.

But you want people to see you. Forget the Cuban missile thing—the only real crisis is your lack of exposure.

Well, you have a point, my fellow American. We'll take the convertible and get to know the locals.

You heard it here first, readers!

WEIRD GESTURES OF THE PAST NO.5

The "Check, Please"

Deep in the catacombs of the great pyramid in Egypt, archeologists discovered instructions on this maneuver, which was used to alert ancient waiters that the pharaoh was done brunching.

1a Wait for your dinner conversation to come to an awkward and silent end.

1b Hold up one palm. Imagine that it is a tiny pad of paper.

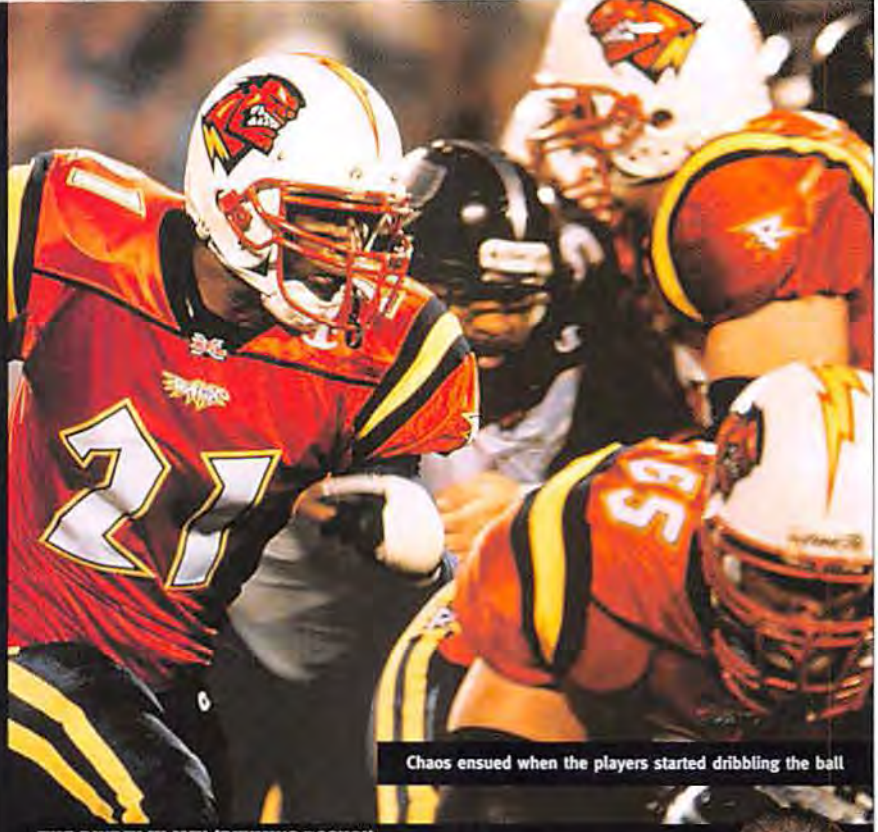
1c With your other hand, grab hold of an invisible pen (preferably a ballpoint).

2a Make eye contact with waiter while simultaneously...

2b scribbling imaginary numbers and letters and mouthing...

2c "Check, please."

Next month: The "We're No.1!"



Chaos ensued when the players started dribbling the ball

THE PAYDAY IN MAY (RHYMING ROCKS!)

THE WIZARD OF ODDS

Which castaway on *Survivor: The Australian Outback* will be the first to pose nude?

WUSS BET	KIMMI	160-100
MONEY BET	AMBER	450-100
"DON'T GO THERE, GIRLFRIEND!" BET	MARALYN	2,500-100

Just because she looks the part, tends bar and lists "having sex" as one of her essentials for a perfect day doesn't make Kimmi a gimme (there's that rhyming flava again!). Not when Amber, a former librarian's assistant, seems intent on getting in touch with her inner wild child. According to her CBS bio, the 22-year-old bookworm says that she ventured into the Australian outback looking for excitement. The least she could do now is share some of it with her fans by shedding her threads and maybe even giving them a guided tour of Beaver, her hometown in Pennsylvania. Well, it *is*.

Will the XFL fold in five years?

THE ODDS	25-1
THE BET	NO

Say what you will about Vince McMahon's intimacy with the lowest common denominator, but the man seemed to have an XFL game plan that made sense. He split the venture 50-50 with NBC, which provides him unlimited promotion. The season started the weekend after the Super Bowl, when interest is high in football and low in everything else (except NBC's *Ed*. I mean, could it *be* any better?). He also received discount deals for stadiums that otherwise would be collecting birdshit. But even with the sexed-up cheerleaders and superlow salary cap, the ratings plummeted weekly, and advertisers left in droves. Maybe the football equivalent of *Swank* magazine wasn't such a good idea after all. "I don't think there's ever enough sex," McMahon said after the opening weekend. Our staff designer, Robb, said much the same thing after viewing HBO's most recent season of *Oz*.

Kentucky Derby

WUSS BET	POINT GIVEN	6-1
MONEY BET	DOLLAR BILL	21-1

It's said to be "the most exciting two minutes in sports," but enough about sex with Jason Sehorn. The Derby can reach orgasmic levels if you're in on a winning long shot like Dollar Bill. He ran poorly in the Breeders' Cup Juvenile last year but came back to win the Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes, showing the classic Derby running style by hanging with the pack, then picking off horses in the final stretch. Dollar spends his off days doing crossword puzzles, knitting sweaters and taking enormous horsey dumps.

Will Britney Spears give birth in 2001?

THE ODDS	50-1
THE BET	FORGET IT

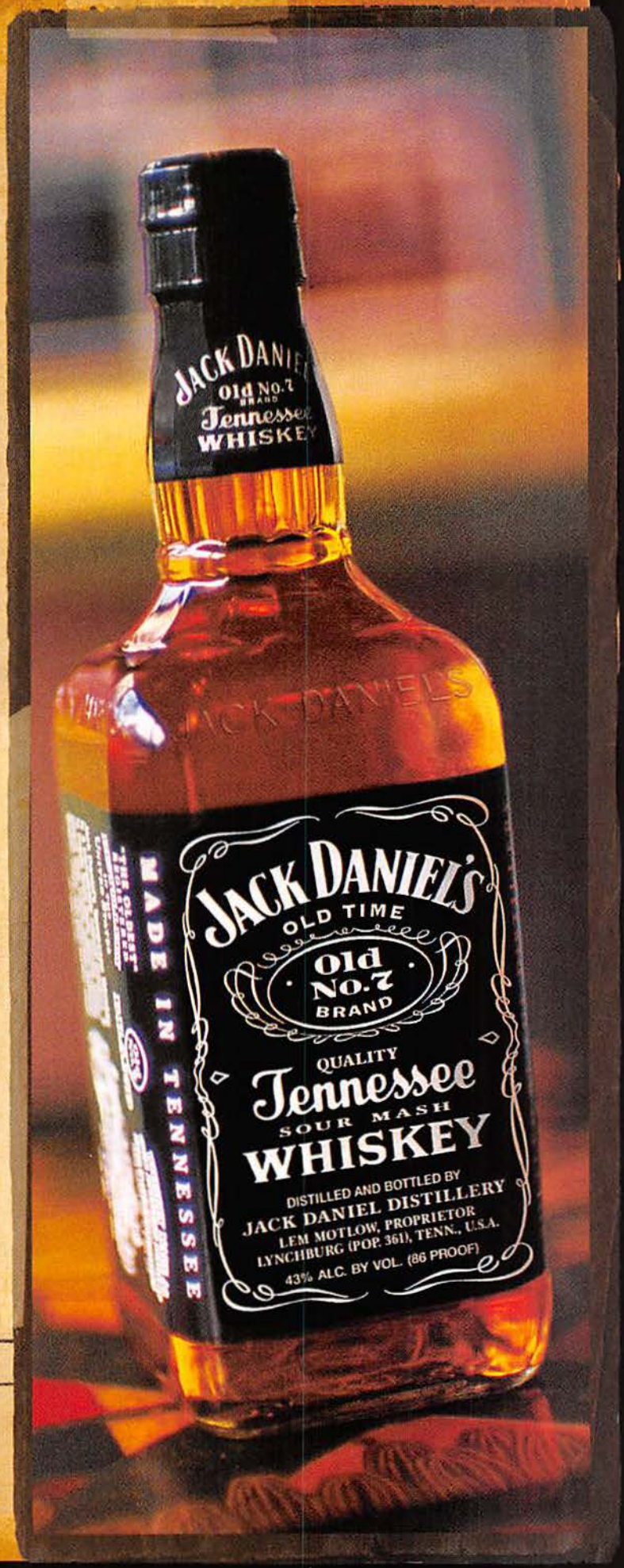
She's stronger than yesterday, but is she less virginal? Spears didn't get to be the reigning queen of pop by making bad (read: horizontal) career moves. And giving birth at age 19 (even with a wedding ring care of mangy scab-picker Justin Timberlake) would be tough for her fans to stomach. Besides, the woman in Britney's life would never stand for it. "I did not raise a promiscuous daughter," says her mom, Lynne. Uh, did you see the *MTV Video Music Awards*, Lynne? Lynne? Answer us, damn you!

Picks by *New York Post* betting guru Hondo; Britney Spears odds by bookmaker William Hill.

For your daily fix of picks, visit the Wiz at www.stuffmagazine.com.

Photography: (Football's) Damien Donck; Illustrations: (Gestures) www.jovanojordjevic.com.

STILL VERSION 1.0



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WORLD of STOOPID

CONSTRUCTION WORKER GETS NAILED, ASKS FOR HAND

BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA—This January, William Bartron, a 25-year-old construction worker, accidentally cut off his hand with a power saw and, since there was no anesthetic within reach, shot himself in the head with a nail gun at least a dozen times to end the pain. He underwent surgery to reattach the hand and remove the nails. Unfortunately for the gene pool, Bartron wound up in stable condition.

NOW APPEARING IN CELL BLOCK D FOR 10 TO 20

MACON, GEORGIA—Comic Glenn Matthews, 43, got up onstage at the Comedy Cafe this January and told hilarious jokes about holding up banks. The ex-cop who owned the club didn't find his zingers all too zingy and tipped off the local police, who then charged Matthews with robbing three banks and escaping on a bicycle. While upset that he'd landed himself in the pokey, Matthews expressed relief that he didn't wind up with a sitcom on the WB.

Alien probes man; man probes couch

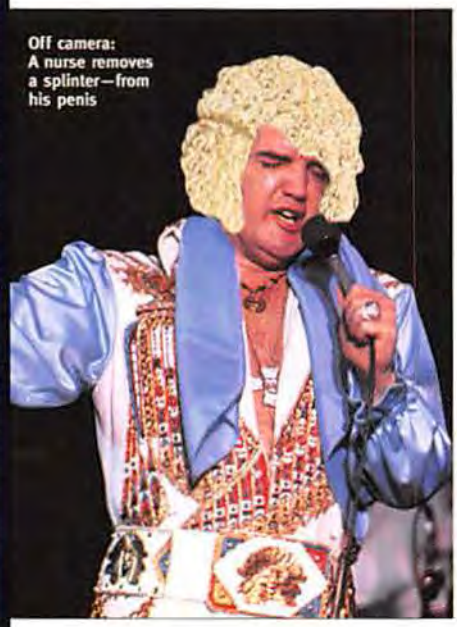
DES MOINES, IOWA—Last March, a 37-year-old man who broke into his neighbor's house told arresting officers the simple truth: that aliens had dropped him off there. The alien abductee, Brian Waddington, was apprehended while sitting on his neighbor's sofa, dripping blood all over the furniture from cuts on his arms. Police think that Waddington was on drugs, although he maintains that little green men picked him up in Davenport and took him to a house 170 miles from his own. The officers' skepticism was further fueled by the fact that tests for evidence of anal probing by aliens were labeled inconclusive.

His love of the game was really just a love of the postgame shower

USELESS FACTS

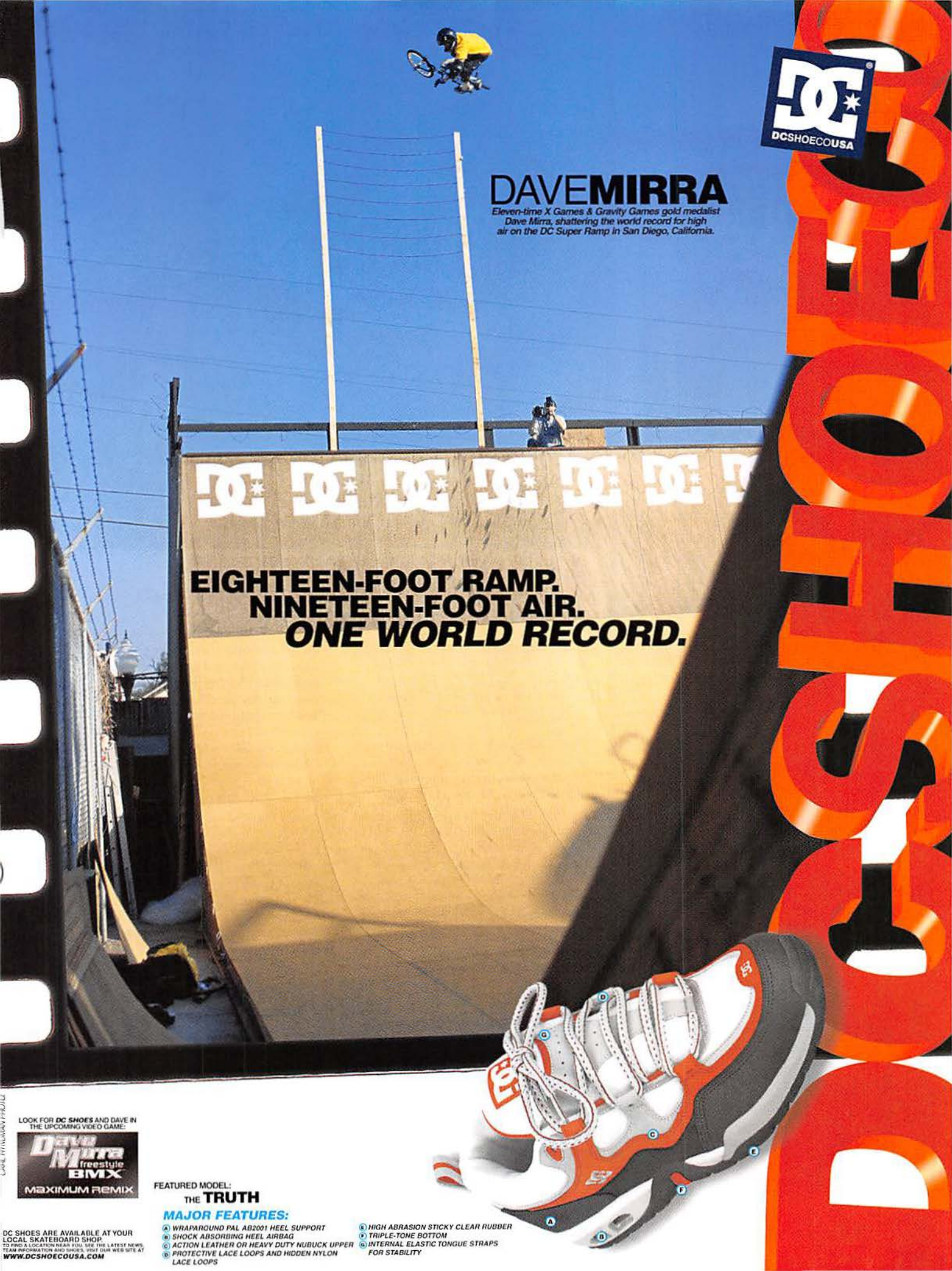
Newt Gingrich's high school football coach had to ask five colleges for a football helmet that would fit Newt's head.

- Cleopatra is said to have given blow jobs to more than 100 noblemen in one night.
- Insect flatulence supposedly accounts for 20 percent of methane-gas emissions, which contribute to global warming.
- Grover Cleveland was an executioner before he became president of the United States.
- Recently, a Pennsylvania man was jailed for 30 days after repeatedly oinking at his ex-wife.
- In the 15th century, women working in Moorish baths were trained to pull out tufts of men's pubic hair to induce orgasms.
- Fifty-three Thanksgiving turkeys have been granted presidential pardons since 1947.
- Elvis Presley was actually a blonde who dyed his hair black.



Off camera: A nurse removes a splinter—from his penis

Photography: (Stoopid) Jens Mortensen.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Eleven-time X Games & Gravity Games gold medalist Dave Mirra, shattering the world record for high air on the DC Super Ramp in San Diego, California.
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ONE WORLD RECORD.
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WWW.DCSHOECOUSA.COM

POP QUIZ

COP, CROOK OR BOTH?

See if you can tell the police from the perps from the opportunists who are a bit of both!

Answers: A. Larry Nevers (cop and crook). B. Patrick Murphy (crook, of the Texas Seven). C. Roberto Escobar (crook, reputed drug lord). D. Kenneth Wasza (cop). E. Giuseppe Montanti (crook, alleged Sicilian mob boss). F. Alfonso "El Abusador" Compres (cop and crook). G. Rodney Bishop (cop). H. An unnamed Hawaiian police officer (ancient Polynesian law dictates that island officers must be both nameless and pantless at all times).

Blitz!

Somewhere deep in the soil, Mark Twain has a maggot-riddled erection

FIG. 1 HER LEG, FOOT AND PUMP

FIG. 2 HER BUTT, AKA MONEYMAKER

WOMEN'S STUDIES APPLICANT NO.5

ANDREA SMITH

Another capable coed vies for our $4,999 scholarship.

COLLEGE: Mississippi State University
BIRTHDAY: October 15, 1981
CAREER GOAL: Hospital administrator
FAVORITE TV SHOW: *Nash Bridges* [1]
BOYFRIEND'S FAVORITE BODY PART: "My ass"
EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITIES: Once had sex on a four-wheel ATV.

STUFF: What made you decide to enter our prestigious scholarship contest?
ANDREA: My boyfriend was reading *Stuff*, saw it and said, "You need to do this!"

I think that by "this," he meant the girl in the photo. Well? Would you? Do the girl in the photo, that is? [2]
That's funny because I was talking with a girl about that yesterday. I think everybody has certain bisexual tendencies and is just afraid to admit it.

Have you indulged in the current college trend that is same-sex unions?
A little bit. We just kissed. But it is something that this certain girl and I have talked about a lot.

Yeah. We talked to that girl, too. Anyway, you're originally from Texas. Were you issued an NRA membership at birth?
I'm for the NRA. I mean, I'm a member. Because, you know, if there's a gun in my apartment, it makes me feel safer. No, I'm not going to go out and do anything bad with the thing. I do not have a permit to carry it around.

Please. Our editor-in-chief doesn't have a permit, period, and he carries his Glock around like it's a friggin' inhaler. Anyway, does your boyfriend have nicknames for any of your body parts?
I can think of one thing. It's kind of stupid, though. He calls my breasts pillows.
I don't even know. It's funny. 'Cause, like, he'll say something and be like, "...my pillows." It's funny.

Funny? That's hilarious! [*Interview is postponed for five minutes as writer tries to regain his composure.*] Hee-hee! Hooo, sorry about that. Final question: Southern frat boys—are they deep-fried delicious?
They're assholes. All they think about is hooking up with the girls they know are sluts. That's what I've seen. And they stare. When I'm hanging out, my friends will be like, "Those ΣAEs are totally looking at you up and down," and they do. They will just gawk at you.

Oof. Good thing we don't have a big Greek readership. Memo to enraged voters: Go easy on her. She probably just hasn't hung out with *your* frat, dudes. —*Mike Olson*

1 Ohmigawd! That's our favorite show, too! (Hey, when it comes to trying to sleep with the contestants, you do what you gotta do.)

2 For those who tire of our constant lesbian questions, we highly recommend the over-the-counter drug NoDoz. That shit will wake you right up!

Do you know a student who is as versatile, vivacious and totally unvapid as Andrea? Send pics and her vitals to: Women's Studies Scholarship, *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. For rules, see the Where to Buy page.

photo: Carl Posey
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BABES OF YORE NO. 17

Prince's Protégées

The Paisley Park priss discovered, disrobed and–eventually–dismissed them all.

SHEILA E

1984 Prince tells Sheila Escovedo to change her name to Sheila E. He produces her hit song, "The Glamorous Life." Bonus points go to E for not having to sleep with him to get the gig.

E stands for...E

1987 After three successful albums, she joins Prince on his Sign of the Times tour, but winds up quitting a year later because she "didn't want to curse anymore."

1998 Sheila debuts as the bandleader on the Magic Johnson train wreck, *The Magic Hour*. It ends quicker than Johnson's coaching career.

Later, she disinfected her glove

VANITY

1980 Prince meets aspiring singer Denise Matthews when she shows up alone at the American Music Awards (or the AMA's, to insiders). They become involved, and Prince urges her to change her name to Vagina. She settles (why?) on Vanity, and he puts her at the front of an all-girl group called Vanity 6–even though there were only three of them. Dude, artists don't have *time* for math.

1984 Their romance ends, and Vanity embarks on a solo career, highlighted by two albums and her starring role in the kung-fu musical *The Last Dragon*. Her second album, *Skin on Skin*, offered such prose as "You've got me under the influence of the four-letter word on my mind." A brief engagement to Mötley Crüe's Nikki Sixx was equally perplexing.

1988 Vanity displays a little by posing for the April issue of *German Playboy*.

1988 Costars with Apollo Creed in the Oscar-nominated *Action Jackson*. Carl Weathers' biceps may have been bigger, but when it comes to afro girth/sheen, Vanity wins!

Put the "ho" in "whoa!"

1994 Near-fatal complications from cocaine abuse convince Vanity to trade in her bustier for a Bible, so she gives herself over to both Jesus and L.A. Raiders defensive end Anthony Smith.

SHEENA EASTON

1987 Prince invites the Scottish star to sing with him on "U Got the Look," which reaches all the way to No.2. Hey, it had the hook. Sorry.

Real name? Sheena Weston

1987-89 Sheena plays Mrs. Sonny Crockett in the often imitated but never duplicated (and certainly never masticated) *Miami Vice*.

1997 Trying to revive her flagging career and rebound from three ex-husbands (one of whom gained fame by impersonating Easton in a drag show), Sheena stars as Rizzo in Broadway's *Grease*. It works almost as well as it did for Brooke Shields.

2000 Appears opposite David Cassidy in the Vegas show *At the Copa*. Not to be confused with the Vegas musical about Rikers Island titled *Don't Drop the Soapa*.

APOLLONIA

1984 Prince's new big-boobed babe, Patricia Apollonia Kotero, replaces Vanity. The group is ingeniously renamed Apollonia 6–even though there are still only three of them. Apollonia replaces Vanity in *Purple Rain*. Doves throughout the greater Minnesota area cry.

1985 Signs to a 10-week stint on *Falcon Crest*. Her biggest complaint? "High salaries for undeserving actors." We hear you, sister!

1987 Ap is kicked out of a restaurant for rowdiness. Her protests of "I am Apollonia!" produce no reaction. Sad thing is, we're not making that up.

1989 She's arrested for buying marijuana from an 11-year-old girl. Apollonia claims it was research for a film role. The cops respond with waves of uncontrollable laughter followed by a full-on body-cavity search of her Pekingese.

Drying her pits

1991 Appears opposite Luke Skywalker in the thriller *Black Magic Woman*. Babes of Yore Truism No.863: Starring with Mark Hamill–in anything, really–is not a good career move.

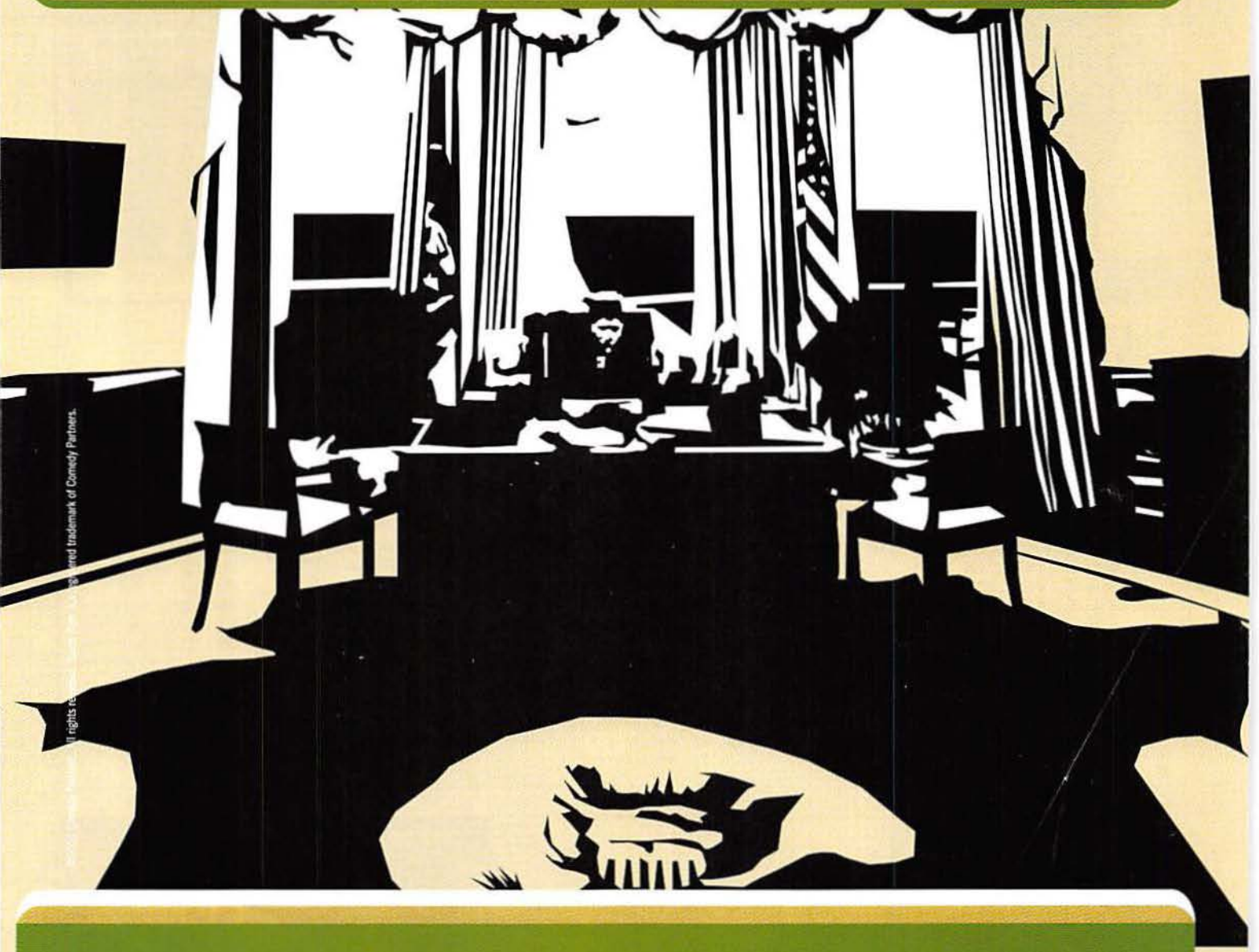
2000 Has a cameo in MTV's *Cribs* as the neighbor of Carmen Electra. Why isn't former Prince protégée Electra on our list? Give her another five years–then she'll be right here.

2001 Stars in *Vampirates*. Here's a surprise: It's about vampires and pirates.
–*Dan Nemet-Nejat*

1980 1985 1990 1995 2001

SINCE GEORGE W. BUSH TOOK OFFICE,

WE'VE YET TO ENCOUNTER ANY AWKWARD CUBAN REFUGEE INCIDENTS.



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THE LINEUP

DIRTY ROTTEN SCOUNDRELS

Our monthly ranking of the truly rank.

1 Jimmy Buffett

The fat sack of margarita mix was ejected from his seat at a Miami Heat game after announcing that a call was "bullshit." The ref quickly tossed Buffett, who caused a delay in the game to protest. Pat Riley was almost given a technical for further pleading Buffett's case. The ref later admitted that it was Riley's effortless ability to match his ties with his suits that really set him off.

2 Elizabeth Hurley

Hugh Grant's former hairy holster to his furry firearm is currently talking up Spider Island, a rehab center for drug-addicted chimps. Hurley claims that tropical resorts feed their chimps heroin to make them more placid. Uh, did the monkeys ask to be helped? Let 'em have their kicks, you party wrecker! Oh, and Olaf, our office orangutan, saw *Bedazzled*, by the way. He thought it sucked.

3 Lenny Kravitz

While Kravitz is anything but original when it comes to his sound, when it comes to mourning, he's a friggin' trendsetter. The rumor around town (not our town–maybe Schenectady) is that Kravitz took a diamond from an old earring of his dearly departed mom's and fashioned it into a genital accessory that he wears proudly. You should have seen what he did with her favorite cane.

4 Cindy Crawford

According to her downstairs neighbor, Crawford's singing voice isn't the only shrill noise that emits from her person. Marina French is suing the model, charging that she's been forced to listen to excessively loud toilet flushing. Crawford has yet to comment, so we'll do it for her: Listen, you old bag–everybody poops. Even Cindy. And, quite frankly, it's a bit of a turn-on for us. So deal.

5 Drew Barrymore

Some people want to live on a cloud in the afterlife. Not Drew Barrymore, who prefers to swish around in the bowels of a flea-infested feline. "I want a little of my ashes put in his food," the big-boobed one said recently. "That way I'll live on forever inside him when I die." Listen, Drew–you'll live in the cat until his next litter-box visit. Why not let us fashion your hair into a festive vest instead?

It doesn't taste anything like...oh. Nothing. Forget it

Ah, Jamaica. Land of beautiful beaches, smooth reggae, goat-filled backyards and sweet, sweet cock-flavored soup (or cock-*flavoured* soup, to use the island vernacular). Our loyal reader and friend Perry Mattis discovered this item–which no kitchen should be without–while window-shopping in the Bronx. And, for out-of-towners, the Bronx really is the Kingston of the Big Apple. Perry? Expect a brand-new Nike watch to be arriving in your hometown of Marietta, Georgia, real soon. And Jamaica? *Stuff* encourages you to continue to get up, stand up–stand up for your right.

You know what's better than watches? Nike watches. And you can quote us on that. If you've got the goods (read: something odd looking) and we print it, we'll bestow upon thee one Nike Field watch. Send your name, number and item to: Crap Editor, Stuff, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. For rules, see the Where to Buy page.

BIG UPS TO NOTORIOUS P.I.G.

He's so cute, we could just eat him up. Actually...

Congratulations to Daniel Byrd for giving our office pig a highly respectable/huggable new name! Daniel is the proud owner of a new Atlantis WeatherGear raincoat after beating out the other four finalists (Ham Slut, Stuffy, Pooter and Fatty McGee), as per our reader poll on StuffMagazine.com. Finally, the pig can get those vanity plates he's been begging us for.

Photography: (Lineup, soup) Jens Mortensen; (Pig) April R. Bayles. Illustrations: Simon Brown.

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Splendor in the Grass
Spring is a time of renewal. It's also a time when the constant rain erodes enough of our editor-in-chief's backyard to expose—how can we put this delicately?—his penchant for murder and do-it-yourself burials. Just kidding! That's not the backyard of Greg Gutfeld's palatial trailer home—it's a sculpture at the Diretissima exhibition in Münster, Germany. When asked about the type of material he used to create such lifelike synchronized grass swimmers, French artist Henri Alain Unsenos responded by saying something in French.

IT'S A SICK WORLD AFTER ALL

BIZARRE!

Our regular roundup of a world gone wrong.

DIFFERENTLY ABLED HEADLOCKS

In a suburb of Tokyo, apparently the only thing the locals like more than wrestling is wrestling the retarded. In a move that has been described as both "abominable" (by society) and "brilliant" (by us), the Rising Sun has taken a shine to no-holds-barred handicapped fighting. Organized steel cage matches, complete with refs, have become the latest rage. Bouts are set up in order of "most handicapped" (wheelchair-bound vegetables who collapse on one another in the ring) to "not really that handicapped at all" (two guys with harelips). The wrestlers strut their stuff with delightful nicknames like the Godmother and No Sympathy—the latter was born with neither sympathy *nor* the ability to walk.

MILKING HER CELEBRITY

These breast prints (right) represent just the tips of the icebergs featured on MamieVanDoren.com, a Web site created by Mamie Van Doren, the 70-year-old starlet of classics such as *Sex Kittens Go to College* and *Voyage to the Planet of the Prehistoric Women*. The only thing less tasteful than a septuagenarian's saggy fa-fas is the amount of money they cost: $59.95. Them boobies should run, like, 40 bucks...tops.

GIRL INTERRUPTED... FROM BEING BLIND

Do you believe in miracles? Yeah, neither do we—but get a load of this: A 24-year-old blind woman in New Zealand regained her sight the morning after she accidentally bumped her head on a beautifully handcrafted coffee table (what a klutz!). She phoned her mother and read the label from a pack of cigarettes to prove that her sight had, indeed, been restored. That said, being a chronic smoker, her chances of living past the age of 60 are actually pretty slim. The irony is hilarious! Why aren't you laughing? We'll kill you!

OUTTA THE CLOSET AND INTO THE SLAMMER!

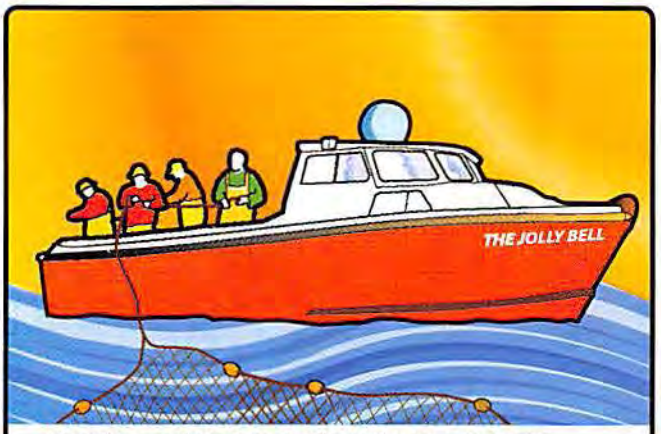
Twenty-six-year-old Jeffrey Scott Martin had been absent without leave from the U.S. Army for two months. Where was he? Where Woody Allen feels any grown man has the right to be: living in the closet of a 15-year-old girl. Well, not for the entire two months. But during three weeks last winter, Martin befriended a teen via the Internet, got her to put him up in her Mount Vernon, Ohio, home and took dirty pictures of her. He avoided her mom by sleeping in the same place the daughter keeps her yearbooks—in her closet. When Mom found out, Martin was arrested and later indicted for corrupting a minor. In New York City, he would have been charged $1,500 a month for the space and been done with it.

STUFF SCALPERS

Take them to the streets, take them to the turnstile, sell them quick and head for the bank.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES GRUBB

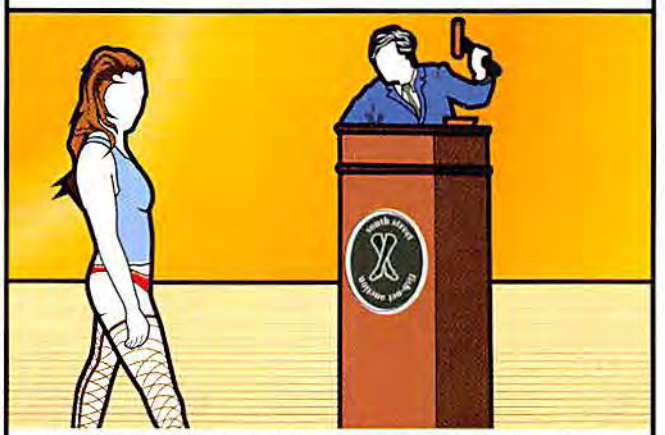
Fishnet Stockings



1 Tired fishermen work the North Atlantic, bringing in their catch.

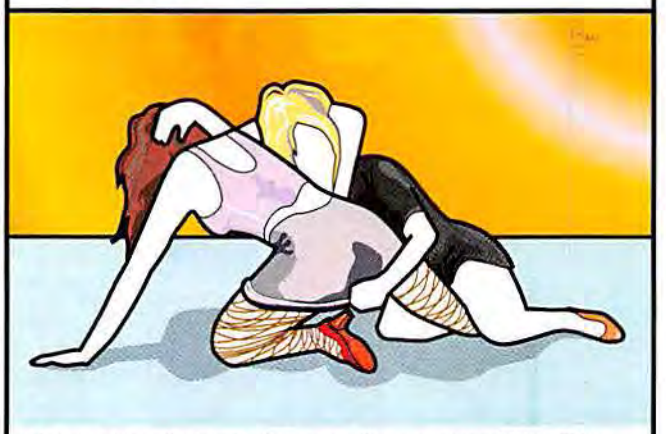
2 Eventually, the nets they use are no longer strong enough to hold the fish, so the fishermen sell them to brokers from Frederick's of Hollywood, Victoria's Secret and other high-end fashion outlets.

3 Old women in sweatshops cut the nets into leg-size lengths and sew them together so they have a big black seam running up the back.



4 Then it's off to the yearly South Street fishnet-stocking auction, where clever supermodels go head-to-head with rich, dumb transvestites to bid on the latest offerings.

5 Little-known fact: Fishnets are graded according to quality. Quarter-inch holes or smaller are favored by society girls. The lowest grade—with holes up to an inch wide—are preferred by overweight cocktail waitresses.



6 Fishnets are in short supply this season. One reason: overfishing of the Atlantic cod beds. To avoid ugly conflicts, many women are doing the smart thing and having the nets tattooed directly on their legs.

Illustrations: Simon Brown. Words: Denis Boyles.

HOOCH OF THE MONTH

RAIN VODKA
Is it any coincidence that the greatest songs ever written—"It's Raining Men," "Blame it on the Rain," "I Love a Rainy Night"—were all written about rain? Probably. Does this have anything to do with Rain Vodka? Absolutely not. But who cares? After you've tasted its organically grown and limestone-water-distilled alcoholic goodness, you sure won't. $21

Hmmm...tastes like water. Wait a second...damn that thieving intern!

THE PRANK: CUBIC HAIR

THE BET
Armed with an ice cube, a strand of hair and some salt, dare your mark to pick up the piece of ice with the hair.

THE FUN
The guy will try to either tie a hair-knot around the cube or balance the ice on the hair—both impossible to accomplish. That's when you step in.

THE TRICK
Place the hair across the ice cube and sprinkle salt on top of the hairy ice. The salt will melt the ice, but it will refreeze around the hair in a matter of seconds—and you'll be able to pick up the attached cube. Bonus move: Complain to the bartender about hair in your drink and get *two* freebies.

Check out our pranks on video at www.stuffmagazine.com.

THE GUY AT THE BAR

The Shameless Name Dropper

Both fame and the ability to say something interesting have eluded him for decades.

DEAR SHAMELESS NAME DROPPER,
Is there any difference between vodkas? Aren't they all the same except for the flavored ones?
–Ken G., Hastings, Neb.

I used to drink a French vodka when I was hanging out with Jean-Paul Gaultier in Gstaad. It's incredibly expensive, but very good, considering it's French. Once—I'll never forget—I spilled a bottle all over my Prada jacket. I was with my ex, Nadia, a model for Victoria's Secret; she's hot, but crazy. Then I got into my TT—the car I had before I trashed the Boxster—and really screwed up the leather upholstery. I was talking to Matt Broderick about this, and he said, "Why'd you buy French vodka?" I was like, "It's the best." He said, "Whatever." So later I met Chris Slater at this whale thing, and I told him the story. He couldn't believe it—he knows Matt loves the stuff. Regardless, now I drink only potato vodka. Quentin Tarantino told me about it on a flight from Paris—I sat next to him. He ordered it, and I said, "Potato vodka? Is it a natural-born killer?" He thought that was funny. He said, "I drink vodka made only from potatoes." He's right: Most vodka is made from wheat or rye or some crap. Potatoes are *it* when it comes to vodka, in my opinion. So I was at this party for *Hannibal*, and they were serving some rye brand. I said, "What's this? Rye vodka?" They said, "It's Russian." I turned to Tony Hopkins and said, "I don't care where it's made. You can buy it at the grocery store." Then I poured it into a plant and left. Tony thought that was wild. But really, I mean, what's the point, anyway?

THE JOKES

Ha...

One day, Mom is cleaning Junior's room and finds an S&M magazine under his bed. When Dad comes home, she shows it to him. He looks at it and hands it back without a word. She asks, "What should we do about this?" He shrugs and says, "All I know is, I sure as hell ain't spanking him."

Ha...

A blond woman named Brandi is in serious financial straits and prays for help. "God, I've lost my business, and if I don't get some money, I'm going to lose my house. Please let me win the Lotto." Lotto night comes, and somebody else wins. Brandi again prays, "God, please let me win the Lotto! I've lost my business and my house, and I'm going to lose my car." Lotto night comes again, and Brandi still has no luck. Desperate, she shouts, "My God, why have you forsaken me? I've lost my business, my house and my car! My poor children are starving! Why won't you let me win the Lotto just one time?" Suddenly, there is a blinding flash of light, the heavens open and Brandi is confronted by the voice of God: "Brandi...buy a ticket."

Ha!

Joe works in a brewery. One day, his foreman goes to Joe's house to break the news that Joe has died after falling into a vat of beer. Upon hearing the tale, Joe's wife starts sobbing hysterically, "Poor Joe—he didn't have a chance!" "Like hell he didn't," says the foreman. "He climbed out of the vat to take a piss twice!"

Send jokes. Win cash.
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Photography: (Hooch) Damien Donick. (Name Dropper) Silvia Otte. Illustrations: (Prank) Gary Brandham. (Joke) James Silvani.

rush hour l.a.

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NUGENT'S NICETIES

Rudeness is the disease, and Ted Nugent is the cure.
PHOTOGRAPH BY SILVIA OTTE

DEAR MR. TED,

I want to ask my girlfriend to marry me. Should I get her father's permission first?

–Brian Marrant, Calumet City, Ill.

As a loving father and longtime rock-star slut myself, I know what's going on here. What I find to be quite effective at establishing a pecking order when introducing myself to my lovely daughter's suitors is to simply take the young men down to my target range for a little man-to-man dialogue. I first prepare the firing range by arranging six large cans of tomato juice adorned with smiley faces on the target table. Then I sit down with the trembling wanna-be stud and quietly explain to him that as an alpha male, testosterone-celebrant extraordinaire and author of both "Wang Dang Sweet Poontang" and "Wango Tango," his polite "yes, sir...no, sir" facade has been identified as pure hard-on bullshit from the get-go. Next, in one swift, catlike motion, I whip from a hidden shoulder holster my S&W Model 629 .44 Magnum–with six rounds of maximum gonzo overloaded rhino-whomper semi-jacketed powerpoints–and commence violently annihilating in an exploding fury of red liquid and flying metal shards the six cans of juice before us. It is really quite dynamic, the flames erupting from the ported six-and-a-half-inch barrel so close to his head, the ear-shattering report of the maximum hand-loaded powder charges and the whole pyrotechnic orgy of the moment. At this point, I hold the little prick down on the ground and make him suck the still-hot barrel of my smoking Magnum and ask him in my best Dirty Harry voice, "Are you sure you want a piece of my little girl's ass, kid? Well, do ya feel lucky, punk?" So, to answer your question, asking the father's permission is pretty much universally regarded as an outdated practice. Thanks so much for asking, Beavis.

In the distance, a Big Mac quietly consumed its lunch

IF YOU ATE HERE, YOU'D BE HOME BY NOW

"One Queen-Size Bed, Side Order of Fries"

McDonald's hotels provide shelter for the culturally disadvantaged (i.e., you).

And you thought Switzerland sucked! Well, we mean, you were right and all–but listen to this: McDonald's Corp. opened its first two Golden Arch Hotels this spring in Zurich and in the western Switzerland town of Estavayer-le-Lac. Both hotels feature a quieter version of the burger chain's red-and-yellow color scheme, a Golden Arch bar (in case you want a McGimlet) and a restaurant that offers the entire McDonald's heavier-than-the-collective-weight-of-Wisconsin menu. The rooms feature extra-soundproofed walls (to muffle the flatulence), high-speed Internet access, a digital infotainment system and a "sit 'n' sleep" bed that can be morphed into a lounge chair to make eating in bed that much easier (and somehow, more pathetic). When will the hotels debut in the U.S.? "At this point, it's strictly a Swiss initiative," admitted Walt Riker, the highly secretive–and very sexy–spokesman for McDonald's. Then he put on his Hamburglar mask and stole our wallet. Weird dude. *–Ken Budd*

The room still smelled of Grimace

HOW TO GET TO RÜMLANG'S McHOTEL

- Fly to Zurich Airport.
- Take Flughofstrasse in the direction of Rümlang. (Offend locals by holding stomach and saying, "Whoa–I've got a *flughofstrasse* in my *rümlang*." Laugh at your own funniness for, like, five minutes straight.)
- The hotel is at 75 Flughofstrasse, about a 10-minute drive from the airport. (Mentally prepare yourself for some European McWonderfulness.)
- Once you arrive, ignore local delicacies and cultural distractions and head straight for the house that Ronald built. He's got your passport–your passport to Deliciousville!

Illustration: Gary Brandtner

WARNING:

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MOSTWANTED

Start looking for a new apartment, 'cause you'll need more space to hold all this tasty stuff. Not that we licked it or anything.

BY GRANT DAVIS PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID WEISS

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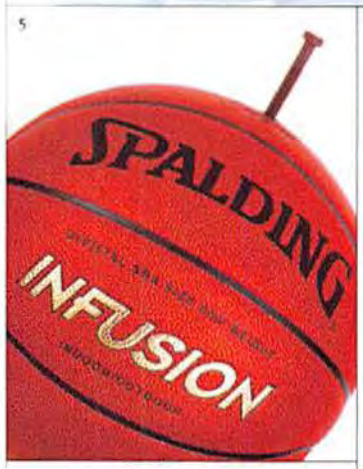

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1 SEE SOME EVIL
The Terapin CD video recorder will record this week's episode of *Just Shoot Me* onto a cheap omnipresent CD. Watch it later in all its digital-quality glory with friends (bind and gag them first). $499

2 SLICE AND DICE
The reverse-S-shaped, palm-friendly blade on Spyderco's knife makes delicate carving jobs easier. Maybe not for brain surgery, per se, but perfect for routine gallbladder removals. $50

3 GO DEAF
TDK's 150-watt Tremor speaker system turns any computer, Walkman or portable CD player into a stomach-thumping stereo. The savings, however, won't be nearly enough to cover medical expenses for said stomach thumping. $150

4 KNOW YOUR ALTITUDE
Suunto's Observer watch squeezes an altimeter, a weather forecaster and a compass into a sleek titanium case. A must for any fashion-conscious mercenary on the go. $499

5 PUMP IT UP
Like most women in Los Angeles, Spalding's Infusion basketball comes with a built-in air pump. But, unlike most women in L.A., the basketball works. $45

6 GET GAMY
Play becomes work when you plug InterAct's Shark MX cartridge into your Nintendo Game Boy. Send and receive e-mail, and pretend that clearing level nine of *Super Mario* isn't the only thing you've done since graduation. $40

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7 STEAL SECRETS
Derived from a KGB spy cam, the ActionSampler by LOMO uses four lenses to produce four images in one second with one click. The results look fascinating yet odd. How so? We'll get back to you on that. **$49**

8 BLAST BLOCK-ROCKIN' BEATS
Sharp's CD-RW5000 Tower stereo system belts out 200 watts of tchotchke-shattering sound, and it'll burn a single CD from six separate source CDs. That makes us quiver all over. Note to self: See doctor about that quivering. **$600**

9 PUT UP BIG NUMBERS
The travel clock by Zelco may look no bigger than a watch, but its magnifying-glass face doubles the size of its numbers. It also fries ants on the sidewalk. **$30**

10 HEAR SOME EVIL
Sony's XM Satellite radio picks up more than 100 radio channels to let you indulge your Christian-rock fixation anywhere, all day, every day. Rock on! **$399**

11 BROWSE UNDER THE COVERS
With an 8.2-inch LCD screen inside a two-pound wireless tablet, the Windows-based NadaPC SurfBoard is easy to hold with one hand while checking out naughty garden-gnome Web sites in the dark. **$60, then $22 per month**

12 HOP ON, BREAK SOME BONES
Strap yourself into the MBS Comp MountainBoard and ride off cliffs, rip down fire roads and impale yourself on any number of trees and/or jagged stones. Then it's off to the shrink! **$359**

Hype!

STRAP ON YOUR POP GOGGLES AND GO, GO, GO!

The real hazard? That RV's rear tires are underinflated to the tune of five psi

Hollywood Driver's Ed

Congratulations! You're about to become a Hollywood motorist. Driving in Hollywood is similar to driving in other parts of the country, but you'll notice subtle differences: Many rearview mirrors have been removed, the cars are extremely explosive and bridges are almost always closed for construction. The following tips will help you ease on down the road...Hollywood style!

Getting Started

If you are a veteran cop who is dangerously close to bringing down a local crime boss, never start your own car–especially if you're acting uncharacteristically upbeat and your partner is walking away but still in sight.

Parking

Simply drive to your destination and park in the empty spot directly in front of it. This will never be a problem. *Note: If you are having a laughably bad day, you may return to find your car being towed away. If this happens, yell, "Hey, that's my car!" and chase it.*

Mirrors

Don't rely on your mirrors. Always glance back and check your blind spot when looking for unsavory characters clinging to the side of your truck.

Hollywood Road Signs

CAUTION: FRUIT STAND

NO TURN ON TWO WHEELS

GARROTE ZONE

NO BRAKES!

Passing

Do not attempt to pass stopped vehicles–especially hazardous vehicles such as tanker trucks. Instead, speed underneath them. *Note: Pursuers will either crash into the truck (creating a fireball) or emerge with the top of their car sheared off, resulting in a comical makeshift convertible.*

Starting a Stalled Engine

Your car will not start right away if bad guys are closing in. Don't panic! To start your engine, pound the steering wheel with your palm and shout, "C'mon, *c'mon*, dammit!"

Accidents

■ In the event of a crash, crawl out of your car, rub your forehead, dab your mouth with your wrist to check for blood and pull passengers to safety.

■ After a collision, don't be surprised if your air bag deploys only after you've come to a full stop and are no longer in danger. Result: hilarity.

Courtesy

■ Don't leave a snitch lying bound and gagged in your trunk while you run errands–even if you'll be "just a few minutes." Temperatures in your trunk can quickly exceed 100 degrees, even on mildly hot days.

■ Tailgating is one of the leading causes of road rage. If you're going to ram the car in front of you, do so with quick, solid hits. Don't linger inches from the car's rear bumper.

■ If you're going to jump from your motorcycle or truck to a vehicle on your right, don't dillydally. There may be vehicles behind you waiting to pass.

Motorcycle Henchmen Dressed in Black Leather

They will try to shoot you. Keeping both hands on the wheel, nudge them off the road and into hay bales or duck ponds.

Safety

■ Always place Joe Pesci in a rear-facing child-restraint seat–preferably in the middle of the backseat. Don't hold him in your lap, even if he's fussy.

■ When entering a speeding truck through the window, punch the driver and yank him out in one clean motion, pulling *away* from the truck's wheels.

■ During long trips with your family, you may become drowsy after many hours behind the wheel. Do not pull over for coffee or a short nap. Instead, continue driving until you–along with the rest of your family–nod off on the interstate. Result: more hilarity.

Caution: When driving Miss Daisy, unspoken friendships may form on the road.

■ If your car becomes disabled at night, you may be forced to walk for help. If a sinister-looking vehicle appears behind you, first squint into its blinding headlights–your arm can shield you from the glare–then run away from it down the center of the road. *Note: Never attempt to dart to the side or into a narrow alley where the vehicle cannot follow.*

Police

■ When a police car flashes its lights or sounds its siren, it means that the officer wants you to pull over. Continue driving. He may be a Terminator.

■ Keeping a level head after a maverick cop leaps onto your hood and tries to force you off the road can be scary. Practice with a friend in an empty parking lot until you're comfortable with the maneuver.

■ *Caution: Police cruisers roll easily. They explode even more easily if you manage to fire a shot in their general direction. A quick glance in your mirror will confirm that their occupants are dazed but safe.*

Railroad Crossings

The tracks will be clear unless you are being pursued. In that case, you may either punch the gas and proceed through an open boxcar or race the train parallel to the tracks before squeezing just in front of it at the next crossing. If you're stuck on the tracks, see "Starting a Stalled Engine."

Missing Bridges

Bridge construction doesn't have to ruin your travel plans.

1. Approach the flagger at an alarming speed.
2. Flagger will dive away in terror.
3. Proceed through ROAD CLOSED sign and past startled workers.
4. Increase speed, using hidden ramp to jump car over chasm.
5. Glide in slow-motion. Whooping optional.

Emergency Stopping

If your brakes have been disabled, follow these simple steps.

1. Pump brakes, then mash pedal to the floor.
2. Adopt quizzical expression.
3. Mash brake pedal to the floor again.
4. Widen your eyes and continue to pump the obviously useless brake pedal.
5. Aim car at pier; jump clear at last minute.

Illustrations: Gary Brandham

ALBUM OF THE MONTH

Gorillaz

GORILLAZ *Virgin*

★★★★★

When a band adopts an alter ego, usually it spells trouble. It's like walking around behind a mask—you can get away with all sorts of stupid crap, because it's not *you* doing the crap. It's Mask Guy. This is why we love to wear masks, especially during meetings. So here we have Gorillaz, featuring some guys named Murdoc, 2D and Russel. They *might* be singer Damon Albarn from Blur, old-school hip-hop hero Del Tha Funkee Homosapien and Ibrahim Ferrer of the Buena Vista Social Club, but they're not talking. Too bad, because the mysterious clan's mix of Brit-pop, old-school rap and demented trip-hop is by far the most adventurous work any of the guys have ever recorded. Take the track "Clint Eastwood," which melds together cuckoo noises, piano, vintage synthesizers and distorted beats. Or the guitar anthems "Punk" and "5/4," which manage to re-create the adrenaline rush of Blur's hit, "Song 2." In the end, who really cares who's in the group? Darren Kendall of Bethel Park, Pennsylvania, does. But that's about it. —*Kirk Miller*

COLDPLAY
"YELLOW"

Color Commentary

"'Yellow' is about devotion," says lead singer Chris Martin. "It doesn't have to be about a girlfriend or boyfriend; it could be your mum or your dad. The word *yellow* doesn't necessarily make sense in the context of the song. But some of the best songs of all time haven't been logical."

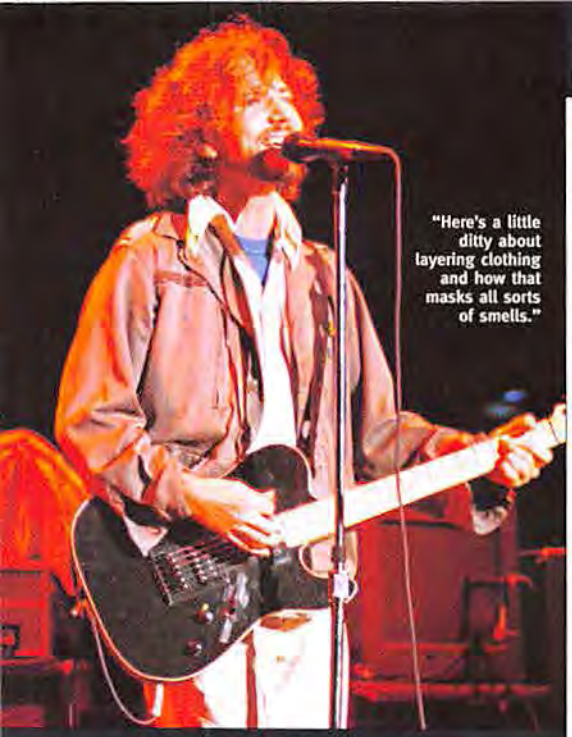
MUSIC TO YOUR EARS

			DID YOU KNOW?	STUFF SAYS
	Ben Harper LIVE FROM MARS *Virgin* ★★★★	Guitar maestro veers from simple acoustic numbers ("Welcome to the Cruel World") to Hendrix-worthy jams ("Faded") on his first live CD. The guy can actually sing, too.	Harper has opened for everyone from Metallica to John Lee Hooker. But he still won't open up to us. Oh, Ben, sometimes we could just shake you!	It's a bit too Dave Matthews in its slower moments, but overall it's a wild ride. Harper's frenzied take on "Whole Lotta Love" could rouse Willie Aames* from the grave.
	Rammstein MUTTER *Republic/ Universal* ★★★★	Platinum metal gods return with their mishmash of old-school thrash, jungle beats, symphonic rock and even piano ballads. All sung in German. Sweet!	The band's live show features lead singer Till Lindemann prancing around in flames, and it ends with him mock-sodomizing the keyboardist. Crazy Germans.	Violent, harmonic, aggressive and not one bit like Kraftwerk. Think old-i.e., *good*-Metallica by way of a German *scheisse* film. Then slather with spicy mustard.
	Toadies HELL BELOW/ STARS ABOVE *Interscope* ★★★★	Six years after scoring with an anthem about death ("Possum Kingdom"), the Texas rockers are back. It's equal parts Nirvana noise and AC/DC stomp.	Hey, Slim Shady—there's not one but *two* songs about cutting up loved ones on this album. Damn Toadies, always one step ahead!	The noisiest, ballsiest guitar rush since *Nevermind* set Willie Aames' toes to tapping. We play it to drown out the voices in our heads.
	Black Rebel Motorcycle Club BLACK REBEL MOTORCYCLE CLUB *Virgin* ★★★	Every Monday night, after *Ally McBeal*, we like to chug cough syrup and listen to old-school art rock. Judging from their psychedelic guitar pop, so do these guys.	The band is named after the motorcycle gang in *The Wild One*. It sounded better than Herbie, the Love Bug.	The wall of fuzzy guitar on the first four tracks gave us chills, like the first Stone Roses album. The rest of the album also gave us chills, but that might just be the malaria.
	Guided By Voices ISOLATION DRILLS *TVT* ★★★	These prolific college-radio rockers recall everyone from the Lemonheads to early grunge in their latest attempt to hit the big time.	In the past 14 years, GBV has released 14 albums, three EPs, two box sets and a slim volume of poetry inspired by Willie Aames.	There's some great stuff here, but after 16 songs it can get tiring. If only there were some way we could listen to just *part* of the album. Oh, well.
	Spacehog THE HOGYSSEY *Artemis* ★★	One-hit wonders (1996's "In the Meantime") use weird sci-fi noises, cocktail lounge and Who-like guitar riffs in a vain effort to recapture their glam glory days.	*The Hogyssey* is supposedly a concept album, based on the movie *2001*. Who knew that the monoliths could be summed up with "At Least I Got Laid"?	Enough with the plots! Give us a catchy song. These guys haven't been the same since bassist Willie Aames split for a solo project.
	Stereophonics J.E.E.P. *V2* ★★	These roots rockers aim for U.S. success with their odes to Las Vegas, trailers and California cabdrivers. But they're from Wales—which we think is in France.	The first single, "Mr. Writer," is a violent rant against music critics who keep the band down by lying about it. (We hear they trade babies for crack.)	Probably the only Welsh band ever that would try to sound like the Black Crowes. We are not impressed, and neither is Willie Aames. —*K.M.*

*NOTE: In this month's music reviews, we've slipped in as many mentions as possible of our favorite *Eight Is Enough* star. We love you, Tommy Bradford. And we love you, too, Buddy Lembeck.

Illustration: (Song story) Margaret Cook

Tougher than you.
bollé
Performance Sunglasses
www.bolle.com



"Here's a little ditty about layering clothing and how that masks all sorts of smells."

FAMILY TREE

Mo' Vedder Blues

A person with obsessive compulsive disorder, or OCD, suffers from intrusive thoughts that may cause him to do things repeatedly—for example, checking the stove exactly 14 times before leaving the house, washing his hands continually or buying albums of essentially the same material. Also, some OCD sufferers hoard objects of no apparent value, usually rationalizing their bizarre behavior by asking, "What if I need them someday?" This little tutorial is by way of introducing Pearl Jam's *Binaural World Tour Live Recordings:* 97 double-disc live shows (25 from Europe and 72 from the U.S.). The big questions: Will some hard-core fan buy all 97 sets just to have three dozen versions of "Crazy Mary"? And, if so, will Eddie Vedder respond by washing his hands 33 times? How did Pearl Jam ever come to this, anyway? Funny you should ask! —*Daniel Shumate*

Around goes the laundry...around and around

OLD GROUPS

THE DOORS
THE DOORS
(Electra) 1967
Jim Morrison is the archetype for self-obsessed rockers. No one can match the sultry self-love and drama of "Break on Through." But Vedder comes close, if he only had Morrison's sense of humor.

PETER FRAMPTON
FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE!
(A&M) 1976
Comes Alive! is the best-selling live album ever. Is this the sort of cash cow Pearl Jam is hoping for with its live-album series? Nope. Pearl Jam scorns commercial success. We just like saying "cash cow."

NEIL YOUNG
LIVE RUST
(Reprise) 1979
Critics dismissed this soundtrack for *Rust Never Sleeps* as recycled material. It's easy to level the same criticism at PJ's live sets, with their countless versions of "Better Man" and "Even Flow." Hey, go ahead!

GRATEFUL DEAD
TWO FROM THE VAULT
(Arista) 1992
Vault had live stuff that every Deadhead already owned on bootlegs. Now it's Pearl Jam's turn. How will this affect working-class bootleggers? Seems PJ and their fat-cat pals couldn't care less. That's just sad.

NOT-SO-OLD GROUPS

HÜSKER DÜ
NEW DAY RISING
(SST) 1985
While other postpunkers sang of sniffing glue, Hüsker Dü composed introspective anthems of angst, which PJ is fond of. We love introspective anthems of angst. We love Pillsbury Toaster Strudel, too. So flaky!

SOUNDGARDEN
LOUDER THAN LOVE
(A&M) 1990
As the first of the Seattle grunge groups to land a big record deal, Soundgarden paved the way for Pearl Jam. And how did PJ repay them? By slinking around behind their backs with that tramp Nirvana.

TEMPLE OF THE DOG
TEMPLE OF THE DOG
(A&M) 1990
After Mother Love Bone singer Andrew Wood OD'd on heroin, the remaining members recruited San Diego surfer Vedder for this tribute album. Where was Vedder when Wood OD'd? Not with us.

NIRVANA
NEVERMIND
(DGC) 1991
Nevermind brought grunge to the masses. And if it weren't for Kurt Cobain's death, PJ may never have become the genre's top dog. Where was Vedder at the time of Cobain's death? Again, excellent question.

Two polar bears in a blizzard...mauling a hiker. Ha-ha!

THESE AREN'T MUSICAL GROUPS AT ALL!

NATIVE AMERICANS
Listen to the vocals on "Alive," then listen to a traditional Indian chant and tell us you don't hear the similarity. Has Vedder given anything back to the Native Americans? Well, yeah, he played at an Apache benefit once. But has he given anything back this week? We doubt it.

PAUL BUNYAN
The legendary lumberjack was way ahead of the fashion curve with his flannel, boots and three-day beard. Grunge rockers—led by Pearl Jam—would adopt the look as their own. Later, they would also adopt a three-month-old Korean boy. He's such a little miracle—how could you not want him?

OLD GUITAR GROUPS

JIMI HENDRIX EXPERIENCE
ARE YOU EXPERIENCED
(MCA) 1967
Hendrix made Seattle synonymous with distorted, blues-guitar rock. Later, Pearl Jam would put Seattle back on the map. Then they would try to fold the map back into its original shape. But they couldn't.

LED ZEPPELIN
IV
(Atlantic) 1971
Another deep-bottomed rock band with a long-haired mystic behind the mic. If only Vedder had Robert Plant's sense of humor. Plant and Morrison together? Oh, man, now that's comedy!

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MAY WE BE FRANK?

Back in Black

Frank Black, former lead singer of space-surf gods the Pixies, is still screaming for attention. Alarmed, we came running.

Frank Black is not a handsome man. He's squat, he's got a paunch and his head is shaved smooth. But, hey, we're not here to date him. We just like his music: a blend of driving guitar and howling lyrics. He's touring this spring with his band, the Catholics, to promote their latest album, *Dog in the Sand*. We spoke with Black during a recent stop in New York City.

STUFF: I heard that some guy from Thailand taught you to scream. True?
BLACK: Yeah, he was a neighbor of mine—a musician—and he knew that I was interested in music and played guitar. We got a Beatles songbook one day, and we did "Oh! Darling," which has Paul McCartney screaming in it, and he taught me in his odd way, sort of yelling at me, "Scream it like you hate that bitch! Come on!" He was a great guy.

Sounds like a real sweetheart. Fans say that after they see you perform live, they can die happy. What has to happen in your life before you can die happy?
Jeepers creepers, I dunno. I *am* happy. Escape the stratosphere—how about that? Be on some kind of space station.

You must be sick of people asking about a Pixies reunion. Do you get that a lot?
Sure.

Wanna talk about it?
Everyone wants to talk about it. Is there gonna be a Pixies reunion? No. What else is there to talk about?

What are you listening to nowadays?
Nothing that I wasn't listening to six months ago.

Three miles away, a condor is blinded

Well, look who's wearing his clever hat!
I listen to a lot of Del Shannon. Nothing contemporary.

No J.Lo?
I'm not that familiar with it. I'm sure there's some stuff out there that I would like. Do you think I would like Sebadoh?

I'm asking the questions here.
I mean, I don't know—I like their posters and stuff. I always think, *Yeah, I might like them.*

You write songs in your bathroom. Explain.
When you live in a small apartment, you make do with the space that you have. Plus, the bathroom is a good place to play your acoustic guitar.

Yeah, but it sounds like crap! Ha! Get it? Anyway...ever seen a Pixies tribute band?
I guess not—no.

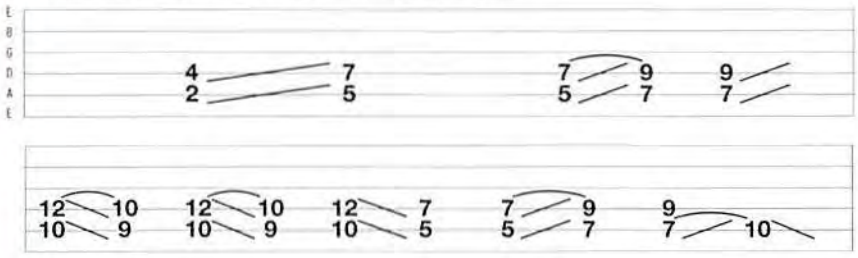
I've always wanted to start one, except that I can't sing or play anything.
That might be to your advantage.
—*Mark Remy*

HOOK OF THE MONTH

"Iron Man"

Before hollow-eyed triathletes stole the term, "Iron Man" belonged to hollow-eyed musicians Black Sabbath. Here's the riff that's rocked more trailers than a tornado.

Each horizontal line represents a string, and each number represents a fret.



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FUSIONCDMX

"From this day forward, I wear nothing but spandex."

LAW AND ORDER

Whose Crime Is It, Anyway?

Playing a fugitive on *America's Most Wanted* is a dicey move. It can lead to real-life trouble with the cops–or, worse, New York City cops. It's the price you pay for your craft.

FUGITIVE

ACTOR

THE REAL PERP: Ricardo Caputo

AKA: Lady Killer

THE CRIME: For more than 20 years, Caputo was the most wanted man in America. He began his kill-crazy rampage by offing his girlfriend in 1971. That landed him in a hospital for the criminally insane, where he seduced and manipulated a cutie psychologist for a transfer to a minimum-security facility. The two dated until 1974, when Caputo killed her. In '75, he surfaced in San Francisco, where he dated a film consultant. The affair ended later that year when he killed her. (See the pattern?) Bored with domestic killing, Caputo headed to Mexico. In 1977, he tortured and killed his pregnant girlfriend before returning to the States to live in virtual obscurity. Much like the rest of us.

WANTED FOR: Nothing. He surrendered to authorities in 1994, claiming to have multiple personalities: "Voices hound me and talk to me, saying 'We want your blood.'"

THE ACTOR: Paul Lemos played Caputo so well on *America's Most Wanted* that in 1991 a throng of New York City cops surrounded him before learning that he only *looked* like a serial killer. The cops eventually let him go–with a warning.

TIME SERVED: None. And he hasn't been on TV since.

FUGITIVE

ACTOR

THE REAL PERP: Florencia Gooding

AKA: Martha Cuervo, Connie McNickol, Connie Torrez

THE CRIME: In 1981, Gooding–a sweet, middle-aged real-estate agent–sold a home to a family of four in Cheshire, Connecticut. Which was fine, except that Gooding wasn't a real-estate agent, the home wasn't for sale, the contracts were bogus and the family's deposit money was history. Gooding set the house on fire–with the family still in it–and fled to San Francisco, where she ended up torching her brother-in-law's house, too...with the family still in it. She was arrested in 1992 and sentenced to 12 years in prison.

WANTED FOR: Arson, theft, attempted murder. (Apparently, impersonating a real-estate agent is perfectly legal. Lucky for us–it's how we meet chicks.)

THE ACTOR: Dorothi Fox–a sweet, middle-aged comedian–was visiting a friend in New Jersey when she was hauled in by cops who thought that Fox was the real criminal. The same thing happened again in New York while Fox was out with some friends. This time, she'd brought protection–a letter from *America's Most Wanted* that said she was not a fugitive.

TIME SERVED: Fox never served a day in prison, but she has appeared on *The Chris Rock Show*. Ouch!

THE ANSWER MAN

Ask Jack Maxwell

Looking to put some magic back into your relationship? Trying to rein in your reckless spending? Wondering whether you should have that mole on your arm checked out? Ask Jack Maxwell, the host of *National Enquirer's Uncovered*. Jack Maxwell is an accomplished actor and television personality who possesses a sharp wit and strong on-air presence. Jack will apply his intuition and experience to your most intimate dilemmas.

Dear Jack Maxwell,
I think my wife is cheating on me. She's been distant for weeks, and a few days ago I found a condom wrapper in her purse (I had a vasectomy three years ago). Should I confront her with this evidence? I love my wife very much, but this is tearing me up inside.
–Frantic in Florida

It was clear that Jack Maxwell was destined to have a bright future as an actor when he caught the attention of top casting agents from *Beverly Hills, 90210*. The part led to even more memorable roles on such small-screen classics as *Sunset Beach* and *Pacific Blue*. Jack Maxwell regrets that he is on location for *Uncovered* in Santa Monica and is unavailable to answer your question at this time.

PORN BLOOPER OF THE MONTH

Artemesia

The promotional copy for *Artemesia* reads: "Visit a gallery of tantalizing women as director Paul Thomas paints a picture of desire and taboo set in the 17th century." Fair enough. But once the smocks come off, some characters clearly sport barbed-wire tattoos. And, as every schoolchild knows, barbed wire wasn't widely used until the late *19th* century. Nice try, Paul Thomas! You call yourself an auteur!

Next month: *Perverted Stories No. 28: Head for the Headless*

THE NEW MUSIC MAGAZINE

FROM THE MAKERS OF Stuff

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PICTURE-PERFECT

Queen Of the Hill

She's no Bugs Bunny in drag, but Luanne Platter is still pretty hot.

Luanne Platter is agitated. Platter, the foxy niece of Hank and Peggy Hill on the Fox network's hit show *King of the Hill*, arrived 20 minutes late to our interview at a local Bonanza steak house—lousy Arlen, Texas, traffic! Now she's chagrined to discover that the restaurant is out of bacon bits. Her salad sits untouched.

STUFF: *King of the Hill* is a pretty successful show. How big is your trailer?
LUANNE: Gosh, I don't even have a trailer. I get dressed and do my makeup at the Texaco station across the street from the studio.

You're a Texan. Did you vote for George W. Bush last fall?
I almost did, but then this woman wearing a poncho told me that George Bush liked to kill puppies. I wasn't sure if I believed her, but if there was even a chance that he liked to kill puppies, I couldn't vote for him. If you're going to get my vote to be president of America, I have to be totally sure that you've never killed a puppy, even by accident.

That counts us out. What kind of men are you drawn to?
I keep thinking I like one kind of guy, but then a different kind of guy comes up to me and tells me *he's* the kind of guy I like. So I guess I like the kind of guy who knows what I like.

In one episode, your cousin Bobby saw you naked in the shower. Did you find that scene difficult to shoot?
Sort of. We did *so* many takes. I was either too wet, or not wet enough, or too soapy, or not soapy enough. But everyone was really eager to pitch in and help make the scene work. It took three days to shoot.

Do you get a lot of fan mail?
I get quite a lot, but my cousin Bobby gets even more. Most of it is from prisoners.

Any from congressmen or senators?
Politicians don't watch our show, and I think it's because they're so busy fund-raising that they don't have time. That's why I support campaign-finance reform.

What are your turn-ons and turnoffs?
None of your beeswax. I thought *Stuff* was a classy magazine, not some smut rag for horny men...like *Gear*.

Yep, that proves it. Throw hooters on anything and we'll run it

The backup plan? Hide in Connery's swollen prostate

IS THERE TRUTH IN FICTION?

YET ANOTHER ESCAPE FROM REALITY

IT HAPPENS IN EVERY MOVIE
Being held prisoner by ecoterrorists? Disgruntled *Survivor* castoffs? Hopped-up yeti? Hollywood would have you believe that a central-air and heat system will provide not only year-round climate-controlled comfort but also a surefire escape route. Just yank off the grille, climb inside and use your forearms and hips to shimmy your way to freedom. Nothing could be easier. Right?

THE REALITY
If an air duct is your only way out, you can bend over and kiss your movie-watchin' ass goodbye. "An air vent is designed to hold up, well, *air*...and itself," says Matthew Smith, project engineer for Beers Construction Company in Atlanta. "No ductwork in any building I have seen could support a man's weight long enough to escape." A woman's weight? Maybe. Unless she's fat.

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Rocky's "lucky hat" wasn't so lucky for the dog. He would eventually die

5-Minute Filter

Rediscover the little boy inside of you...you know, the one you had for breakfast.

YO, DVD CONNOISSEUR

Rocky

It's been 25 years since Rocky first bobbed and weaved his way into our hearts, and we still have a soft spot for the plucky pugilist. The *Rocky* special edition DVD includes commentary from Sly himself,[1] plus rehearsal footage and other stuff. Rabid fans can opt for the five-DVD Giftset. Although, if you've got rabies, we can't imagine DVD buying is real high on your to-do list.

SERIES EDITOR: MARK DAVID CHAPMAN

Kill Your Idols

Like Laura Bush, we've been saying for years that reading is for losers. But even we must admit that the recently launched *Kill Your Idols* books are pretty cool. They profile such musical iconoclasts[2] as Tom Waits, Beck, Elvis Costello and the Clash. The slim paperbacks include biographical nuggets and song-by-song analysis. And they fit easily in your pocket. Assuming that you have huge pockets like we do. The less said about that, the better.

DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER

61

As a rule, Billy Crystal movies aren't funny. Just rent *My Giant* (go ahead–we'll wait). This one isn't funny either, but it's not supposed to be. Directed by Mr. Saturday Night and debuting on HBO in late April, *61* is the story of the home-run race between Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris. It follows the duo as they fight off fastballs and the media in their attempt to topple Babe Ruth. Can either break Babe's record against all odds? Is there an *I* in *team*? There is if you're really stupid.

1 With English subtitles.
2 Look it up, Webster.

"Dude, lose the attitude. You're directing for cable."

For more movies, music, games and DVDs, check out www.stuffmagazine.com.*

FLICK PICKS

		THE PITCH	THE INSIDE STUFF
	The Center of the World APRIL 20 BALTHAZAR GETTY, CARLA GUGINO, MOLLY PARKER, PETER SARSGAARD DIR: WAYNE WANG	A gazillionaire Silicon Valley computer guy (Sarsgaard) persuades a stripper (Parker) to spend three days with him in Las Vegas. Sorry, they don't like to be called strippers. Make that "skanky ho."	It's kind of like *Leaving Las Vegas*, but without Elisabeth Shue. Or Nicolas Cage. Or Sergio Premoli, whose inspired performance as Stetson Man at Casino still gives us the chills.
	The Claim APRIL 20 PETER MULLAN, WES BENTLEY, NASTASSJA KINSKI, MILLA JOVOVICH, SARAH POLLEY DIR: MICHAEL WINTERBOTTOM	Twenty years after the gold rush, a man (Mullan) practically owns a town and the affections of the local brothel owner (Jovovich). But trouble is brewing in the form of a railroad surveyor (Bentley). You still awake, there?	We've never trusted railroad surveyors, ever since that one promised to pave our driveway, then disappeared with our deposit. We felt so stupid. But, more important, check out the director's last name. You didn't think we'd let that pass, did you?
	Freddy Got Fingered APRIL 20 EDDIE KAYE THOMAS, TOM GREEN, DREW BARRYMORE, RIP TORN DIR: TOM GREEN	Unlike his brother Freddy (Thomas), a man (Green) likes living at home so much that he refuses to move out. This gives his dad (Torn) fits. You know what gives us fits? Those tiny bags of chips. You call that a serving?	Where else are you going to see the word *fingered* in the title of a major motion picture? You know, apart from the Learning Channel. We love that channel. All that animal sex gets us frisky.
	Driven APRIL 27 SYLVESTER STALLONE, KIP PARDUE, ESTELLA WARREN, GINA GERSHON, BURT REYNOLDS DIR: RENNY HARLIN	A young auto racer (Pardue) can't make it to the top without the help of an older driver (Stallone), who is badly shaken when he plows through the front window of a Mobil Mart. "He thought it was in reverse," says a sympathetic cop.	The racing scenes are fantastic! Then there's the other 90 minutes of the movie. Did we mention that the racing scenes are fantastic?
	The Forsaken APRIL 27 ISABELLA MIKO, JOHNATHON SCHAECH, BRENDAN FEHR, KERR SMITH DIR: J.S. CARDONE	A guy (Smith) picks up a hitchhiker (Fehr), who happens to be a vampire hunter. Together, they set out to kill the lead vampire (Schaech). This is no easy task. Maybe they should bone up by renting the 5,230 vampire movies that came before this one.	Choose one: (a) This flick is all sizzle and no stake! (b) This flick bites! (c) Our cynicism has made us bitter shells of our former selves. We're so very lonely. [The correct answer is (a).]
	The Mummy Returns MAY 4 BRENDAN FRASER, RACHEL WEISZ, THE ROCK, PATRICIA VELASQUEZ, ARNOLD VOSLOO, FREDDIE BOATH DIR: STEPHEN SOMMERS	When the remains of Egyptian royalty are brought to a museum, the female spirit (Velasquez) terrorizes the son of the mummy hunters (Fraser and Weisz). They don't care. They're all caught up in their jet-set mummy-hunter lifestyle.	This movie will be huge, so the theaters will be jammed. Our advice: Stay home and call your real mummy. You're the one who sealed her in that tomb–the least you could do is pick up a phone.

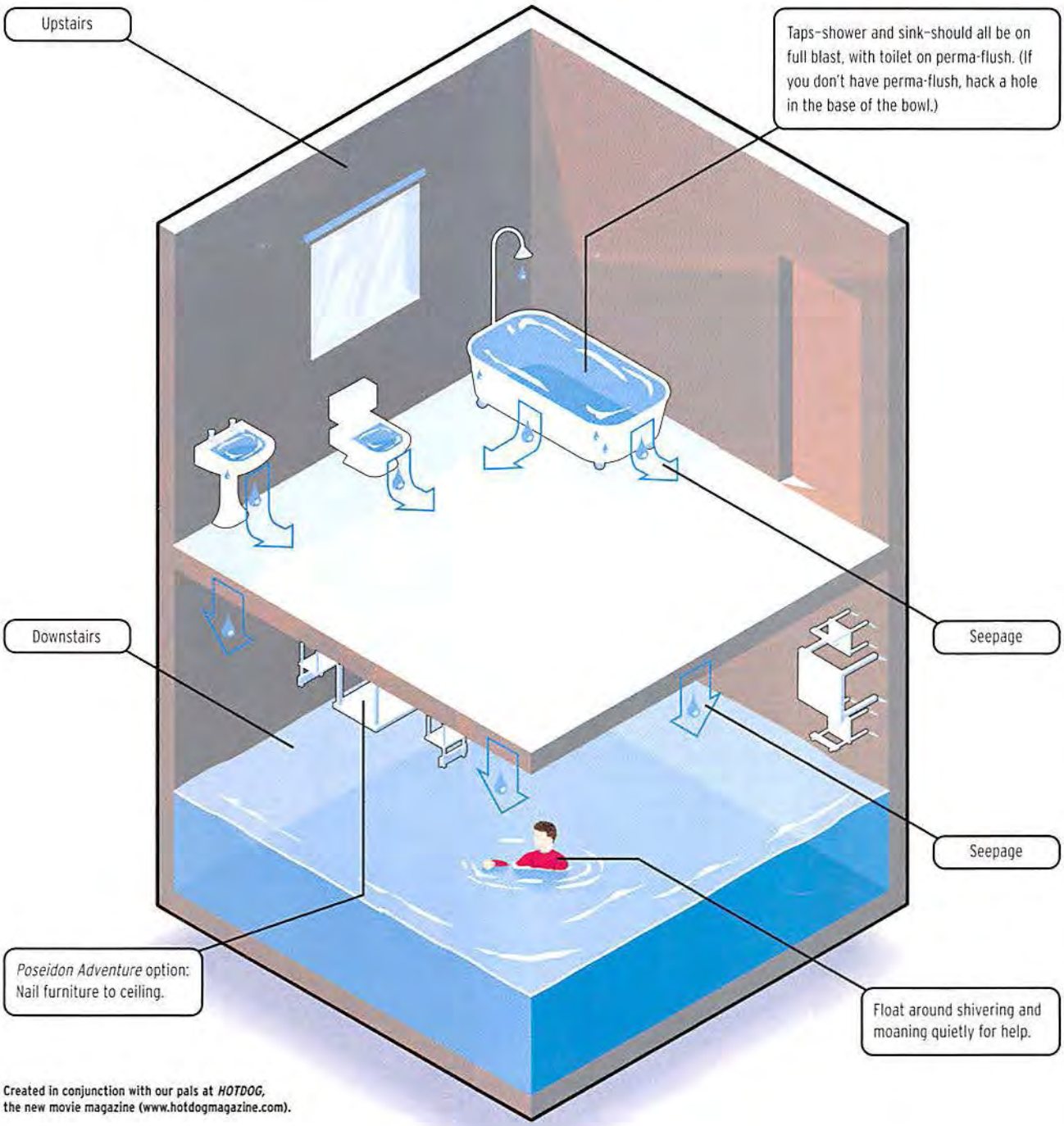
Ha ha! We knew if we used one of these "" bad boys you'd look over here!

REAL HOME MOVIES No.3

Titanic

Leonardo DiCaprio and Kate Winslet's sinking saga mopped up 11 Oscars in 1998, including best art decoration and best visual effects, both of which can be approximated in the comfort of your home. Before you start the taps running, clamber up on the roof and shout, "I'm the king of the world!" Later, die.

"Jiggle the handle! How many times do I have to say it? Jiggle the handle!"



Created in conjunction with our pals at *HOTDOG*, the new movie magazine (www.hotdogmagazine.com).

Illustration (Titanic): Jason Pickersgill; Words: James Brown and Jon Link.

Aren't we all facing our own "tunnels," in our own "Audis"? Just a thought

GAME OF THE MONTH

Track Star Gran Turismo 3: A-spec *(PS2)*

You will probably never get to drive a real race car—and no, the sport package on your Civic isn't fooling anybody. This is a good thing—because, frankly, your driving frightens us. Remember that incident at the toll plaza? With the school bus? Of course you don't. You were knocked out cold. The point is, you can get your racing fix without putting yourself or others in danger. How? With this game. Duh!

Millions of gamers already know the wonders of the *Gran Turismo* series. It has always perfectly balanced reality and fantasy, with each car, course and opponent modeled to an insane level of detail. And the handling is amazing, from Japanese supercars that hug the road to American muscle racers that deliver jolts of power while slipping all over the place. *Gran Turismo 3* takes this balance of drive and reality further than ever.

Take the graphics: From shiny-wet tarmac to sunlight filtering through trees to other cars' reflections on your paint job, no detail has been spared. And your opponents are smarter and more human than before—piss them off and they'll tailgate you. Then after the race, they'll go home to their video-game families and yell at their kids. Their kids will cry, silently vowing never to yell at their own children. But they will.

As if that weren't enough, the multiplayer options are better, too, allowing you to play against as many as five friends at once. This assumes that you *have* five friends. We have only two friends, and we're not even sure if they actually like us. Last week one of them gave us wrong directions to a party he was throwing, and we really think he did it on purpose. We're still pissed off about that. Oh, well.
—*Simon Munk*

The car's smiling! Or is he just gassy?

THE PLAY LIST

Fear Effect 2: Retro Helix *(PSX)*
Is there anything better than hot chicks with machine guns? Sure. Sex, for starters. But chicks with guns are pretty cool, too. The high-caliber hotties in *Fear Effect 2* have to save the world before an evil genetic virus turns us all into snot. Because that would really blow. Oh, mercy, someone stop us!

Zone of the Enders *(PS2)*
Giant robots are always loping around attacking things. We're not sure why they lash out this way—perhaps things are going poorly at work. In *Z.O.E.*, giant robots attack your space station. Then you give them a sound thrashing. Is it true what they say about giant robots? Ask Tipper Gore.

Black & White *(PC)*
In what other game can you play God? We don't know. Maybe a heart-surgery game. Anyway, in *B&W* your job is to be the best deity ever. This means instilling awe in your populace, smiting the opposition and causing miracles. Also, you have a huge gorilla (no kidding). Is it true what they say about huge gorillas? Ask Tipper Gore.

Shadow of Destiny *(PS2)*
Someone's always trying to kill Eike. This is a serious blow to Eike's self-esteem. He's glum, he barely touches his food and he weeps softly in the shower. So you go back in time to stop the would-be assassins before they start. This takes skill, smarts and a little something we like to call a PlayStation 2.

Serious Sam *(PC)*
Sam pits a whole mess of varmints against you while you try to save the world—including charging bulls, kamikaze zombies, biting frogs and those creepy long bugs with all the legs that you sometimes find in your bathtub. Those bugs are the worst. We always flush the john twice after we throw 'em in, just to make sure.

Legacy of Kain: Soul Reaver II
(PS2, Dreamcast)
Raziel is a demon on the prowl for his archenemy, Kain. This action-adventure lets you feed on enemies' souls, fly like a wounded bat and even climb walls. And the *II* after the title? That means your old version is now shit. Hey, we don't make the rules. *-S.M.*

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TREND ALERT

Might As Well Jump!

For over-the-top 3-D action, look no further than checkers.

We've seen a lot of wild 3-D games, but none of them come close to the roller-coaster ride that checkers delivers. Checkers is the ultimate in real-time, two-player strategy.

The game board is in a checkered pattern, eight squares to a side, and the graphics are so realistic that the game pieces seem to jump right out at you. When your vanquished foe becomes enraged and clears the board, you can practically feel the checkers hit your glasses. It's freaky.

At first, the game seems simple: You move one of your pieces forward diagonally one space at a time. Your opponent reacts by moving one of his pieces forward diagonally one space at a time. At this point, you may be lulled into thinking that the whole game is a yawner. Truth is, you'd better hang on to your hat—because things are about to shift into high gear!

The action explodes as soon as you move to a square adjacent to one occupied by your opponent: *Bam!* You are "jumped," my friend! This results in the removal of your game piece. If you're lucky enough to move a piece all the way across the board, you may think that your work is done. Wrong again! This is where things get interesting, because your piece is now "kinged." This means that another checker is stacked on top of it, and your newly crowned king can move diagonally all over the board—forward, backward, even forward again.

Checkers' sound effects are amazing, too: You can actually hear the game pieces sliding across the board, and your opponent's sighs come across loud and clear. The only system requirement is a flat surface that's 60 centimeters square. Our version, in eye-popping red and black, weighs less than a pound and folds into a slim package.

We could rave about this game for hours. But we've gotta go...go play checkers, that is!

Next month: Chinese checkers

The elder held his nose whilst the youngster pooped. It was the only way

Photography: (Board) Damien Doinck

SWISHER SWEETS EXPLORE THE COUNTRY SWEEPSTAKES

OFFICIAL RULES

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

Entries Restricted to Smokers 21 Years of Age or Older

1. **NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.** Purchase does not improve chances of winning. 2. **TO ENTER:** Pick up and complete an entry blank on specially marked displays where Swisher Sweets cigars are sold. Residents of Ohio only may print their name, address, age, signature, phone number and the words: "Swisher Sweets Explore The Country Sweepstakes" on a 3" x 5" postcard and mail entry to Swisher Sweets Explore The Country Sweepstakes, Suite 1600, 251 Main Street, Stamford, CT 06901-2928. All entrants may enter as often as they like, but any mailed entries must be mailed separately and no mechanical reproductions will be accepted. All entries become the property of Swisher International, Inc. 3. **KEY DATE:** Sweepstakes begins May 1, 2001. Entries must be received by August 31, 2001. Not responsible for late, lost or misdirected mail. 4. **PRIZE DRAWING:** Winners will be randomly drawn by an independent judging organization on or about September 5, 2001. Decisions of judges are final. All prizes will be awarded. Winners will be notified by phone and/or mail. Swisher International, Inc. reserves the right to substitute prizes of equal value. No substitution or transfer of prizes. Winners will be responsible for all applicable federal, state and local taxes and insurance fees. Prize winners will be required to sign and return an affidavit of age, eligibility and release within 14 days of notification of prize winner status, or their prize will be forfeited and awarded to an alternate winner. Odds of winning depend on number of entries received. 5. **GRAND PRIZE:** One 2001 Chevrolet® Silverado® 4WD Pick-Up Truck. (Approximate retail value $30,000) 6. **FIRST PRIZE:** One Polaris® Magnum 325 4x4 ATV. (Approximate retail value $5,900) 7. **SECOND PRIZE:** One Old Town® Millennium 174 kayak. (Approximate retail value $1,400) 8. **THIRD PRIZE:** One Jeep® Cherokee TSI Mountain Bike. (Approximate retail value $870) 9. **FOURTH PRIZES:** Six Garmin® eTrex™ pocket-size GPS navigational units (Approximate retail value $169), six Nikon® 12x25 Travelite V Series Binoculars (Approximate retail value $195), six Bushnell® Yardage Pro® 500 Rangefinders (Approximate retail value $328), six pair Motorola® 2-way radios (Approximate retail value $265), six CampTrails® Paragon III Internal Frame Packs (Approximate retail value $180), six pair Rocky® Tuff Terrainers™ leather chukka boots (Approximate retail value $120). 10. **ELIGIBILITY:** Sweepstakes open to all legal U.S. residents 21 years or older, except employees (and their families) of Swisher International, Inc., its affiliates, subsidiary companies, advertising agency and judging organization. Void in Puerto Rico and where prohibited by law or regulation. Proper identification will be required to be submitted from all prizewinners. Except where prohibited by law, all prizewinners irrevocably grant to Swisher International, Inc., without notice or further compensation, the right to use his/her name and likeness in advertising or promotion, in Swisher Sweets' sole and absolute discretion. By accepting a prize, prizewinner releases Swisher International, Inc., its affiliates, subsidiary companies, corporate affiliates, employees, franchisees, directors, officers, suppliers, agents, advertising agency and judging organization from any and all liability for any loss, harm, damages, costs or expenses, including, without limitation, property damage, personal injury and/or death, arising out of participation in the sweepstakes or the acceptance or use of any prize. 11. For a list of winners after *September 20, 2001*, send a stamped self-addressed envelope to: Swisher Sweets Sweepstakes, RMM Dept., 30 Spring Street, Stamford, CT 06901. 12. **SPONSOR:** Swisher International, Inc., 459 E. 16th Street, Jacksonville, FL 32206.

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HOW TO ENTER

Look for entry blanks on specially marked displays where Swisher Sweets cigars are sold. **Deadline for entries is August 31, 2001. No purchase necessary.** You must be 21 years of age or older to enter. Official sweepstakes rules are shown on the adjacent page.

Greatest American Hero No.18

Billy Martin

Battlin' Billy enjoyed a good belt–on the field, in a bar and on your face–if you got in his way.

If there is a hell (other than Detroit) and it has a baseball team, Billy Martin is its eternal manager. In four decades as a player, manager and mentor, Martin beat the snot out of two team traveling secretaries, a pile of players and fans, bouncers, sportswriters, a cabdriver, a marshmallow salesman and—most brutally—his liver. "A lot of people looked up to Billy," Jim Bouton wrote in his memoir, *Ball Four*. "That's because he just knocked them down."

And yet, unlike today's million-dollar diamond thugs, the fans couldn't get enough of Martin. The tightly wound maniac liked his shots cheap and plentiful, at the bar and on the field. Let's go to the videotape.

By 1957, Martin had already earned a stellar reputation as a pinstriped psychotic. But it was his brouhaha (along with teammates Mickey Mantle, Yogi Berra, Hank Bauer and Whitey Ford) with fellow patrons of Manhattan's exclusive Copacabana club that really put him on the map—and on the road. The Yankees blamed Martin for starting the fight and putting their superstars in a pile of shit. They shipped him to Kansas City, the first stop on what would be a long trip back to the Bronx.

Here's a rundown of Martin's greatest hits along the way.

■ In 1960, while playing for Cincinnati, Martin threw his bat at Cubs hurler Jim Brewer after Brewer threw a brushback pitch at him. Then Martin kicked Brewer's nuts, caved in his cheekbone with a right hook and crushed his eye socket. Brewer spent two weeks in the hospital. Martin went to a local bar and ordered whiskies for the house.

■ In 1969, while manager of the Twins, Martin did a job on his own star pitcher, Dave Boswell: "I walked up and hit him in the mouth, nose and eyes. He bounced off the wall, and I hit him again and he was out cold before he hit the ground."

"Funny thing is, I'm still not as dead as your career."

■ In 1979, while Martin was back with New York managing the Yanks, he was boozing it up in a bar in Minnesota. Once properly oiled, he decked marshmallow salesman Joseph Cooper. Cooper would need 20 stitches for the gash in his lip. Yankees owner George Steinbrenner fired Martin. Then hired him. Then fired him. Then hired him.

■ In 1985, just one night after he got into a shoving match with a patron at a Baltimore hotel, Martin busted one of pitcher Ed Whitson's ribs. Unfortunately, age had caught up with the 57-year-old manager—and so did Whitson. He broke Martin's arm and left him slumped in a parking lot with a wicked hangover and his walking papers... again.

Billy's favorite target of ridicule: Hunchbacks

The skinny schizo's talent for kicking ass overshadowed a pretty solid baseball career. Consider his rap sheet: As a fatherless street tough from Berkeley, California, Martin won a World Series MVP title in 1953 playing for the Yankees. He then managed five teams over 20 seasons, leading the Yanks to World Series titles in '77 and '78.

By the late '80s, Martin had earned a reputation as baseball's poster child for self-destruction. Said Mantle: "We used to tease each other about whose liver was going to go first." On Christmas Day 1989, Martin died after he and drinking buddy William Reedy spent a traditional holiday together—getting loaded. On the way home, Reedy drove his pickup into a ditch, killing Martin and his liver instantly.

—*Albert Baime*

Illustrations: Gary Blanchard

How to...

Sucker Punch Your Own Players

Nothing instills respect like a right hook. Or maybe a left.

STEP 1 Smile as your teammate–say Alex Rodriguez–approaches you, the feisty manager, to discuss contract renegotiations. Thoughtfully consider his demands.

STEP 2 Politely respond by saying, "These are matters for upper management, but you raise valid points." Dye your face red to symbolize anger. Contain your rage–just barely.

STEP 3 Look behind him and say, "Isn't that Derek Jeter lighting a clove cigarette with a crisp new Ben Franklin?"

STEP 4 As his head turns, bury a left hook into the player's face and plant your right spike into his groin area. Complain loudly about the lack of dignity in today's ballplayer. Repeat as needed.

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"I lifted weights 'til I was blue in the face, but I still couldn't get close to the body I wanted...until I discovered Xenadrine RFA-1! With Xenadrine I lost 35 pounds in 4 weeks and actually improved my lean muscle mass and definition. And, yeah, the girls noticed the difference, too. Xenadrine works miracles!" **- RÉMY FENIELLO**

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WENDY, 29, REFLEXOLOGY STUDENT

JODI, 21, DANCER

CAROLINA, 22, MUSICIAN

LEE, 26, DESIGNER

THE LOVELY DAWN

The Powder Room

These Girls Give Good Foot

This month, *Stuff*'s sexologist, Dawn Yanek, gets raunchy with four women who toe the line in bed.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAULINE ST. DENIS FOR VUE

While getting a pedicure last Saturday, a funny thing happened: I got turned on. Like, really *turned on. It wasn't that I was attracted to the middle-aged Asian lady at my feet. Although, I must say, she was hot. It was the poking, prodding, rubbing and stroking. Then I started thinking how much better it would be if a man were doing it instead. When I discussed this with four of my more sex-obsessed girlfriends, they agreed. Women love it when guys go down on them...really down—to their feet. Which leads to my first question...*

DAWN WHAT'S THE HOTTEST THING YOU CAN DO WITH FEET?

LEE I like to keep on a pair of high, sexy boots during sex. This guy I'm seeing, the wall by his bed is mirrored. One night, he was lying down and I was sitting on his face, and I watched us going at it in the mirror. I was wearing this long, green satin scarf and boots—and nothing else. It was totally hot.

WENDY I love having my feet rubbed during foreplay, as opposed to the usual spots. Being creative is key.

CAROLINA After sex, while we're naked and lying opposite each other, I'll drag my feet across his body. It feels good because both of our bodies are so relaxed and charged at the same time.

JODI I'll put a guy's feet on my boobs. First, I put lotion on his feet, then rub them on my breasts. If he knows what he's doing, he'll flick the nipples lightly with his toes. I think I'm addicted to boobs—mine and other peoples'. I'm bi, and when guys ask me what type of women I like, I always say, "I'm a TAP dancer—tits, ass and pussy, baby."

DAWN OK...DO YOU PREFER MEN'S OR WOMEN'S FEET?

JODI Women's. Most guys have gross feet. As far as preferring men or women sexually, I like them both—I need the guy for the plowing, and I need the girl because sometimes I crave women. I've been in threesomes twice, though I didn't want to do it either time because I was afraid it'd ruin the other couples' relationships. They didn't seem as concerned. Once, the girl and I were going at it, and she said, "I want you to sleep with my boyfriend. If you don't, I won't go near you. *Please*..." Finally, I said, "All right." And you know what? It was amazing.

"I'll put lotion on his feet, then rub them on my breasts."

LEE I've never had a threesome, but I've been with a close female friend. It was great at the time, but it ruined our friendship. This was years ago, though, so I think it could be different now. Footwise, I like women's feet better. There's this girl at work who always wears hot shoes, and I'm constantly freaking on her, saying, "You have the prettiest toes I've ever seen!" And she's like, "Uh, thanks." If she only knew.

CAROLINA Guys' feet can be sexy if they have nice bone structure and their toes are clean. I like feet that are delicate, but not girly delicate.

DAWN DO SHOES MAKE THE MAN?

WENDY Yes, but it's an individual thing. For example, I hate grungy sandals, but my friend said the only reason she gave her boyfriend a chance was because he wore them. Go figure.

LEE Shoes are a dead giveaway to what a man's about. Guys buy fewer shoes than girls, so their choices are more meaningful. I like an expensive, classic shoe or something surprising. When a guy wears an unusual choice, I'm like, *What's up with that?* Then I want to know more about him.

JODI Definitely. If I see a guy who looks all debonair, then glance down and see that he's wearing Payless, gunked-up, snot-hanging-off-them shoes, I'm not going to talk to him.

DAWN EVER PLAY A SERIOUS GAME OF FOOTSIES?

JODI I don't do that in public...unless I get trashed. Sometimes my boyfriend and I will go out to dinner, have ▷▷▷

Photography (Dawn) Rod Spicer

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The Powder Room

a crazy-expensive meal with lots of alcohol and do wild shit underneath the table to get revved up. Then we'll go home and have sick sex.
CAROLINA Footsies can be great, especially when you're in bed and you wake up to it. It's really sweet *and* it's a turn-on. Animal instinct just kicks in.
LEE I'll put my feet on a guy's crotch and give him a massage when we're at home, but not when we're out—that's so private to me. But I have done things with my hands in public. Once, while I was at the symphony with my ex, he had the program over his lap and I was feeling him up. We eventually got up and did it in the bathroom. I think Bach was playing.

DAWN ANYWAY, BACK TO FEET. WHAT SHOULD A GUY DO WITH YOURS?
LEE I love putting them on a man's face, especially his mouth—it's so soft and amazing—and letting him kiss them or brush them with his lips or rub them on his face. It's getting in touch with another one of your senses. Unfortunately, I've never been with anybody who's *really* into it. It was a problem with my last boyfriend. He didn't respond to what I liked, which made him seem selfish.

"Footsies are great when you're in bed. Animal instinct kicks in."

JODI Pay attention to my feet and you'll get me naked faster. Here's how to do it: Kiss me, go down on me and, once you're there, go down the leg and start sucking my feet. It's like you're making out with them. The best spot is right behind the toe. If you're not into the sucking, rub the feet right down the arch. But don't pop my toes.
CAROLINA Putting your hands *anywhere* is good. I love it when someone rubs my feet or tugs on my hair near the back of my head. I think it's the control thing that I like. He's taking you into his arms and operating you—sort of like driving a car. There's something manly about that.
JODI But don't go at it too rough *all* the time. If I'm drunk, slam me if that's what I want. But most times, it's better to be sensual. If you're touching or licking the breasts or the clit, use nice, slow, conservative strokes. A little rolling of the tongue or a little tugging is good, but don't freakin' rip it off my body, like, "Ow, there goes my breast—it's in your mouth." That doesn't feel good.

DAWN AND IT'S REALLY HARD TO GET A DECENT BRA AFTER THAT.
WENDY Stimulate the feet and it'll affect the body positively. That's the premise of reflexology. Work the inside arch, called the spinal reflex. It's therapeutic, but it also feels delicious. The sex-organ reflexes are on either side of the heel: On the inside, it corresponds to the uterus, and on the outside, the ovaries. It's the same with men, but it's the prostate and testes spots. Pressing or rubbing those spots won't necessarily make you horny, but it can. The day we tried this out in a reflexology class, a friend of mine said, "Wow, that works—I'm totally wet!"

DAWN WHAT CAN A GUY DO TO MAKE *HIS* FEET MORE KISSABLE?
LEE Make sure they're clean. I've encountered some smelly feet in my time. Men's stinky feet smell like Parmesan cheese—totally Romano. Guys like that need to shower before we get intimate, or we can get in the shower together.
CAROLINA Don't keep your socks on during sex. My ex did that once. We took a break and he went to get the phone, and he was just standing there in black socks and nothing else. That picture will stay with me forever.
JODI I hate feet that look like hands—long and separated with toenails that'll come and get you. And I hate it when men grab the remote or pick up something with their toes. What the hell is that? Is that a talent?

DAWN IT'S NOT? UM, I MEAN *IT'S NOT*. ANY OTHER PRESSING THINGS MEN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT FEET?
JODI Men should be as aware of foot funk as women are—especially toe jam. And as far as really hairy toes, I think a guy should shave them.
LEE See, I think guys should leave their toe hair. I don't go for overly groomed guys. That's so sketchy. It makes me question their sexual orientation.
WENDY One ex picked his toenails and his dry, cracked heels while we watched TV. It was horrible. But stinky feet are the worst. If a guy doesn't take care of his feet, you wonder if he's got skid marks on his underwear.

DAWN LET'S STOP THERE.

For additional questions and audio clips from the interview, go to www.stuffmagazine.com. Location: Light, 129 East 54th St., New York, NY.

The New Styles in Foot Lingerie

Illustrations: Gary Brandham

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ENT

DISTINCTLY SMOOTH

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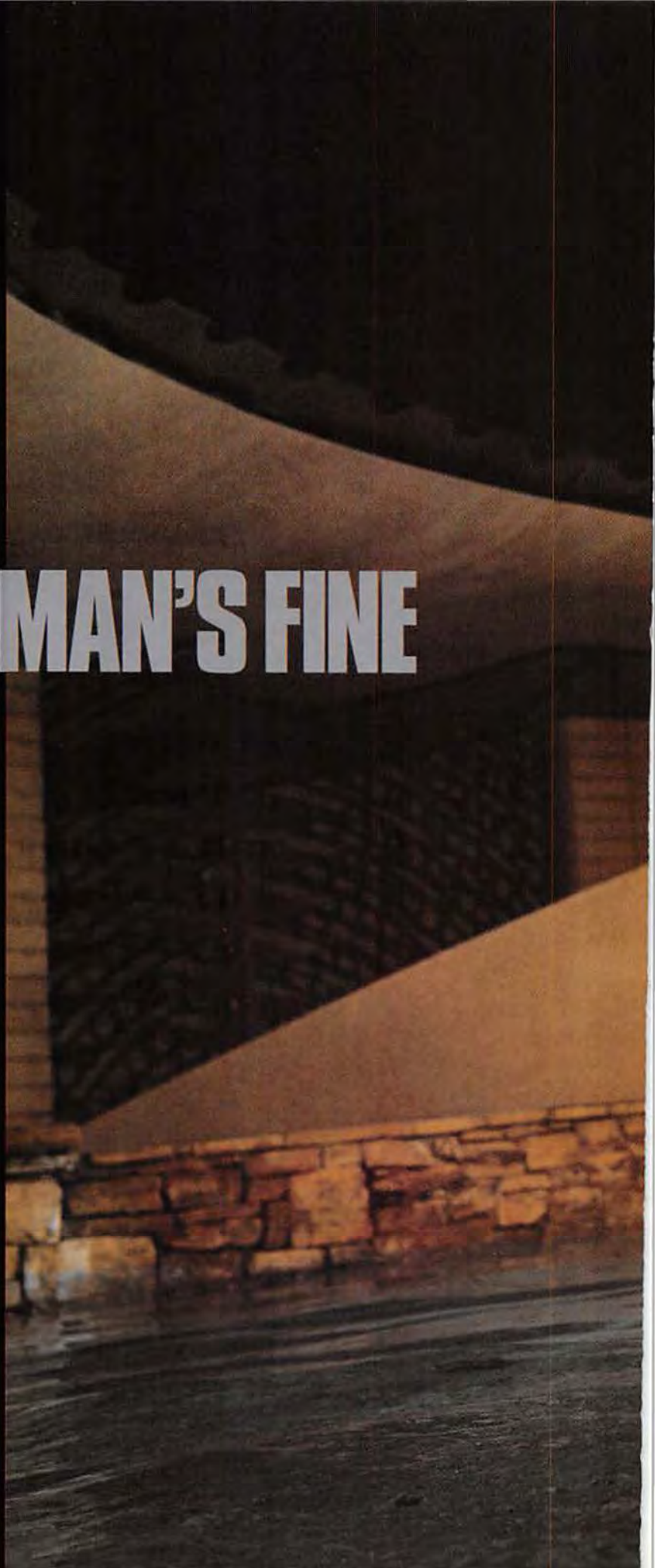
COME ON IN— THIS WOMAN'S FINE

WITH THREE BIG FLICKS on the horizon, 28-year-old Marisa Coughlan is likely to become this year's Kate Hudson. What will Kate Hudson be? That's *her* problem.

First, there's the crazy cop caper *Super Troopers*. Then there's the wacky Tom Green comedy *Freddy Got Fingered* and the indescribably delicious (that's a murky magazine phrase that means we're working off a lame press kit) *Pumpkin* with Christina Ricci. In other words, she's ubiquitous, which—for you *Details* readers—means that she's all over the place. She's like Fred Durst, only talented and good-looking. We met her over sausage links and hash browns at an overpriced L.A. diner with a picture of Henry Winkler on the wall. It was amazing. The picture, we mean.

BY STEPHEN REBELLO
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL BIONDO



The chains shave two seconds off her breaststroke

Marisa Coughlan

"My character just wants Tom Green's character to stay home so she can perform oral sex on him."

TUFF: You've played tons of tough girls. Will you hurt me if I ask why?
MARISA: I thought I'd be playing the girl next door. But, no matter how I look, the freak inside me leaks out.

They make undergarments for that. Do you meet a lot of freaks in L.A.?
A director said to me that he has to direct actors through their sexual core. He told me that sexual things often take place between him and the actors, but they don't actually count. Needless to say, I didn't work with him.

Our editor is like that. He's always touching. It's humiliating. How often do you get to your sexual core?
I grew up as an only child in a conservative environment—sexuality wasn't something that I put out there. I held it as a private thing. I've emerged from that, but I don't wear my sexuality on my sleeve. Though I'm not as shy or modest as I was when I was younger.

Great thong, by the way.
I'll buy every CD by a band and a month later I'm tired of it. I'm also easily infatuated with new men. But hopefully, when things really click with a guy, I won't be ready to move on in two months.

What do you look for in a guy?
A fearlessly crazy sense of humor. I'm kind of goofy, and I need someone who has that, too. I'm looking for the inner freak in a guy. My type, externally? Josh Hartnett. Owen Wilson. I'm not sure Josh has an inner freak, though.

She has the face of an angel...and the coat of a large horselike animal

You are forever banned from dating anyone named Josh. Josh is the Corey of the new millennium. So you play a highway-patrol cop in *Super Troopers*?
I'm the only female among buffoons with no crime to deal with in Vermont.

Do you wear a leather uniform or maybe Velcro?
Velcro, of course. It rips right off. There's a saucy scene where my character decides to take it all off in the middle of a crime bust.

I don't remember that scene. Could you jog my memory?
[*Blank stare*]

So...I still have my Webelo uniform.
Uniforms, in themselves, don't do it for me. But I talked my way out of a speeding ticket when I was hassled by a highway-patrol cop.

Is traffic school a good place to find that one special person you want to spend the rest of your life with?
I've thought, *The man of my dreams could be here.*

And?
They're usually 90-year-olds with gold chains and potbellies.

The guys there are weird-looking, too. Which leads me to the fact that you play Tom Green's girlfriend in *Freddy Got Fingered*, which is about the worst title for a film ever.
My character isn't shy when it comes to sexuality, and she's fixated on oral sex. She can't understand why Tom's character ever wants to go out, because she just wants him to stay home so she can perform oral sex on him. It's a male fantasy come true.

If you like that sort of thing. Did you do any research for the film?
Extensive. I wouldn't want to go into detail, because I wouldn't want to blow the cover of my male friends who came over to help me along.

Oh, look who's got the funny puns! How did you get the part?
I was so aggressive in the audition that I was ripping [Tom's] clothes off. I went further than any of the other girls who tried out. [*Laughs*] Don't draw any conclusions, because in an audition or doing a movie, I'm all go, but in real life, I'm not, "Oh, baby, baby." If I'm at a party where everyone's "on," I'll be in the corner turning bright red.

Do you speak French?
I can say the French equivalent of what my character wants to do to Tom over and over. I was with a girlfriend in a taxi in Paris and we asked the driver the correct phrase. He wasn't shocked.

He's French. The only way you could shock him is with a bar of soap and a breath mint. Are you practicing your French with anyone at the moment?
I've dated a couple of my costars, and no, I will not tell you which ones. When making a movie, you're in this other dimension, where you can see a guy not as who he is but who you want him to be. Then you return to the real world.

I like that show. Do you date a lot?
Hollywood is full of men who need wraparound mirrors so that they never have a moment when they can't check themselves out. I love guys who don't worry about what they look like, who aren't aware of how attractive they are.

I know what you mean. People tell me I'm beautiful all the time, and I'm like, *Right*. Tell me a story, preferably one that involves a catfight.
At a party the other night, this woman started making comments and giving me evil looks. I said, "I'm sorry. Do I know you?" My friends said, "Let it go," but I marched across the room and said, "Did you say something?" She said, "I don't think I'd bother saying anything to you," and we got into a full-on verbal catfight. My friends were all over me, going, "She's unbalanced—let it go!" But I followed her right out to the patio and started a fight. I had the daggers out for a big confrontation.

Do you do your own stunts?
I wind up hurting somebody. I was supposed to hit Josh Jackson in *Gossip* and connected so hard that his ear was ringing for a day. *Super Troopers* was shut down because I smacked someone too hard in the head. Maybe it's pent-up aggression, huh?

Honey, pent-up aggression is when you *don't* hit someone. Any famous guys that light your lava lamp?
Bryant Gumbel. I watched him recently, and he was just ripping on people with these belligerent comments. That sealed the deal for me.

So you like fat jerks. And I like beautiful actresses. We're so meant for each other.

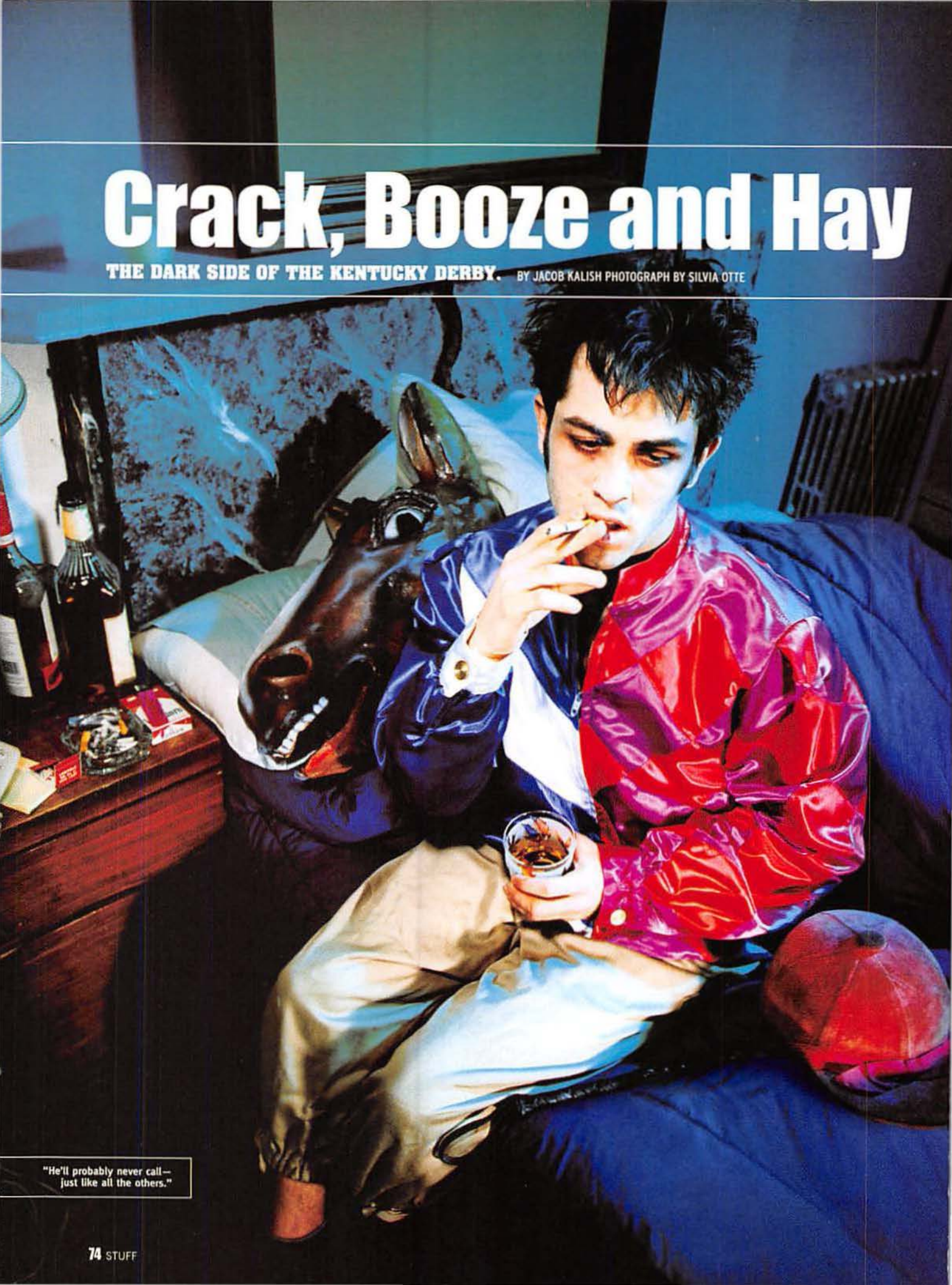
To see more scintillating pics of Marisa, check out www.stuffmagazine.com.

Styling: Kelly Rae. Hair: Louise Moon for artec pure hair/luxe. Makeup: Hiromi Inoko at luxe. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

"No matter how I look, **the freak inside** me leaks out."

Crack, Booze and Hay

THE DARK SIDE OF THE KENTUCKY DERBY. BY JACOB KALISH PHOTOGRAPH BY SILVIA OTTE



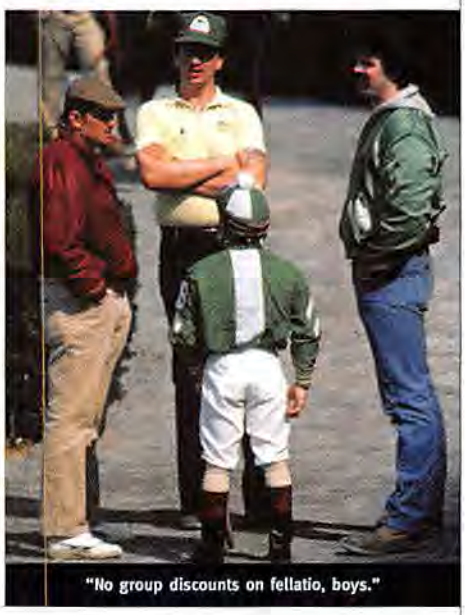
"He'll probably never call—just like all the others."

On May 5, millions of eyes will be on Churchill Downs in Louisville for the 127th annual Kentucky Derby. What they won't see are cheating mobsters, homicidal jockeys and strung-out thoroughbreds. Here, the seedy world of horse racing—unharnessed.

Unless you live on hope and coffee and spend your daylight hours at an offtrack betting dive, the Kentucky Derby is the only time of year that most of us think about horse racing. It's fun. Like good sex, it lasts only a few minutes. And then it's over and you go on to the next thing.

But what if you looked a little deeper into this so-called sport? What if you went behind the pristine ivory spires of the Kentucky Derby and the more than 50,000 other horse races that happen every year in North America? You might find that there's another race going on. A race of greed and corruption, in which the players are a bunch of spoiled, rich, shady characters, popping pills and breaking laws. And that's just the horses. Throughout horse racing's storied history, owners, jockeys and bettors alike have stopped at nothing to win the big prize—which now totals more than $1 billion each year.

Stuff goes behind the horses and into the stables—probing the dark underworld of horse racing. Then we clean off our shoes. This is the *real* story of the Kentucky Derby.



"No group discounts on fellatio, boys."

They're all winners. Did we say winners? We meant horses

Offtrack Cheating

To win the Derby, you could buy an expensive horse, recruit the best trainers and hire a jockey with his own fan club—or you could just rig the race.

Drugs Horses are doped with uppers and/or steroids to win, downers and/or depressing love songs to lose. Pop quiz: The 1968 Derby winner, Dancer's Image, was disqualified for: (a) having a name like a stripper or (b) having traces of the painkiller phenylbutazone in his urine, like a stripper? Horses have also been given Ritalin, steroids, caffeine or even cocaine to boost performance. In 1982, the top horse, two-year-old Gorytus, dropped a crap the size of a pony before the Dewhurst Stakes, then finished last. Judges suspected a laxative. When asked if this was true, Gorytus said, "That's complete horseshit!"

Laying back Conspirators pick long shots—horses with odds against them so steep, they should be walking. Then they relay the news to the jockeys about which horses should win. This is apparently what happened in 1996 at Bay Meadows in California, when the favorite finished seventh and the second-favorite ran off the track. As luck would have it, the trifecta bet returned more than $280,000—the highest payout in the history of California.

Milkshaking A mixture of water and baking soda is forced into a horse's system to slow the release of exercise-induced toxins into the bloodstream. This prevents the horse from tiring and gives it a better chance of winning. As an added bonus, the baking soda causes horses to crap puffy muffins.

Probes and buzzers According to people who investigate this sort of thing, jockeys have been known to insert buzzers in their breeches to shock their horses into running faster. Makes the jockeys happy, too. The 1999 Arkansas Derby winner, Valhol, was said to have been egged on by his jockey, Billy Patin, who used electric probes. Anal probes are judged to be far less effective on horses, but the jockeys seem to enjoy them.

Rail diving One effective way for a jockey to up his chance of winning is to knock a rival jockey off his horse and over the rails. This works best *during* the race.

Sponging Small sponges are stuffed up horses' nostrils to restrict their breathing and hinder their speed. In the '96 and '97 Kentucky Derbies, investigators found 11 sponges in horses' noses. Also found: a lacrosse stick and a box of Grape-Nuts.

Watering One of the most common means of offtrack trickery: A horse is given a bucket of water to drink right before a race. This renders him useless, but it does enable him to piss like a racehorse. ▷▷▷

Wait, don't tell us—Power Rangers, right? Adorable! Here, have some miniature Hershey's bars

Wanted: Jockeys

Considering an illustrious career as a jockey? See if you have the proper qualifications.

One or more eating disorders Jockeys must race under a Kate Moss–like weight limit, somewhere between 109 and 113 pounds. To put this in perspective, *Stuff* editor Jon Small's testicles weigh between 109 and 113 pounds. Each. This tremendous pressure to be thin has caused jockeys to take diet pills, laxatives or amphetamines, go on fasts, sit in saunas for hours, run in rubber suits and often—as in the case of the late Chris Antley—puke up their meals. The problem is nothing new. Horse racing's winningest rider, Laffit Pincay Jr., was famous for eating half a peanut for lunch. You should see what he did with the other half.

Acute drug addiction With so much stress and difficulty making the required weight, many jockeys turn to drugs and alcohol. Between 1994 and 1999, 160 of the roughly 900 licensed jockeys in the United States had been investigated for drug and/or alcohol abuse. The 1989 Derby winner, Pat Valenzuela, was suspended for doing coke, as was 1991 and 1999 Derby winner Chris Antley. There are guys in the NFL who snort lines the size of Chris Antley.

A penchant for suicide England's first great jockey, Fred Archer, offed himself in 1886. Jockey Doug Rolfe killed himself in 1982. Chris Antley's death, a drug overdose last year, may or may not have been intentional. Just hanging out with jockeys is enough to make you want to kill yourself: Laffit Pincay Jr.'s wife killed herself, and so did the founder of the Kentucky Derby, Lewis Clark, in 1899. Both left behind notes saying that they felt they were being pursued by small men dressed in colorful children's togs.

Sick, demented tendencies Three Aussie apprentice jockeys (and a friend) were arrested this past August in Perth for the rape of an 18-year-old stable hand. Former jockey Valerie Kost recently claimed that she was raped no less than *19 times* in the '60s and '70s by men in the racing industry.

Homicide, a plus Christy McGrath, an Irish jockey, was sentenced to life in prison this January for the murder of former soccer player Gary Walton. McGrath thought Walton had taunted him, so he bashed in his head with a brick and then, feeling that wasn't enough, proceeded to choke him.

Stop laughing—they're both dead

HOW TO...

Pick a Winner

The Derby is more than a race. It's a passage into manhood. "You've got three-year-olds—adolescents—running a mile and a quarter for the first time, to see who's the man," says Rich Rosenbush, executive editor of the *Daily Racing Form*. Bettors can only speculate which horse will have the stamina to pull it off.

Rosenbush recommends looking at the results of the races just prior to the Derby: the Santa Anita, the Bluegrass and the Wood Memorial—but not necessarily for the winners. "Look for a horse that finished strong," says Rosenbush. "Maybe it was a little goofy, maybe it tripped, but it showed you something at the *finish*. A horse like that is going to come off at long odds and may improve enough to take the whole thing."

OK. But what if you don't know anything about horse racing? Rick Cushing, a writer for the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, advises looking for horses that carry themselves regally before the race: a horse who bows his neck as he tosses his head, one who seems alert, one with a shiny coat or one who just looks confident. Bad signs: horses that drag around their handlers, look agitated or sweat profusely. Kinda sounds like Puff Daddy.

Hasn't been late since 1987

HORSE NAME OR PORNO FLICK? Can you tell which is which?

Fudge
Randy Boy
Big Red
Behave Yourself
Foolish Pleasure

Black 'n' Blue
Spend a Buck
Unbridled
Ace in the Hole
Dream Come True
Anything Goes
Creamsicles Lust
Divine Miss Em

Easy Money
Birthday Girl
Goodgollymissmolly
Bottom Fishing
In the Navy
Alabama Slammer
Risk Taker
Scratching Post

Rural Rage
California Girl
Born to Be Wild
The Wild Brat
Sweet Cakes
This Year's Model
Beat the Heat
Cameo Appearance

Canned Heat
Class Act
Hot on Her Tail
Lucky Lady
Moondance
No Fear
Return Engagement
Wild in Motion

Her triple crown? 3 inputs

Answer: The first three columns are horse names. The last two are porno flicks.

The Derby Decoded

Even if you know everything about horse racing, you'll still probably lose all your money.

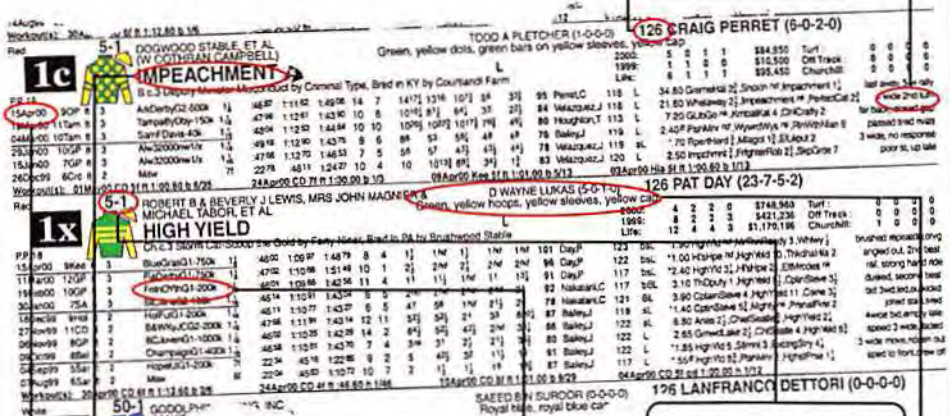
Betting to win You win only if your horse wins. And if you win, you get your bet back, too. For example, a 5–1 shot pays 10 dollars for your two-dollar (minimum) bet, plus the deuce the ticket cost you. Payback: 12 bucks.
Betting to place You win if your horse finishes first or second. Since your odds are greater, the payoff is smaller, and so is your testicular package.
Betting to show Tiny, tiny payoffs. You win if your horse finishes first, second or third. Expect to win just enough to cover the cost of parking your two-wheeler.
Betting across the board You win if your horse wins, places or shows. If the horse wins, you receive the win, place and show payouts. If it places, you get the place and show payouts. If it shows, you get just the show payout. Since this is really three bets, the minimum wager is six dollars. Understand? Neither do we.
Exacta You pick the horses that finish first and second, in exact order. Right? Exacta.
Trifecta You pick the horses that finish first, second and third, in exact order. If they do, you drive home in a limo. And if they don't, hello, Hyundai!
Superfecta You pick the horses that finish first, second, third and fourth, in exact order. It's better than plain fecta. It's superfecta!
Pick three You pick the winners of three consecutive races.
Pick six You pick the winners of six consecutive races. Then your friends pick you up in the parking lot.
Daily double You call the winners of two consecutive races. You get the payout, but they never call you back.
Quinella You pick the first two finishers, but it doesn't matter in which order they finish. Sort of like the last presidential election.

"Do you fellas realize how much hermaphrodite sex this will buy?"

HOW TO...

Read the Damn Program

If you're serious about betting on the Derby, you need to read the official program. It provides statistics and insights on every horse in every race. Betting without reading the guide is like watching *Baywatch Hawaii* with your eyes closed. Here's how to decipher the thing.



Jockey's weight + convictions.

Incomplete sentence. They're horse handicappers, not editors.

The horse's name. Owner and breeder are listed below because they're smaller.

Dates of previous races and *Sopranos* reruns.

Location, distance and time of the race. Also, where to get a decent burger.

The morning odds of winning the race. It *is* odd if you actually win.

The horse's trainer and the jockey's favorite colors.

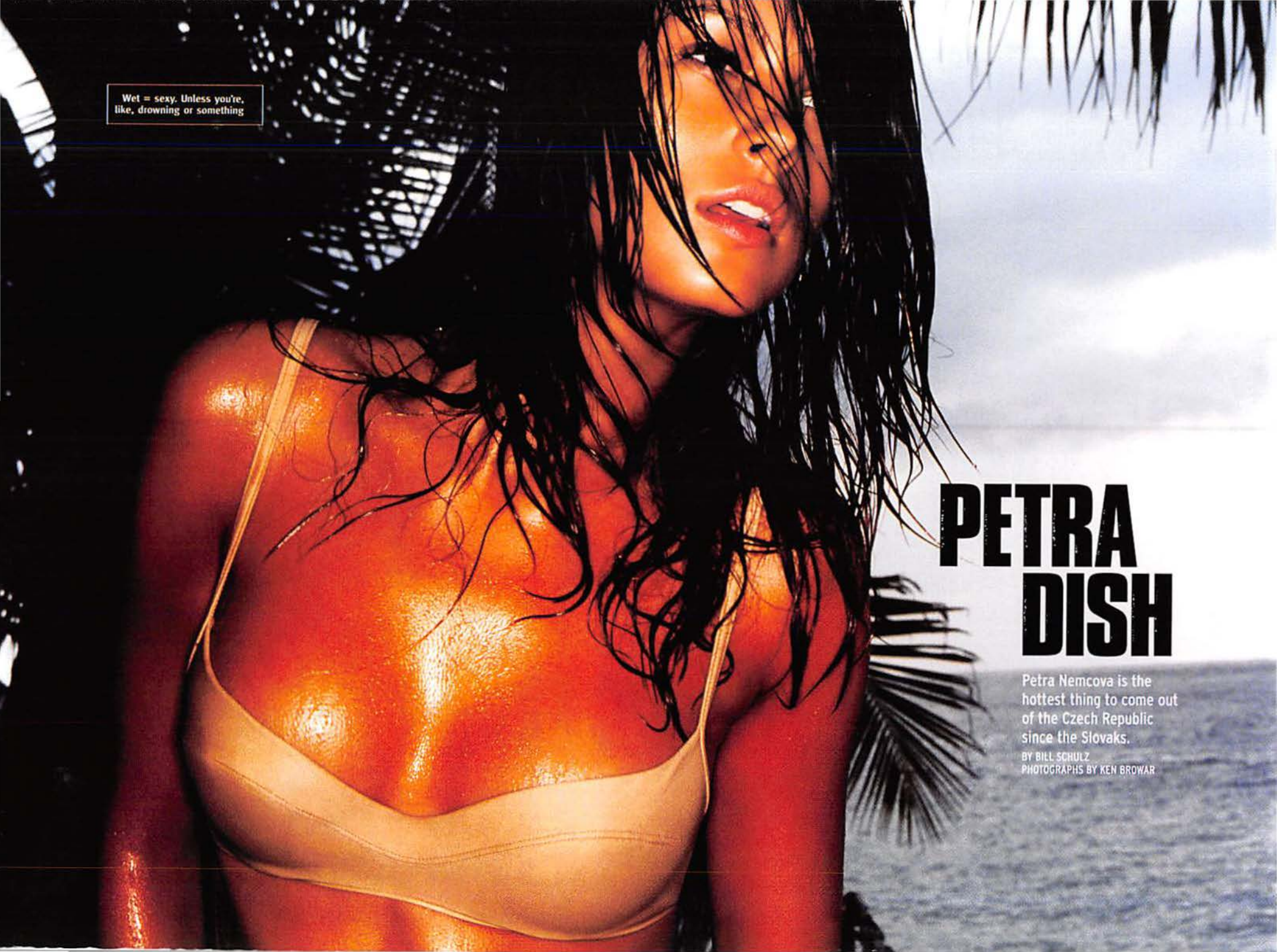
The masked horses went on to rob a bank

DERBY DATELINE

Here's the field for the strangest events in the race's history.

1913 Donerail, the longest shot of any winner in Derby history, wins with odds of 91-1. It was ridden by Bea Arthur.
1950 The favorite Native Dancer loses the Derby (and the Triple Crown) by a head when jockey Eric Guerin chokes. It's later said that Guerin took Native Dancer "everywhere on the track except the ladies' room."
1957 Hall of Fame jockey-cobbler Willie Shoemaker, aboard Gallant Man, misjudges the finish line and stands up before the race is over. He loses by a nose to Iron Liege while the crowd yells, "Sit on it, Willie, you asshole!"
1973 Secretariat wins the Derby in 1:59. This is still the record time. He goes on to win the Belmont by an absurd 31 lengths and Pimlico to take the Triple Crown. Later, he's seen in a strip club getting lap dances from adoring women.
1987 Alysheba clips heels with Bet Twice early in the race and almost falls–then comes back to win the race...and have sex.
1999 Charismatic, jockeyed by drug addict Chris Antley, wins the Derby with odds of 31-1. A plethora of articles are written about how Antley has conquered his demons. A year later, those demons get the ultimate payback when he fatally overdoses.
2002 Phast Pheat wins the Derby but loses at Pimlico by a nose. Not literally. Noses aren't allowed to race.
2004 The name of the racetrack is changed from Churchill Downs to Hugh Downs.
2005 Disney buys the track and changes the name to Robert Downey Jr. after the actor wins the Triple Crown. Downey is later disqualified when oats turn up in his stool sample.

Not as handsome now that he's dead

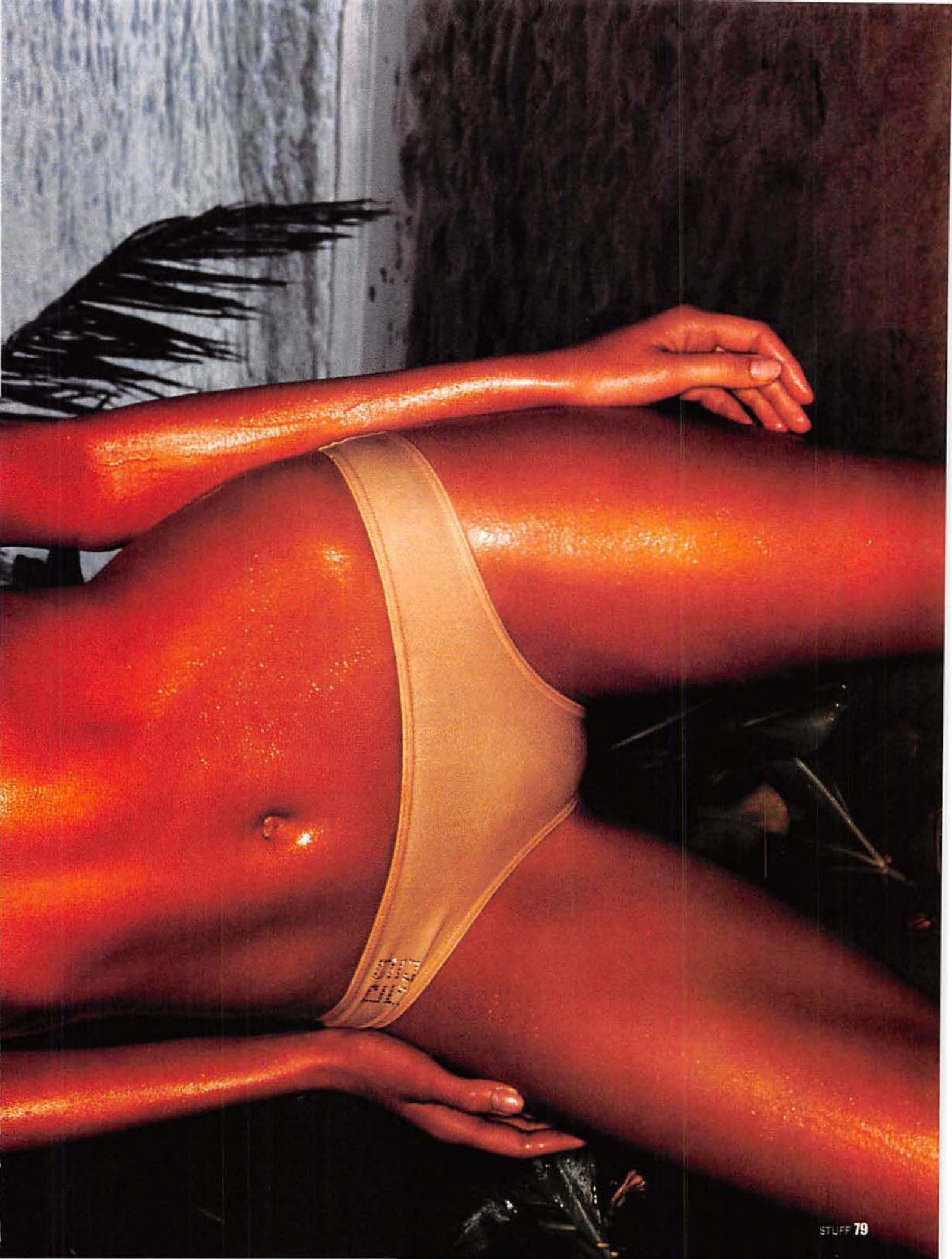


Wet = sexy. Unless you're, like, drowning or something

PETRA DISH

Petra Nemcova is the hottest thing to come out of the Czech Republic since the Slovaks.

BY BILL SCHULZ
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN BROWAR



The blushing brunette has graced the pages of this year's *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue, *Elle* and our editor-in-chief's other favorite mag, *Harper's Bazaar*. I sat down with the lovely Petra Nemcova at a quaint little restaurant by the name of *Notre Salle de Conférence de Bureau* (translation: our office conference room). I ordered the vending machine's finest Ritz crackers while Petra had... something. She was talking to me on a hotel phone from a shoot in Cape Town, South Africa, so I can't confirm whether Ms. Nemcova ate anything or not. While I was both bejeweled and bedecked in my most expensive sweat suit, Petra was wearing nothing but a leather thong and a smile (again, I'm guessing here). Join us now as we take a searing look into the expansive mind of a supermodel. You might just say that we're Petra-fied with anticipation. Actually, we'd rather you didn't say that.

STUFF: You're in funny, sunny South Africa right now. What are you shooting?
PETRA: This is just a catalog. It pays the bill.

Well, I'm a big fan of paying the Bill. If, by Bill, you mean me. So, you're in the former land of apartheid. Are you not gonna play Sun City?
Sun City? Oh, it's quite far from here. But I hear about it. This place that I am in is like a hotel that is on top of the trees. You have wake-up calls from the monkeys.

Monkeys! Now you're speaking my language—albeit, with an almost unintelligible accent. Have you had any encounters with these furry fantastics of the forest?
Not this time. But last time I went to see the baboons. They live on roads and just on the street. And there are signs that say BE CAREFUL, BABOONS. It was really beautiful because they had babies there, and it was very cute.

Have you—or anyone you've ever associated with—been attacked by a baboon? Answer the question, Petra.
Oh, no, I haven't. They told me that baboons can be very dangerous, and they were like, "Don't throw them any food or anything." But I did. I just threw an apple, and a little baboon took the apple and she ran away. It was very sweet.

Sweet and sexy. Very sexy. Speaking of sexy, tell me about your experiences with the *SI*[1] swimsuit issue.
It's a secret. Nobody is supposed to know about that.

Oh, but I'm very connected, you see. I know people who know people.[2] Are you doing anything for the launch of this year's issue?
Well, next Tuesday there's a big party in New York City. And it's going to be a lot of press and interviews. So it's going to be really nice and very exciting, for sure. And we're seeing all the people, all the other models and the editor.

I get to see the editor of *Stuff* every day. And he's way hotter than that *Sports Illustrated* editor. Especially in the butt area. Now, as far as the Czech Republic is concerned, tell me about Karvina. That's the so-called town where you grew up, yes?
It's a small city, about 10,000 people, and there's not really much happening there. When I was younger, every weekend we went to the house of my grandparents, which is on a mountain. My sister, father, grandfather and I would pick mushrooms in the forest and make a competition out of it: Who's going to find more mushrooms? And we'd know which ones are good and which ones are not good.

The Smurfs ate mushrooms. Or did they live in them? Damn, if I can ever remember.
I never eat them. I never liked them. My father and my grandfather were teaching us, when we were young, which mushroom is good and which one is not good. It was very safe. But I guess some people, they would be happy to find those other kinds of mushrooms...

How about absinthe? I know that's big in Prague. Have you ever tried that?
You mean absinthe, the drink? Well, I don't drink. Not at all. And I don't smoke.

Weird. What *does* Petra do for fun?
Well, I love to dance. I can dance for, like, four or five hours nonstop without even drinking water. It's a beautiful, beautiful thing.

You recently did a campaign for Max Factor. How is Max? I'm told that his son just got braces.
Pardon me? Got braces—what do you...Max Factor's son? Oh, I don't know. I haven't seen him. I was working with Annabel, so I haven't seen them.

Oh, don't get me started on Annabel. So what's up with Slovakia? Those Slovaks are all so high and mighty. How do you guys put them in their place?
The situation like we speak of in '91? It was sad because it was the Slovak Republic that wanted to split up. It was actually quite bad for them because they are a weaker country. But there is no hate between us. There were just a few politics making this kind of split, and otherwise there is no hate, for sure—no hate.

For sure, indeed. Fellow Czech and Buffalo Sabres goalie Dominik Hasek is worshiped as a god in your homeland. How would you react if he approached you at a bar?
Well, for sure he's very well-known. But it's not that we are making him like a god or something. It's not in this way. But he has, for sure, a big place in our culture. He's a hero.

Yeah, yeah. So he's hitting on you: What do you do?
If I wouldn't be dating another person? If I would meet him in a bar and he would ask me the first night for a date, I would say no. Because I am not this kind of person. I take time.

Booooring. You're dating the male model Donaes Valentine Plateell. We're told that he's just as cute, sullen and pouty as can be. How did you meet?
We met at a party, actually. He did a show for Armani, and after that, I was at the party and we met there.[3]

So how long have you guys been dating?
It's going to be, in July, two years.

How long did he have to date you before things—to quote Olivia Newton John—got physical?
Well, I wouldn't go into these kinds of details.

Well, how about in a broader sense? Would you describe yourself as, sexually, pretty adventurous?
I'm more the person who doesn't really jump into the water without looking. So I would describe it in this way.

Well, that makes sense.[4] What's the craziest place you've ever had sex?
I don't have to answer on that, right? Locations can kind of describe many personal things about a person. I wouldn't answer, if you don't mind.

Mind? Of course I don't mind![5] On the subject of less ungodly physical activities, I'm told that you're a SCUBA enthusiast. Any recent under-the-sea adventures?
Oh, many beautiful ones. This winter I went to Thailand, and it was something amazing. When you are there, you see sharks and all these amazing, huge animals. My boyfriend spotted a shark in a cave. He was not even one meter from us. He was there sleeping, but with the eyes open. ▷▷▷

How to Strike Fear into the Heart of a Baboon

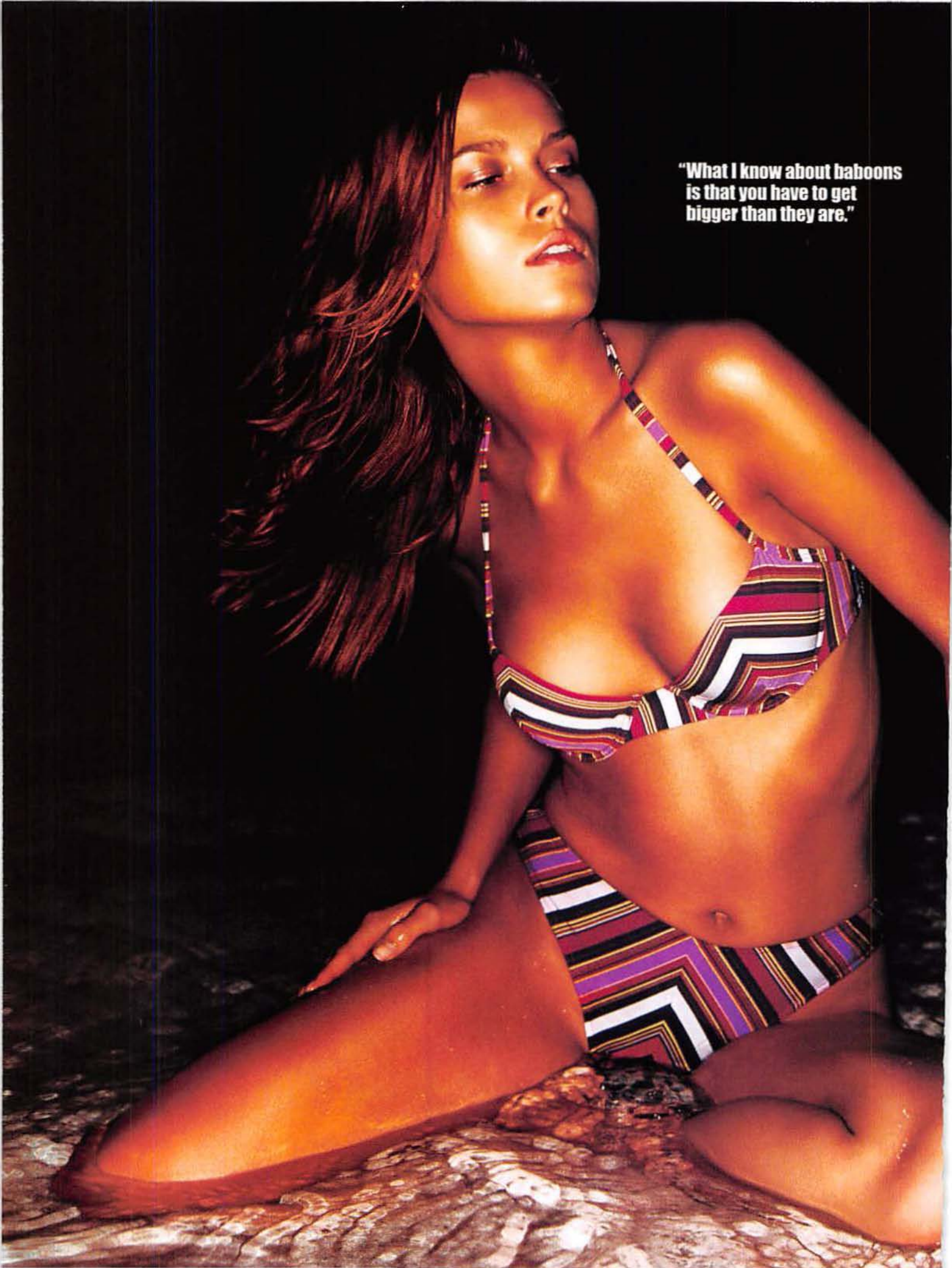
Petra Nemcova both feeds the baboons and fights the baboons with equal aplomb. Here are her tips on how to make Babs your bitch.

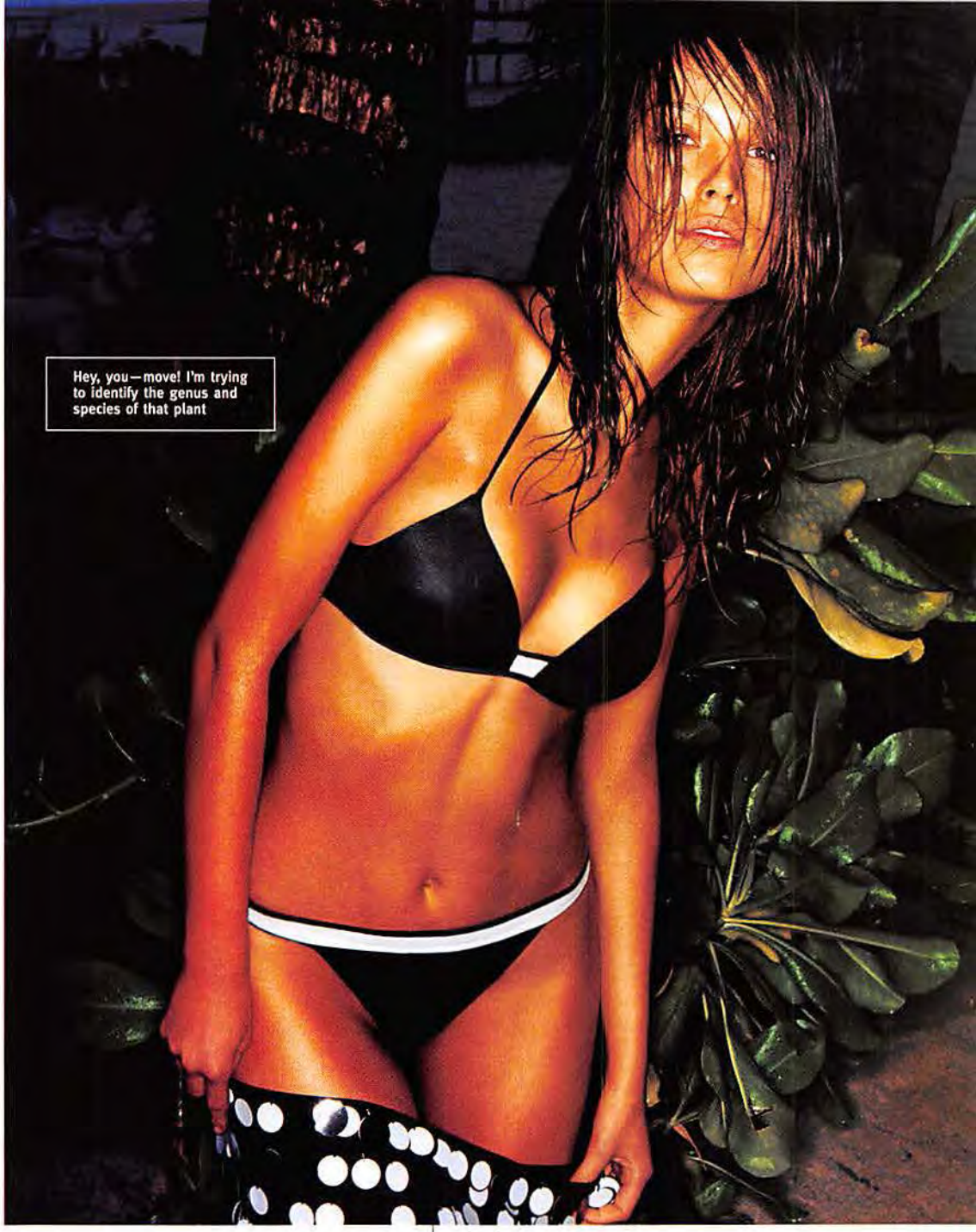
IF IT'S YOU, A FEW OF YOUR CLOSEST FRIENDS AND AN ANGRY BABOON
"Well, what I know about the monkeys and the baboons is that you have to get bigger than they are. So if you are with a group, you have to kind of stand on each other so you are really bigger than they are."

IF IT'S JUST YOU AND AN ANGRY BABOON
"If you are alone, normally you have to keep very, very quiet. But if he is in the process of attacking you? Well, I would just try to go in some tree or something. So you are bigger than he is. Higher. So he is kind of afraid of you. That's what they told me."

Hair & Makeup: Lisagnn Marshal. Production: Wild Orchid.

"I can dance for, like, four or five hours nonstop without even drinking water. It's a beautiful, beautiful thing."


"What I know about baboons is that you have to get bigger than they are."



Hey, you—move! I'm trying to identify the genus and species of that plant

We conduct entire dates doing much the same thing. What does SCUBA stand for, anyway?[6]

Ah, SCUBA. Well, you should know, since you are American. I'm Czech, so I don't really know. I guess I should know that, as well....

Eh—the instructors don't really cover that until you get into the advanced classes, anyway. We've recently been going through the arduous process of renaming our office pig.[7] There have been a lot of sleepless nights. Care to give us a nominee?

Is it a nice pig? Is it a sweet pig?

Yes, it's a very nice pig.

I don't know. It would be something very sweet. Something positive, like Pinky Love. I would say it in this way: If you want to give a name to the animal, you have to see his behaviors. Because every animal is different.

Hmmm. Pinky Love. I definitely like it. Know what else I like? You. Hello? Hello?

Footnotes

1 Note to noninsiders: *SI* stands for the magazine *Sports Illustrated*. That said, from now on, *Stuff* would like to be known as *S*.

2 All of these people live in my head.

3 I met him at the Armani party, too. Only he went by the moniker DVP. Er, and that's all I remember.

4 Actually, no, it doesn't make sense. In fact, the only thing that I understand so far is all that baboon talk. But that's me.

5 This is a lie. I mind. But—more important—I think it's you, the reader, who really minds.

6 SCUBA stands for Self-Contained Underwater Breathing Apparatus. We often wear those black rubber SCUBA suits to parties because of their slimming effects.

7 To find out our pig's new name, turn to page 30! To read a pretentious tip on male grooming, turn to the Style Guy section of this month's *GQ*!

"I never noticed that boy on the ceiling before."

Psycho Therapists!

First, they feed on your *fears*! Then they drive you *nuts*! Then they suck your wallet *dry*! Then they completely flip out! Who *are* these people?

BY ANDREW FERGUSON PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATRICIA McDONOUGH

A domestic-violence counselor shoots his ex-girlfriend and her new boyfriend—an ex-wife beater—and leaves them dead on a Manhattan sidewalk.

A 24-year-old female counselor performs sex acts on her patients. They're 13-year-old and 14-year-old boys.

A marriage therapist screws the women who come to him for help. He also tries to get one guy to swap nude pictures of his wife for free therapy.

A psychologist has his license suspended after two patients allege that he engaged in sexual acts with them as part of the "healing touch" treatment.

THOSE ARE JUST FOUR EXAMPLES of people in "healing professions" doing more harm than healing. Trust us—they weren't hard to find. In fact, these people are everywhere: in the produce section, riding the bus, eating BLTs in a bowling alley, pruning the shrubs—outside your bedroom window. They're psychos. Not psychotics—not the split-personality Bates Motel desk clerks, the Charlie Mansons, the Dan Rathers. No. *Psychos*, as in professional psychologists, fruitcake bakers, ambassadors from the mysterious world of headshrinking. And they're all very disturbed.

What can you say about a profession that pretends to be therapeutic but is no more a science than cheerleading or disco? It takes more pure science to win a Frisbee tournament or a wet T-shirt contest than it does to play shrink.

Yet there they are, everywhere: on *Geraldo* and *Good Morning America* and *Sally Jessy* and *TalkBack Live* and *Regis*. They're giving quotes by the yard to the daily papers. They're more numerous than the Freddy Krueger type of psycho—not as dangerous, maybe, but a lot more annoying. When they're not numbingly serious, they're cloyingly sweet; they reek of self-righteousness and condescension. Whether they're playing counselor to teenagers or teaching their own special kind of "science" over at Suck U, they're all making it up as they go along, sandwiching in "patients" between their own bouts of depression. They're freaks of a society that will believe anything, as long as it doesn't take too much effort.

In fact, psychology is what religion would look like if God were a self-absorbed moron. The universal church for this kind of thing is the American Psychological Association. If you *truly* believe that a "counselor" can heal you of that blistering, festering angst on the heel of your soul, then go on a pilgrimage to the APA. Headquartered in ▷▷▷

SHRINKS' RAP SHEETS

These quacks feel your pain...and whatever else they can grope.

Rape counselor gets hands-on experience
Darryl Bolden, a Bronx, New York, rape counselor, was sentenced to 24 years in prison for raping three masseuses last November. The six-foot-ten, 340-pound Bolden contended the only reason that his victims were able to pick him out of the lineup was because all the other guys were sitting on phone books.

Juvenile administrators specialize in sex ed
The delinquents of New Haven, Connecticut, line up to get into an alternative jail program called Juveniles Under Supervised Transition (JUST). Why? Well, it's better than sharing a cell with one of those nice guys from *Oz*. Within the space of four months, two counselors at JUST were reportedly accused of engaging in private sex-education lessons with their teen charges, giving new meaning to the phrase "hard time."

Psychologist's methods deemed too touching
The Washington State Examining Board of Psychology revoked 78-year-old psychologist and ordained minister John Finch's license in 1993 after at least six former patients brought charges against him involving sex and "nude therapy." According to recent studies at Brown University, 10 to 15 percent of all therapists employ "nude therapy" on their patients. The rest? They're way too ugly to get any.

Prop styling: Ariana Salvato for Bernstein & Andriuli

Dreaming of puppies...naked, oiled-up puppies

Washington, D.C., with a membership of 160,000, the APA issues declarations and proclamations on every conceivable subject, like some sort of vacuous Vatican.

Through its many committees and panels, it commissions papers and studies, issues press releases, sends experts to talk shows, lobbies Congress and state assemblies, publishes a dozen journals and magazines, and holds conferences, seminars and forums from sea to neurotic sea. Journalists love shrinks. It's a perfect relationship: One pretends to be knowledgeable, and the other pretends to be an expert. When a reporter locks in a journalistic embrace with a psycho, the result is an amateur-to-amateur heart-to-heart in a steel-cage compassionfest. Because they're quoted everywhere, shrinks have insinuated psychological lingo and interpretations into even the dimmest recesses of American life. If life today appears more confusing and complicated than it needs to be, blame the psychos. Blame the APA. If you go to somebody with your problems and he has an APA certificate on the wall, for God's sake, run for your life. He's crazier than you will ever be.

Just how screwed up are these people? Take a look at the studies that the APA has sponsored recently. We love this one: "New research suggests...that while people easily remember the direction of objects that move toward or away from them, or past them side to side, people have virtually no memory for the direction of objects that rotate." But others are just as stupefying:

- "Research shows for the first time that doing mental calculations while driving may make some people...put themselves more at risk for an accident."
Translation: You're more likely to wreck your car if you're not paying attention.

- "Opiate and cocaine use...was substantially higher in heavy smokers than in...nonsmokers."
Translation: Junkies smoke.

- "Research has shown that impulsivity, learning difficulties, low IQ or fearlessness can make someone prone to violence."
Translation: Stupid people get into fights.

- "Ed Deiner of the University of Illinois...found that happy people report mild-to-moderate pleasant emotions most of the time, rather than intense positive moments some of the time."
Translation: People who are happy most of the time tend to be happier than people who are happy only some of the time.

- "Adolescents and their nominated friends shared highly similar levels of illegal drug use. Similarity was greatest among teenagers and their friends who reported lower levels of illegal drug use."
Translation: Kids who do drugs tend to hang out with kids who also do drugs. Kids who don't do drugs tend to hang out with kids who also don't do drugs.

- "[Psychologist Norbert] Schwartz found that people who came upon unclaimed dimes at a copy machine (planted by researchers) reported greater levels of overall satisfaction with their lives than those who did not find coins."
Translation: People who find money are happier than people who don't.

PSYCHOLOGY IS RELIGION IF GOD WERE A MORON

Or how about this: "Study shows highly aggressive boys can be among the most popular children in elementary classrooms."

This one requires no translation, but let's linger over it anyway. It is taken from an APA-published paper called "Heterogeneity of Popular Boys: Antisocial and Prosocial Configurations." The study was undertaken by three psychos, one from Duke University, one from the University of Illinois at

Great Psycho Excuses

Under the hat: Another hat

KOJAK MADE ME DO IT
Ronnie Zamora was 15 when, in 1977, he killed his 82-year-old neighbor, shooting her dead and burglarizing her home. Whose fault might that be? Zamora's? His parents'? No. Violent TV cop shows were the cause. He acted under the influence of "prolonged, intense, involuntary, subliminal television intoxication," said his lawyer—who asked friends to call him Perry Mason.

PROZAC MADE THEM DO IT
In 1997, Minnesotan Brad Voorhees tried to pin the rap on the Prozac he was taking when he shot his wife 11 times. Relatives of those killed by Joseph Wesbecker of Louisville sued Prozac's manufacturers in 1994. They lost, too. After firebombing New York City's subway system not once but twice in 1994, Edward J. Leary tried in vain to convince a jury that he couldn't tell right from wrong because he was on Prozac. They laughed him right into a jail cell.

PROZAC MADE ME TAKE XANAX
Christopher DeAngelo was acquitted of a 1997 bank robbery in Derby, Connecticut, after three psychiatrists testified that a combination of Prozac and Xanax could cause manic-like side effects. That's why James Carville can't cash a check.

VIAGRA MADE ME DO IT
Last year, Will Wright of Midfield, Alabama, was charged with raping his girlfriend's teenage daughter. His lawyer promptly came up with an insanity defense based on Wright's Viagra prescription. His cellmate promptly came up with a tube of K-Y.

Blue, just like your nuts

THE SANDMAN MADE ME DO IT
Arizona's Scott Falater never denied that he stabbed his wife 44 times and then threw her body in their pool. But he came up with a novel, though unsuccessful, defense: He did it in his sleep. Perhaps he was inspired by Canadian Kenneth Parks. In 1987, claims Parks, he sleepwalked—or rather sleepdrove—14 miles to his mother-in-law's house and beat her to death with a tire iron. He was acquitted. Then the jury woke up.

THE MILLENNIUM BUG MADE ME DO IT
So alarmed was Milwaukee's Charles Jasper Jr. about the impending apocalypse that was Y2K, he robbed two supermarkets and a video store—a defense deftly summed up by the assistant district attorney as "bordering on the ridiculous." Jasper must be feeling pretty silly now. But then, don't we all?

"Me no like paper. Only happy time is when bad paper goes boom."

Chicago and one from the University of North Carolina. They studied 59 classrooms around the country in many kinds of neighborhoods. They interviewed 542 children. They enlisted grad students, fashioned questionnaires and filed for grants–which they got, of course, from the federal government. They wrote a report that rolled out all the big phrases: "peer interpersonal assessment," "reliability coefficients," "nuclear centrality configurations." And they made sure to include big, smoky sentences–"The essential difference between a person- and a variable-oriented approach is whether the analysis focuses on determining relations among variables within a sample of persons or on uncovering groups of similar people across variables"–so that no sane person could figure out what they were talking about.

Here's what they figured out: *In grade school, class cutups are popular.* ▷▷▷

SHRINK CLICHÉS

No matter how trite and hackneyed your casual observations are, the only difference between you and a shrink is knowing the magic words. Here's the psycho jargon you need to turn your rec room into a clinic.

Suffers from macropsia

Hyperactive: Wild

Manic hyperactive: Wild and crazy

Manic hyperactive male subject: Wild and crazy guy

Hypersomnia: Lazy

Cataleptic: Really lazy

Catatonic: Damn, he's lazy

Dysphoric: Twitchy

Dysphoric clyclothymiac: Twitchy and jumpy

Logorrheac: Loudmouth

Echolaliac logorrheac: Gibbering loudmouth

Jargon aphasia: Talking crap

Psychological stressor: Bummer

Dysthymiac: Depressed because of bummer

Anhedoniac: Can't enjoy anything, even sex

Histrionic personality: Drama queen

Somatic delusion: Mistaken belief you're buff

Macropsia: Mistaken belief you have a large penis

Grandiose delusion: Self-righteousness

Alexithymia: Don't Like Oprah

Euthymia: Normal

THOSE NASTY PEOPLE MADE ME DO IT

You can't blame Jeffrey Wallace for shooting up the Rum Runners bar in Key West, Florida, in 1997. His fellow workers there had goaded him beyond endurance, watering down his drink and failing to notice his nice black suit. Jeffrey claimed they were Satanists who'd been making crank calls to his house. His excuse: He thought they were all secret telemarketers.

MY BREASTS MADE ME DO IT

Depressed and alcoholic, Lisa Roth of Denver sought treatment from therapist Lynda Robinson. She got a whole lot more than that, winding up in a cozy ménage à trois with Robinson and Robinson's husband, whom Roth eventually married. Robinson later told a civil court that leaky breast implants had befuddled her brain and that she couldn't remember a thing about the incident.

HOSTESS MADE ME DO IT

The so-called Twinkie defense is the great-granddaddy of spurious excuses. In 1978, San Francisco city supervisor Dan White shot and killed Mayor George Moscone and fellow supervisor Harvey Milk. At the trial, psychiatrist Martin Blinder testified that living off Twinkies and other junk foods had turned White into a sugar-hazed depressive. White was convicted on the lesser charge of manslaughter. Curiously enough, last year Blinder was stabbed in the chest by his wife. Blinder lived; she died. Police reportedly found Little Debbies smeared all over the walls.

THE CIA MADE ME DO IT

Charged in 1997 with the abduction and rape of a woman he'd held prisoner for a month, Kevin Caes of Clarksville, Tennessee, explained that the all-powerful Cosmic Intelligence Agency, which controls everybody in the world, had implanted a microchip in his ass. He should have kept quiet about this. He could get us all in trouble.

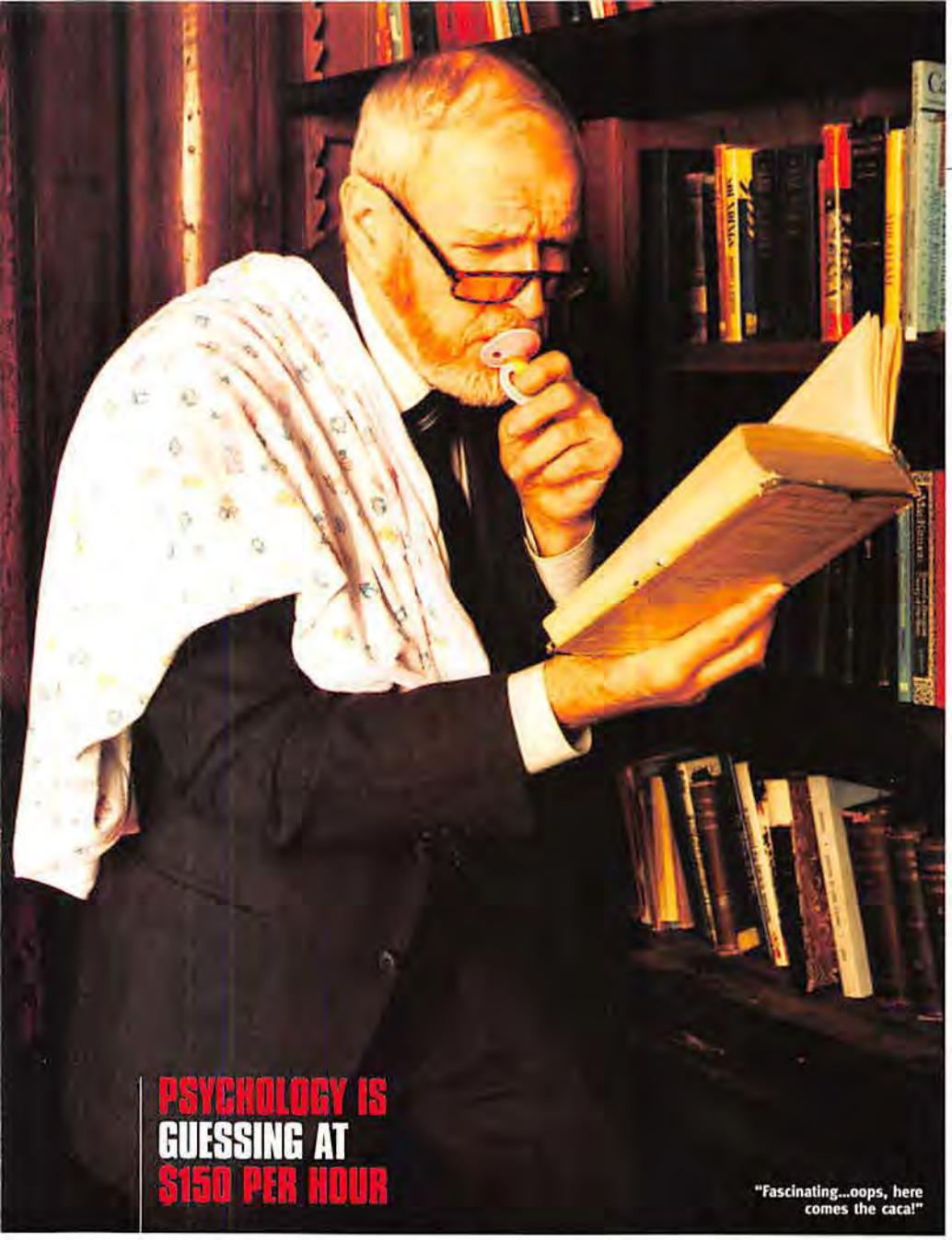
It's not a threesome if one of the parties is cut in half

I DID IT, SO I MUST BE CRAZY

Despite being identified by Debra Puglisi as the man who kidnapped her and killed her husband, Donald Flagg still wanted the jury to acquit him on the grounds that nobody sane could have so calmly confessed to the crime on videotape, as he did.

THE WEATHER MADE ME DO IT

In 1991 in Ridgewood, New Jersey, Joseph M. Harris, one of the original disgruntled workers behind the phrase "going postal," fatally stabbed his former supervisor, then shot and killed her boyfriend and two ex-coworkers. Why? Said one psychiatrist, Harris "hated the onset of winter." Chilling.



PSYCHOLOGY IS GUESSING AT $150 PER HOUR

"Fascinating...oops, here comes the caca!"

America was stunned. The blazing insight was featured in *The New York Times, The Toronto Star, The Washington Post* and several other newspapers. The APA disguised the report as science. The newspapers disguised the junk science as news.

It has been the genius of the psychos to present themselves as the überexperts, masters of a meta-discipline. The APA defines psychology as "the study of behavior and underlying mental phenomena"—which makes psychologists experts in just about everything but geology. They're equipped to discourse on any subject. Did you break up with your girlfriend? Your shrink knows the reason. Do you suck at math? A psycho can tell you why. Having conflicting feelings about the PT Cruiser? The APA has the answers. Not just guesses, either. Psychologically sound answers. Which is what you call guessing at $150 per hour.

But the psychos know there are limits on how far they can go. The greatest public-relations disaster in the APA's history happened three years ago when the *Psychological Bulletin* published an article called "A Meta-Analytic Examination of Assumed Properties of Child Sexual Abuse Using College Samples." The upshot of the study (or so its critics claimed): Hey! Pedophilia isn't as bad for kids as people thought!

The study inspired a strong reaction. Those nice men with vans full of candy over at the North American Man-Boy Love Association looked up from their copies of *Boy's Life* long enough to issue a statement that the report was "good news." Unflattering stories about psychos appeared in most major newspapers. Republican whip Tom DeLay even got the House of Representatives to pass a unanimous resolution condemning the study.

The APA, worried about losing all those federal grants, promised that the article would be subjected to an independent review and that the results would be prominently published within a year.

That was in the summer of 1999. By the end of that year, the effort had been quietly dropped. In a brief statement, the APA said that the study didn't really require peer review after all. The organization said it had "grave concerns" that, by caving into the attackers, the scientific process was being "politicized." So instead, the APA announced that it was turning its attention to discrimination against

"YOUR HONOR, I'M NUTS!"

Looking at hard jail time? Plead insanity and you're home free—if home is a state loony bin.

Crime: Dog abuse
Penalty: Four years in prison, $20,000 fine
Disorder: Oral fixation
Penalty: Case pending
Notes: "My client is very oral," said counsel for Steven Maul, who was accused last year of animal cruelty for pinning down, nipping and French-kissing his Labrador, Boo. The dog didn't press charges. "It was a private moment," said the bitch.

Crime: Slaughtering your family
Penalty: Life imprisonment
Disorder: Insanity
Penalty: Two months in the hospital
Notes: In 1975, cop Paul Harrington killed his wife and children and spent two months in a Michigan psychiatric ward. In 1999, he killed his second wife and their son and pleaded post-traumatic stress disorder. From having his first family killed in front of his very eyes, no doubt.

Crime: Sexual abuse
Penalty: 25 years imprisonment
Disorder: Pedophilia, alcoholism, drug abuse
Penalty: Five years probation, one year in a treatment center
Notes: Peter McCutcheon, a priest convicted of abusing three teenage boys in 1986, had his sentence reduced by a Washington, D.C., court in return for undergoing therapy. He was suspended from the priesthood. Not kicked out. Just suspended.

Crime: Shooting the president
Penalty: Life imprisonment
Disorder: Insanity (crazy about Jodie Foster, anyway), rage brought on by Valium
Penalty: Life on an agreeable, tree-lined hospital estate with your future fiancée
Notes: When John Hinckley shot Ronald Reagan in 1981, he was sent to St. Elizabeth's Hospital. By the way, what's the point of Valium if it gives you violent rages?

The guy standing stoically in the back is deaf. And, no, that's not funny

"I won't kill you if you catch this bullet in your mouth."

"people with mental-health disorders"–presumably not including themselves.

Exactly what this attention includes is a mystery. You see, until recently, definitions of psychology always employed the term *science*. It's a comforting word, *science*; it suggests certainty–measurable, objective, replicable, testable fact. You don't just wing it when you're wearing your scientist suit.

And, in fact, scientists–that is, clinical or experimental psychologists–were the guys who ran the APA until not so long ago. But, in 1988, thousands of them bolted from the APA, disgusted with what even the organization's official history describes as "a takeover of the APA by the applied fields and public advocacy." The clinical guys knew that "applied psychology" was a euphemism for bullshit, the kind of stuff that leaves psychos free to float in a cloud of sentiment, emotion and art. They're the ones behind all those nutty press releases. The clinical guys, the grown-ups, had simply measured the distance from public advocacy to something like science and figured that there was no way to get there from the APA. So they started something called the APS, the American Psychological Society. The APS is different. At the APS, they produce reports such as "The Scientific Status of Projective Techniques." You can't translate that into English, which is a good sign of quality research.

So the APA dropped the word *scientific* from its definition of psychology; it was a rare concession to the truth, although it certainly doesn't stop the psychos from pretending that they're doing science anyway. But what *mad* science!

In the hands of psychos, science has been transformed into an agent for the wackiest forms of liberal political correctness. In June of 1999, *The American Psychologist*, the official journal of the APA, published "Deconstructing the Essential Father" to shoot down that crazy, wild-ass notion that fathers have a crucial role to play in their children's lives. In fact, said the authors, "We do not find any empirical support that marriage enhances fathering or that marriage civilizes men and protects children." Really. It turns out that fathers were often "detrimental" to the well-being of children. Why? Because of their tendency to spend money on liquor and cigarettes.

OK. Point taken.

What's Your Excuse, Pal?

These days we're all sick bastards. Check out this marvelous list of maladies and find out what the hell's wrong with you.

IF YOU...	YOU SUFFER FROM...
Have an office job	Aerophobia–fear of fresh air
Breathe through your mouth	Olfactophobia–fear of smells
Hate ZZ Top	Pogonophobia–fear or dislike of beards
Are happy to be unhappy	Cherophobia–fear of gaiety
Sleep till noon	Eosophobia–fear of dawn
Are a heterosexual male	Rectophobia–fear of rectums
Suffer from hallucinations and babble constantly	Schizophreniform Disorder
Don't drink	Potophobia–fear of beverages
Suck on Ricolas like it's your job	Anginophobia–fear of sore throats
Eat dinner alone in fast-food restaurants	Deipnophobia–fear of dinner conversation
Fear the Great Mole Rat	Zemmiphobia–fear of the Great Mole Rat
Are stupid and know it	Misosophy–hatred of wisdom
Urinate in a toilet instead of all over your personal possessions	Urophobia–fear of urine
Get high	Barophobia–fear of gravity
Abstain from drug use	Pharmacophobia–fear of drugs
Cram the words *wise* and *Alec Baldwin* into the same thought	Dementia
Refuse to wear boas, no matter how stylish	Pteronophobia–fear of feathers
Are not a rodeo clown	Taurophobia–fear of bulls
Own a mirror	Narcissistic Personality Disorder
Bathe regularly (including weekdays)	Bromidrosiphobia–fear of having B.O.
Hate being preached to	Ecclesiophobia–fear or dislike of church
Fear drunken Irishmen and all they stand for	Celtophobia–intense fear of Celts
Are our editor-in-chief	Sedative Dependence
Have low self-esteem and feel absolutely worthless	Dysthymic Disorder
Have missed the last few child-support payments	Hypengyophobia–fear of responsibility
Don't enjoy being maimed, skewered or injured in any way	Algophobia–fear of pain
Are Jewish	Papaphobia–fear or dislike of the pope
Are a wheat farmer in the Midwest	Batophobia–fear of passing high buildings
Buy your girlfriend cheap gifts	Aurophobia–fear of gold
Have never visited Minnesota	Limnophobia–fear of lakes
Can't get laid	Coitophobia–fear of sexual intercourse
Won't stop talking about 'Nam	Post-traumatic Stress Disorder
Need to be the center of attention	Histrionic Personality Disorder (aka "acting")
Are getting nervous just reading this	Logophobia–fear or dislike of words
Hate Fabio	Chaetophobia–fear of hair
Feel uncomfortable being around your grandmother	Ankylophobia–fear of stiff joints
Pick fights, even when sober	Oppositional Defiant Disorder
Cannot play a wind instrument	Aulophobia–fear of flutes
Love guided tours of nondemocratic countries	Eleutherophobia–fear of freedom
Work for *Stuff*	Ablutophobia–fear of washing or bathing

"Sure, I eat men, but that doesn't make me gay, does it?"

Nobody knew exactly what had happened, and the sofa sure as hell wasn't talking

F**KING DANGEROUS!

If you screw around, you'll eventually get hurt. Welcome to the world's scariest sex acts.

BY DAWN YANEK ILLUSTRATION AND DIGITAL IMAGING BY JOHN SOSNOVSKY

There are 200 million live! sex! acts performed every single day. That's 200 million pokes, 200 million slams, 200 million pony rides. So it's no wonder that more than 11,000 people every year get hurt while having sex. And those are just the reported cases–we're not counting our editor-in-chief's little problem.

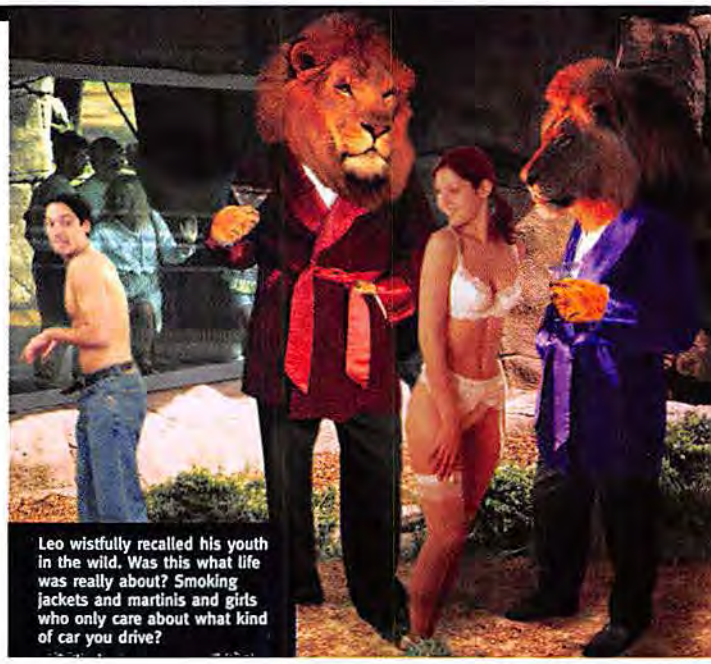
We're willing to wager that sex is the most dangerous sport in the world–with injuries far worse than those incurred by football, rugby, karate, kickboxing and ballet. And, like with those sports, the game's cool, but the bloopers are cooler. For most of us, it's the car that drives into the wall, the face that gets flattened or the arm that flies off the shoulder that makes the whole thing worthwhile. So if you're tired of safe sex, settle back and catch this reel of the most dangerous sex imaginable.

BONE-BREAKING SEX

A 30-year-old man in Chicago admitted himself to the hospital, bleeding from his penis–the international sign of a medical emergency. John Kowalczyk, D.O., discovered that the man had ruptured all three components of his penis–both corpora cavernosa and the urethra. And that resulted in, to use Dr. Kowalczyk's clinical terminology, a "big ol' black-and-blue, swollen penis." The patient claimed that he and his partner were having very aggressive missionary sex–though we're thinking Shi'ite, bomb-wearing, Islamic fundamentalist sex. The trick: He'd completely withdrawn from her, then tried to slam the groundhog back in the hole. But unfortunately, according to Dr. K, he was having sex with a "morbidly obese" woman–so, you know how it goes: You're driving blind, you can't see, you play the odds with a wrinkle...and ▷▷▷

Lusty lions edge in on man's territory

Apparently the aquarium was closed, so a man and a woman broke into the San Diego Zoo and decided to do the cat dance in the lion's den. At first, everything was fine because the lions were used to being around screwups. But problems arose when they got wind of the couple's pheromones–the scents that are released in full force during sex–and attempted to mate with the woman. "Animals get excited by the pheromones of other animals, including humans," says Joseph Copeland, M.D., a former Kinsey Institute researcher, "and these lions were being possessive of the female." If you think this doesn't apply to you, think again. Adds Dr. Copeland, "This is actually also a big problem with dogs and their female owners." (We know–we've seen the pictures.) The couple survived the incident, by the way, suffering only scratches. The lions are still in therapy.



Leo wistfully recalled his youth in the wild. Was this what life was really about? Smoking jackets and martinis and girls who only care about what kind of car you drive?

Photography: (Raven) Silver Dile.

Out: Fuzzy dice. In: Flying perverts

eventually, you're going to miss. It happened on a full-power megathrust, when he drove his johnson into her pubic bone—which is rather like copulating with a bridge abutment at 75 mph. The good news: Surgery to repair the holes in the penile cavities was successful, and in two weeks he was back in action. The bad news: His girlfriend was so worried about him, she ate herself sick.

"COCAINE FEELS GREAT IN MY NOSE, SO WHY NOT PUT IT IN MY PENIS?"

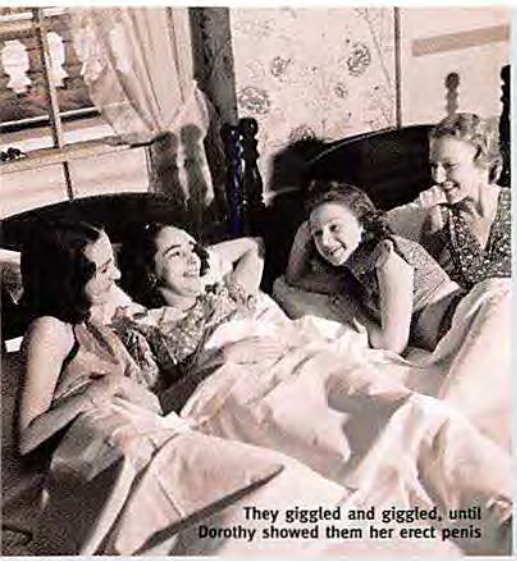
The Journal of the American Medical Association reported that severe complications arose in 1988 when a New York man injected cocaine into his urethra to enhance sex. He had apparently tried this on a few previous occasions, but the last time he did, it caused him to remain erect for three days, at which point he thought it might be a good idea to go to the hospital. Three more days later, the erection finally went down—but excessive blood began leaking into his genitals, feet, hands, back and chest, causing the tissue in those areas to die. Doctors had to amputate the man's legs above the knee and all but one of his fingers to prevent the spread of gangrene. OK, so his penis fell off. But he still has that one finger....

Another reason you shouldn't play in traffic

This past summer in Los Angeles, a man was doing the old masturbating-while-driving routine—you know, the one you do by tying a cord around your testicles, attaching a weight to the other end of the cord, then throwing the weight out the window? But wouldn't you know it—something went wrong. According to Dr. Kowalczyk, who always seems to be around when these things happen, the weight apparently got stuck on the wheel of a passing car and ripped one of the man's testicles clean off. Massive bleeding and separation anxiety ensued, but he lived. The next day, the car was arrested for dry-humping a Miata.

HOW TO KEEP FROM STRAYING

Glue your penis to your abdomen. That's what a girl did to her cheating, no-good boyfriend last July in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. And she glued it to stay, using something called Quick Tite fast-drying glue, which sounds good to us, too. "She knew I was a dog, and she found out that I was fooling around on her," said the 21-year-old victim. "But she could've just slapped me or something," he added with rare insight.



They giggled and giggled, until Dorothy showed them her erect penis

Things That Go Bump in the Bedroom

Statistics that will scare you into celibacy.

According to one study, beds, mattresses, pillows and bed linen cause 371,000 accidents every year. That's without a woman in the room. When you start having sex in the bedroom, the risks really begin to rise.

- Slept with four women? Chances are, you've been exposed to herpes. One in four ladies harbors the virus. And not in her purse.
- According to the Centers for Disease Control, 43 percent of female college students are infected with HPV, the virus that causes genital warts. This hurts the feelings of the herpes virus, which is used to being the center of attention.
- Overenthusiastic masturbation causes 16 out of 25 reported cases of penile fracture. But it's the other nine that we really want to know about. Bonus factoids: The majority of penile fractures occur in young men, and the average age is 30.
- Enjoy sex while you can. After age 35, you've got a one in 77 chance of having a heart attack while doing it. Our advice: Sleep only with paramedics.
- And speaking of heart attacks, you're more likely to have a cardiac arrest or a cerebral hemorrhage while cheating on your partner than when having sex with her. But, hey, what's life without risk?
- Masturbation kills, especially if you suffocate yourself for kicks while doing it. Autoerotic asphyxiation goes very wrong nearly 1,000 times each year. Then you're *really* stiff.
- Avoid sex in Baltimore: Nearly one in every 100 people there has gonorrhea. It's the most infected city in the U.S. Even their condoms wear condoms.

The damage? Ripped skin on the penis (caused when he tried to detach it from his stomach) and subsequent blistering. The lesson? Be happy that she didn't own a stapler.

PANCAKES ARE SOOO SEXY

We have to admit, doughy goods do turn us on, but for our own safety, we can control ourselves. The same cannot be said for a 30-year-old man in the Russian republic of Mordvinia. While his partner was making pancakes, he understandably got horny and requested oral sex. She complied, and to show his appreciation, he decided to straighten up the stovetop–midact. A nice sentiment until he accidentally dropped a cast-iron pan on his girlfriend's head...and she bit down really, really hard. She ended up with a concussion, and he ended up bleeding profusely. Which is why it is much safer to have sex *with* doughy goods.

PROPER ETIQUETTE ON SERVING A SPLAYED-WEENIE PLATTER

Fish is meant to be filleted. So are some types of steak. But a penis? That's where we draw the line, unlike the rest of our die-hard S&M friends, who claim that this body modification is just fabulous. Believe it or not, there are drawbacks to having your member cut from tip to toe, and sure enough, this past summer a guy showed up at his doctor's office in Los Angeles complaining about an incision made in his urethra, from the head to the base of the penis. Still confused? "Take a straw and cut one end all the way down to the other–that's what his penis looked like," says the physician, good ol' Dr. Kowalczyk, who sent the guy for microscopic surgery to reconstruct the sliced meat. The doctor's advice? "You shouldn't let other people get you heavily intoxicated, tie you up and then play with knives." Cut that sentence out and stick it on the refrigerator.

ONLY IDIOTS FALL FROM HEAVEN

According to Jason Rashkin, M.D., an internist in the Boston area, when EMTs and police responded to a 1993 emergency call, they found an intoxicated, half-naked woman on the ground with a broken hip and arm. The result of outdoor sex on a slippery slope? Worse. The man with her first claimed that she had been urinating from a tree when she suddenly fell out of it. The medics weren't buying it. So the couple finally admitted that they'd been making monkey love out on a limb, then taken a tumble. The heckling from the real monkeys was just too distracting. ▷▷▷

Beds, mattresses, pillows and linen cause 371,000 accidents every year.

Never make love on a poodle farm

Last year, near the village of Brnicko in the Czech Republic, a couple was having sex in the tall grass in the middle of a meadow. It was dark; it was warm; it was beautiful. Then another local took a shortcut to a party through the very same meadow...via tractor. According to the CTK news agency, the farmer, presumably thinking the lovers were just a couple of standard-breed poodles, drove the tractor over them, causing injuries to the woman's chest and the man's backside. And he didn't stop, not even when she yelled, "Harder!"

As one couple made hay, the other couple, well, made more hay

That's not a hat—it's a halo. Why? 'Cause she's a friggin' angel—that's why

Mother Nature's Sick Sense of Humor

The human body is a funny thing. Well, not that funny–if you suffer from any of these sexual maladies.

ELEPHANTIASIS A tropical disease caused by a parasitic worm. It was prevalent in South Carolina till 1930, but it still works its magic in Africa, India and southeast Asia. So what does it do? For starters, it caused one victim's testicle to weigh 150 pounds. Infected women can have giant breasts and vulvas. That's bad, right?

SPONTANEOUS PENISES In the past 25 years, 38 girls in the Dominican Republic have developed male genitalia at puberty. The disorder, only recorded on the island, is called Dominican Republic syndrome. You should hear the nicknames.

STEATOPYGIA Love women with booty? Find a Hottentot tribeswoman in Africa. Many of them are afflicted with this fat-storing disorder, which can cause their buttocks to be three feet wide and their labia to extend to their *knees*. Buy her a thong and she'll look like a dachshund.

POLYMASTIA Sufferers have extra breasts. Some women have had 10 nipples. One had a breast on her thigh. *Stuff* editor Bill Schulz once had a breast in his hand, but his date had it removed. The hand, that is.

BONUS PACKAGE Some Siamese twins have just an extra appendage, not a fully functioning twin. Frank Lentini, born in 1889, had three legs, two penises and four testicles. He kicked ass at Twister.

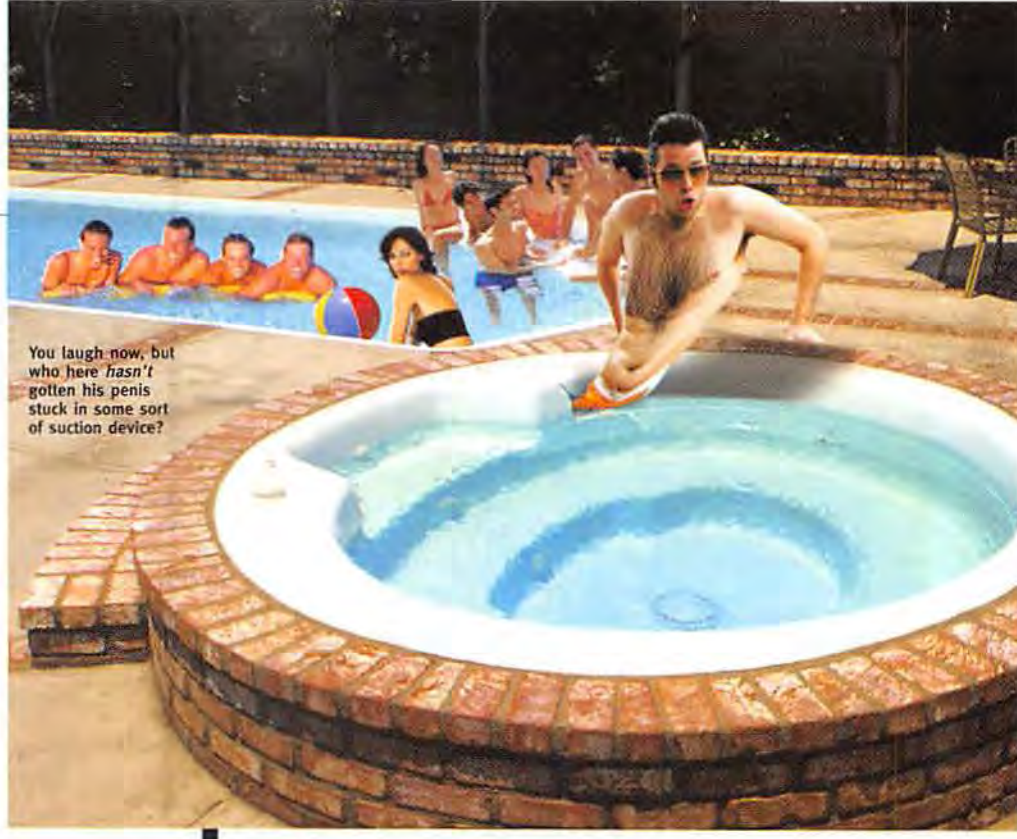
MENSTRUATION It's only a sickness if *we* get it. Amazingly, some men menstruate from their penises sporadically. How this is possible without ovaries, a uterus and a lot of really wicked moods is not known.

BINGO One woman in Milwaukee had a spontaneous orgasm after bumping her head on a bingo scoreboard. OK, bingo isn't an ailment, but it should be.

It Could Happen to You

Oh, wait–it did. A quarter of the guys who took our online poll responded with twisted tales of their own.

- "The knife block fell over while my girlfriend and I were having sex on the kitchen floor, pounding against the cabinets. Luckily, no knives hit us, but the meat tenderizer did. I had a square grid of diamonds on my forehead for days!"
- "We were doing it doggie-style, and I hit just the right spot–at which point she whipped back her head in ecstasy, breaking my nose."
- "My girlfriend sneezed while giving me a blow job–and bit down."
- "We were going at it in the car outside my house when I accidentally shifted out of park and hit the neighbor's car. The air bag deployed, blasting me in the face and leaving me with two black eyes."
- "I fell off the bed and onto a burning candle, which went up my ass."
- "In this dive of a motel, the bed's headboard suddenly came loose and hit me square on the face, breaking my nose in two places."
- "Her dog jumped on the bed and bit me on the butt."
- "We were in my old room, doing it on the top bunk, and I fell off. Damage report: 13 stitches in the back, seven dead fish."
- "She was on top, and the bed broke. She fell onto me hard and accidentally rammed her exquisitely long nails into my chest, between the ribs–into what the doctor called my intercostal muscle. I was hospitalized for two weeks for spinal swelling and temporary paralysis."



You laugh now, but who here *hasn't* gotten his penis stuck in some sort of suction device?

AND REMEMBER: K-Y IS WATER SOLUBLE

Paramedics were called to a Florida motel to rescue a man who'd gone for a swim and gotten his penis stuck in the suction hole of the pool's water-filtration mechanism. The guest from Lakeland, Florida, was trapped for four hours until someone heard him screaming: "Help! I'm getting a sunburn!" His penis had become so swollen that it took medics 40 minutes to free him. It took the pool service guys a day to develop the pictures.

One in every four women harbors the herpes virus. And not in her purse.

THE ART OF MASTERING TWO TASKS AT ONCE

In 1994, a trucker and his female companion were hauling produce from Oklahoma to San Francisco, alternating between playing Merle Haggard tapes and having sex. Apparently, his lady was sitting on his lap when their rig collided with a train. The driver suffered back, neck and facial injuries; his girlfriend was thrown from the car and killed. The Merle Haggard tapes were fine.

NEXT ON 'SPRINGER': JEWELRY AND THE MEN WHO LOVE IT

A guy walked into a Boston hospital in 1991 with a two-centimeter-thick metal ring around the base of his penis and an erection that wouldn't quit. After they cleared away the pesky nurses, doctors determined that he had used the ring to sustain a hard-on, but then apparently fell asleep for eight hours. When he awoke, he felt rested–but his penis was so swollen, it looked like the Pillsbury Doughboy. Doctors had to cut it off with an orthopedic bolt cutter (eloquently described by the attending physician as something like "a nasty hedge clipper"). Cut the ring off, that is.

FOREPLAY CAUSES BALDING

For seven years, Denver residents David and Angela Zaba enjoyed mixing food and sex. A little kinky, 32-year-old David would rub honey and chocolate syrup into his wife's hair. Maybe he gained weight like crazy, or maybe she was spending $1,000 a week on Prell. But for some reason, one day David decided to use varnish instead–no calories, easy cleanup. Soon after, patches of Angela's hair fell out, so she called the police. David pled guilty to assault and disturbing the peace and received a 12-month supervised deferred sentence. As for Angela? Two words: Food Network.

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT FROM DOWN HERE!

This past summer, a couple decided to get funky on a glass-topped coffee table...which shattered under their 300-pound-plus weight. The man escaped relatively unscathed, but the woman sustained a potentially life-threatening liver laceration, which we didn't even know you could get without drinking. Our advice: If you're going to have sex on a big sheet of glass...well, don't.

WHEN "NO" MEANS "I'LL CRUSH YOUR WINDPIPE, GRAMPS"

Roberta Bernstein, 55, a normally mild-mannered schoolteacher, attacked her 72-year-old husband, Malcolm, on January 19, when he became "overly amorous" after taking Viagra. You could tell she was pissed off at him because she was trying to suffocate him in his sleep at 2 A.M., whereupon he did what any man in that situation would do: He locked himself in the bathroom. When he came out the next morning, she tried to strangle him again. So Malcolm called the cops and

What really hurt? His broken heart. That and the third-degree burns covering 70 percent of his body

said, "Mfpk!" He later dropped the attempted-murder charges against his wife, who was subsequently recruited by the WWF for a guest appearance as Chyna's mom.

NICE THAI YOU'RE WEARING

Feeling frisky after our vacation-sex article last month? Well, we hope that you didn't book a trip to Thailand. In 1999, a Bangkok woman cut off her cheating husband's penis and tossed it down the drain. In 1997, another scorned lady from the northeast part of the country lopped one off, then tied it to a bunch of helium balloons and set it free. And in 1996–oh, you get the idea. Thai women cut off penises like they're mattress tags. The affectionate name for the revenge tactic is *tat lieng pet* ("feeding the duck"), due to one incident in which the penis was tossed into a yard and a duck subsequently ate it. According to *The Mirror*, Bangkok surgeons perform approximately 60 penile-reattachment operations per year, but not on the same person. We hope.

Could she, like, show any more cleaver?

Very Bad Things

Sure, they sound like good ideas at the time, but so did the internal combustion engine. And look where that got us.

INSERTING OBJECTS INTO YOUR ANUS Like tiny vibrators. According to one doctor, they can "get lost in the nooks and crannies up there." And when that happens, you'll need to have them removed with forceps. Nonelectric tiny things are OK, though. Like midgets.

LETTING HER SHAVE YOUR GENITALS Yeah, yeah. We know. There are a million guys out there who do this. Don't write to us. Don't contact us in any way.

REVEALING YOUR DIRTIEST FANTASY This practice is often followed by screams of: "You disgust me! Get the hell out of my house!" Instead, reveal your second-dirtiest fantasy, then work your way up.

ASPHYXIATION WHILE WEARING PANTIES ON YOUR HEAD If you die, they'll find you. And then they'll laugh. A lot. You'll be known in the afterlife as Panty-Face Ted.

SHE-MALES Love transcends all boundaries...but what happens when her package is bigger than yours? Jealousy can be a real relationship breaker.

POSITIONS RATED 10 FOR DIFFICULTY IN *COSMO* Dangerous, unless you're dating a *Cosmo* editor. And they don't date. But they keep their therapists in knots!

SOUTH AMERICAN MEERKATS They're furry, cute and much more docile than mongooses and gerbils, but you'll be farting fur balls for a week.

MELTED CANDLE WAX Some women find this erotic. That's because they've never had hot wax drip on Mr. Burke's little hat. It hurts like hell. But what great molds we make!

HOOKERS You get what you pay for. Then you get what your insurance company pays for.

"In other news: Farmer Brown's wife is a big fat bitch."

What Animals Can Learn from Us About Sex

For eons, we've gotten rutting hints from our barnyard friends. But maybe it's time to bring the livestock into the house so they can see how to do it right.

BE GENTLE

We know that foreplay is the whole game, but minks and crocodiles don't: They basically rape their mates. So buy products made from those animals with a clear conscience. Oddly, though a crocodile will eat a mink, a mink won't rape a croc. So even animals have their limits.

MASTER THE MOVES

Penetration isn't the only objective, of course, but that's a nuance that apparently escapes our friend the platypus, whose three-inch penis has sharp spines that point backward–a concept somewhat removed from "ribbed for her pleasure." And listen up, bed vermin: Sure, the female bedbug has no vaginal opening, and sure, if you're a male bedbug you have to rip open her abdomen with your penis to deposit sperm, but that doesn't mean it shouldn't be good for her, too.

DON'T TOUCHÉ HER THERE

Australia's flatworm *pseudoceros bifurcus* is a hermaphrodite. In order to copulate, they stab each other with their penises–a practice dubbed "penis fencing" by very bored scientists. These are the critters that porn was made for! But "slapping" does not mean "fencing." Besides, only one out of every six of their strikes leads to successful insemination, and when it's over, they're both left on the bathhouse floor, severely wounded. Emotionally as well as physically.

DON'T MAKE HER MAD

Sex doesn't always have to be about anger, Señor Octopus. Because if you block the female's oxygen flow during sex and yell, "Take that, you stinking voodoo chicken whore!" she's going to rip off your genitalia–and sell it at a flea market. And for male scorpions, who engage in an elaborate mating ritual with soft caresses, it's going to end with the female killing you. Which isn't as bad as the female praying mantis, who bites off her partner's head *during* sex. At least we understand each other, since you male mantises do exactly what we'd do: You mount her headless and keep going until you fall over dead. But happy.

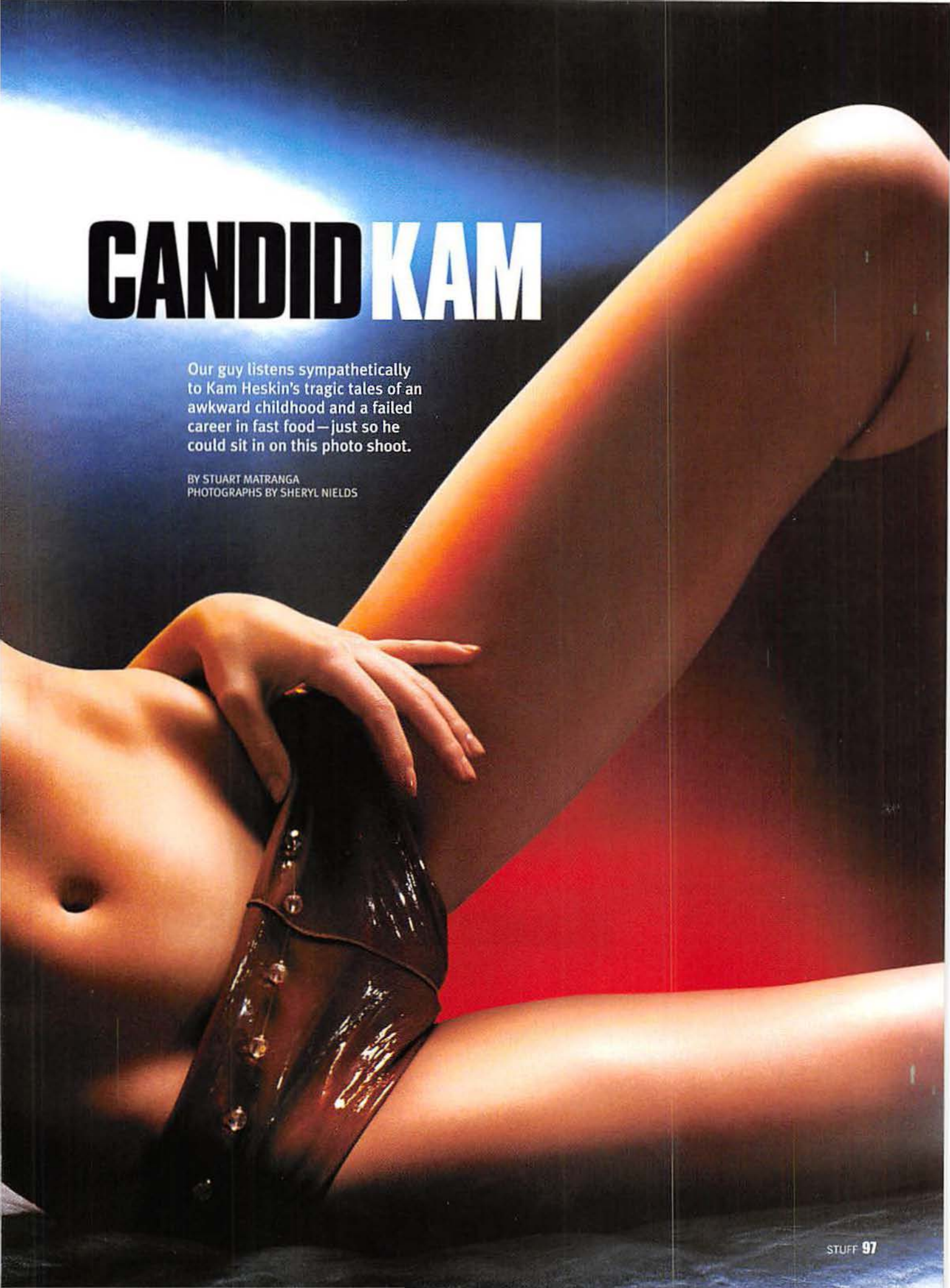
SOME ANIMAL SEX IS WORTH KNOWING, THOUGH...

Thank you, orangutans, for teaching us how to have sex while hanging upside down in trees. Also, if you were wondering what male potoroos, rabbit-size kangaroos found in Tasmania, have in common with half the inmates in America and your girlfriend's ex, it's this: When you leave two male potoroos alone together, they attempt to rip off each other's genitalia. Don't try it. Besides, what would you do with it if you won?

CANDID KAM

Our guy listens sympathetically to Kam Heskin's tragic tales of an awkward childhood and a failed career in fast food—just so he could sit in on this photo shoot.

BY STUART MATRANGA
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHERYL NIELDS



Says Kam Heskin, "I'm a fantasy"—and who am I to argue? Here I am, a putz, sitting across from her in a Hollywood café, wondering if this woman would even bother to talk to me if *Stuff* hadn't paid me in fresh underwear to do this interview.

"I mean in the movie," she continues. She's talking about *Tomcats*, her first big role since the TV show *Sunset Beach* was canceled due to the usual political reasons (nobody watched it). But this movie is going to be really big. Jerry O'Connell's in it. You know, the fat kid from *Stand By Me*. He believes in the project. It's a comedy, and Kam says it's really hilarious. We know that's true because her publicist is paying for this lunch. "I play Jerry's worst nightmare of what it's like to be married. I'm always knee-deep in kids, breast-feeding, diapering, screaming. But it was so much fun to do this comedy." Gazing into her blue eyes as the sun shimmers off her golden blond hair, I'm taken by the thought, *She's...so...funny.*

STUFF: A lot of beautiful women don't get the chance to be funny. I guess being really hot is serious business.
KAM: I was on *Sunset Beach* for two years, and I thought of it as a school. My character was so emotional that I had to cry every day for months. It wasn't easy.

I cry at work a lot.
I don't really have that much in my life that is dark enough to make me cry, so I had to imagine these scenarios. My tragedies got worse and worse, more and more twisted. It would start with someone I loved dying. Then it would get to be that he's not dead, but his body is mangled and he's in a wheelchair. Then he shows up at my wedding to another guy. It's so sick. I'd plan funerals for members of my family. It can't be good for you to think of these things every day.

Unless you're a Baldwin brother. What's the worst job you've ever had?
I've worked at every fast-food restaurant and menial job there is. And I got fired from them all. At Taco Bell, they made me a sweeper. They kept me away from the food. One time a woman called me over to complain about her brown lettuce. I tried to help her, but the other employees ignored me. Finally, I shouted, "Guys, there's something wrong with the lettuce!" The manager was livid. You can't say that in front of the customers.

Any dating horror stories?
I was a really late bloomer. I didn't talk to a lot of people in junior high and high school. No boyfriends. I didn't think of myself as pretty at all. I had a silly perm and wore glasses, and I was so skinny.

Yours is such an isolated story. I actually used to be beautiful when I was a teenager....
Boys never asked me out when I was in school. I was awkward and shy. Everything changed when I went to college. I started to bloom socially there. I went to a small college in Fargo, North Dakota, and I had the same boyfriend until I moved to New York City to become a model.

Goodbye, boyfriend from Fargo. Hello, Eurotrash in turtlenecks. Who's your ideal man?
I'm attracted to strength in a man. Not just physical—though I do have a thing for broad shoulders—but the kind of strength of character that means he can be his own person and allow me to do my thing. But I don't like cheapness. I like chivalry in a man, where he'll pick up the bill and not go over it, saying, "You had this; I had that."

Those Snapples you're guzzling don't grow on trees.
You'd be surprised how often I get that. But I also love to pick up the tab myself, and I like a man who's comfortable with that. I like wit and intelligence and someone who's focused on what he wants from life.

Waiter...another Snapple. ▷▷▷

Our Favorite Sunsets

Try as we might, we just can't let go of Caitlin Richards-Deschanel, Kam's soap-bitch character on *Sunset Beach*. Our very favorite episodes:

3. December 1, 1999
Caitlin persuades Sean to help her kidnap Trey. Though Sean worries that Caitlin's scheme will destroy their mother, he simply can't say no.

2. November 19, 1998
Caitlin gets a disturbing phone call saying, "I know your secret."

1. July 2, 1998
Preempted for Wimbledon.

"I'd plan funerals for members of my family."

Kam Heskin

Careful—remember what happened to that guy Narcissus. Actually, what *did* happen to Narcissus? Not one of us has a high school education

The last few guys I've dated have told me that, after the initial physical thing—which I guess is what attracts anybody to anybody—I'm a fun girl to hang out with. I'm a really good tennis player. I play golf. I hit baseballs in batting cages. I love sports. I grew up in Colorado, so I'm an excellent skier. I'm also great at board games. Rummycube, Balderdash...I can hold my own against anybody in chess. I think guys find that fun.

Rummycube? That's awfully intense and consuming. Does it leave you any free time to do anything constructive with your life?

I'm great at fixing things. I can fix cars, appliances, you name it. I'm great with cars. I can get a carburetor going again. I have a bunch of tools—not a tool kit, but a tool cupboard, with all of them lined up in a row very neatly.

Do you have a favorite tool?

I love drills. I'm a drilling fanatic. Whenever I move, the first thing I do is get out the drill and start hanging pictures. The heavier the picture, the better. I fix things while my boyfriend is in the kitchen scrambling eggs or something. Also, the electric saw. I love the heat and smell of cutting wood. Is this sexy?

Actually, it's a little scary. OK. You have a free pass to commit any crime and get away with it. What do you do?

I would love to be a Peeping Tom and creep around the windows of people I know who do things late at night when they think that no one can see.

I'll be doing step aerobics in the living room tonight. Just an FYI.

Get Wood

Kam knows trees. We picked her brain on the dos and don'ts of all things lumber.

The Type of Tree for She

"First, we want some quality wood, something that's sturdy. I'm kind of into cherry wood at the moment. I like the color. It's red."

How Much Wood Should a Wood Shopper Shop for, If a Wood Shopper Should Shop for Wood?

"Well, for, say, a bookshelf? Probably quite a bit, because it has to be tall enough to reach the ceiling and big enough to hold a lot of things. At least a foot deep and then four feet across."

Hard Wood vs. Soft Wood

"Harder. Because the harder it is, the longer it lasts. It's got to be perfectly symmetrical and perfectly straight."

Words That Rhyme with Wood

"Could. Should...I can't think of anything else."

On Drills and Partners

"The one that I have can either be plugged into the wall or run on a rechargeable battery. There would definitely be a lot of drilling. I drill alone. It's a solo activity."

What If the Statue of Liberty Were Made of Wood, Rather Than Copper and Steel?

"That would be really weird. Wood rots, doesn't it? Somewhere, it would be harboring a lot of animals inside, and we'd probably have to chop it down at some point."

On Men's Magazines Making Cheap Sexual Entendres Related to Wood and Tools

"I think if you have a good sense of humor and it's taken in a light way, it can be OK. If it's in somewhat good taste and dealt with lightly and humorously, then sometimes it can be funny."

Styling: Suzie Hardy for Factory Artists. Hair: Steven Lake/ARTmiX the agency. Makeup: Shamon Gault for Iuve. Prop Styling: Diane Bennet.

"I'm also great at board games. Rummycube, Balderdash..."

A Cool Hump

Our moms loved Engelbert Humperdinck. Their moms loved Engelbert Humperdinck. So can you blame our reporter for slinging his panties at Engelbert Humperdinck?

BY DAN BOVA PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. SCOTT SCHAFER

"Ladies, ladies, you know I can't swim so soon after eating."

A triumphant Engelbert Humperdinck raises a clenched fist into the air and smiles. No, he hasn't brought down the house with a third encore of "Quando, Quando, Quando" nor been awarded yet another platinum album (he's got 23, by the by). The legendary singer-lothario has just hit a double four and wasted his opponent—me—in a drunken game of pub darts.

At the ripe old age of—damn, I forgot to ask him how old he is—Engelbert Humperdinck is still going strong. He's tall, sideburned, sexy—yeah, I said it—and has a new album out, *Engelbert: It's All in the Game*, which is why he's bothering to humiliate me here at Ye Olde King's Head tavern in Santa Monica, California. Enge, as his friends call him, has sold more than 130 million records in his career. There are three million Humperdinck fans alive today, probably more than at any time in history. It's the largest fan club on the planet. If they took up arms, they could take over the world—or at least aisle five of the Big K.

But there is more to Engelbert Humperdinck than a funny name, buttery vocal cords and amazing dart skills. Sure, he's earned four Grammy nominations, won a Golden Globe in 1988 for Entertainer of the Year and rocked the Vegas scene with the likes of Sinatra and Dean Martin in the '60s, but things aren't all grinning smiles in Humpville. Rumor and innuendo have swirled about this English crooner for the three decades he's been in the business, and certain questions remain unanswered. After several pints (for me) and a bottle of merlot (for him...and me), I decide to cut through the fluffy, celebrity-stroking bullshit and ask the tough questions.

STUFF: What's your favorite color?
ENGELBERT: Green. I am very superstitious. When I released my first song, I had a green car—and I pushed it more than I drove it. It had been kind of unlucky for me. And then I found out that green was an unlucky color to wear. But for me, it is *the* color to look at. I mean, I'm very superstitious. I never throw a hat on the bed...unless it's followed by panty hose and a bra.

You just leave that stuff around? No wonder you call yourself Engelbert Humperdinck.
My real name is actually Arnold George Dorsey. I had been using that name for a few years, playing saxophone and doing impressions at clubs, and I became a recognized figure. Then I got tuberculosis and was hospitalized for six months. When I came out, everybody had these crazy names—Herman's Hermits, Tom Jones, the Rolling Stones—so I decided to take the name of Engelbert Humperdinck, a German composer.

Interesting choice for an Englishman. What do people call you?
On the road, they called me Big Dog. In England, they call me the Hump. It's not a bad word in England. If I'm appearing somewhere, they say, "Hump at the Palladium." You can call me anything—Enge, Engel—just don't call me Dincky.

"I never throw a hat on the bed... unless it's followed by panty hose and a bra."

Do you recommend tuberculosis for aspiring singers?
No. I nearly died. I was doing a show in Manchester and threw up blood. That night, a priest gave me the last rites.

On a similar note: Madonna's wedding. What was that like?
I don't know. I didn't...I wasn't there.

What do you imagine it was like?
I'm sure she was gorgeous.

How do you relax...alcoholically?
Wine is my drink. I drink a lot of wine—only. Beer is too fattening, and besides, the hops don't agree with me.

Are you a big meat eater?
Yeah, I'm on a protein diet—because if you eat carbs with protein, you just bang on the weight, you know.

I hear you, Big Dog. How can one bang off the weight?
In the '70s and '80s, I did martial arts, you know. I studied with the No.1 world champion, Mike Stone. I took him on the road for three years. I did two hours per day, every day.

Ever use your martial-arts skills to give someone a thumperdinck?
No. I learned it for my temperament, you know, to cool myself down. Incompetence just drives me crazy.

OK. Sorry about the thumperdinck thing. Were you breaking boards and stuff like that?
Oh, yeah, we did a lot of that. I was no good in a fight, but if a board attacked me, I'd win.

What would you say is the biggest thing you destroyed with your head?
No, no, I used my hands.

Did you, like, punch walls a lot?
No, boards.

Can you rip a telephone book in half?
No, but I can rip a deck of cards in half.

You're also pretty mutha-grabbing good at darts.
I beat all of the No.1's in the world. The manager of the British dart team made me honorary No.4 in the world.

Finish this sentence: Fabulousness, thy name is...
Fabulousness?

Yeah, fabulousness.
Fabulousness doesn't exist.

Oh, that's sad. So, you're a big Harley-Davidson rider. Are the Hells Angels huge Humperdinck fans?
One time, I had broken down on the road and they pulled over to offer me a hand. They're very helpful people. I haven't found them to be disreputable. I don't know that side of them. ▷▷▷

DARTS BASICS

Rules of the game '01.

Each side (consisting of two players) starts with a total ending with 01 (301, 501, 601, 801 or 1,001). The players then take turns throwing three darts each and subtracting the points scored from the total. The winner is the one who "goes out" first, reaching exactly zero. The loser has to remove his pants, revealing his thong and his shame.

Styling: Richard Stewart. Hair and Makeup: April Hutchison. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page. Illustrations: Ben Wachenje.

Highway to the danger zone, baby—highway to the danger zone

The girl actually came with the piano...if you know what we mean. 'Cause we don't

Did you ever have any motorcycling accidents in your day?
Yeah, I came off the bike many, many times. I was in the service, and we used to do mock battles and things. We used to ride in very difficult places, through forests and all that sort of shit. It was very difficult, and I'd fall off in the freezing cold.

Have you ever made a baby to your own music? Or tried to make a baby to your own music?
Make a lady?

Baby. Stay with me, Dog. Have you ever made a *baby*...
No. And even if I did, I'm not going to tell you.

You get a lot of panties thrown at you onstage. Have you ever regifted a pair as a Christmas present?
No, all the panties went into a trunk, and some of them went to the Hard Rock Cafe.

Do you ever visit them?
No. But they did stay with me at home for a long time.

Oh, yeah? Did you ever, like, call on them at night, when you were feeling lonely, or just...

[Engelbert is looking at me quizzically. I awkwardly order another pint. Somewhere, a dog barks. Before Enge summons over his security man, Brian, or his singer son, Brad, either of whom could stomp me into a furry ball, I end the questioning. For now. We finish our drinks and retreat to the Casa de Humperdinck.

It's an old-school Hollywood mansion that is completely pink. It has a heart-shaped pool, an Elvis-themed bar and billiards room and an I ♥ MY DOG *sticker on the pool-house window. We sit at a piano, where after 20 or 30 minutes, he asks me to stop playing "Axel F.," which I do deftly, I might add.]*

STUFF: So...a pink house. Bit girly, no?
ENGELBERT: No. When the real-estate agent found the house, she said it was called the Pink Palace, and she said it would certainly suit the King of Romance. So I said, "OK, let's do it."

HOW TO TEAR A DECK OF CARDS IN HALF

1. Grab ahold of a deck of cards with those strong hands of yours.
2. Squeezing the deck tightly, apply constant tearing pressure as you twist the deck in opposing directions. Grunt for effect.
3. Return torn deck to horrified bridge players. Blame it on the mescaline.

Are there any famous people with whom you've displayed your skills as the said King of Romance?
I don't want to get into that.

Who made the house pink?
It was Jayne Mansfield's house. She was doing cabaret in the north of England, and I'd just become a big star.

The '50s sexpot with huge breasts?
We went to see her work, and then she invited me to her home in L.A. She gave me her address and phone number and everything like that. Two weeks later, I was driving down the Bayswater Road in London. I had my radio on and heard that she'd been killed in a car accident.

She was really stacked. I mean *really*.
I was pretty upset, because she was the first real legend that I'd met. So when the house was for sale I bought it sight unseen. Down in the studio there's a wall with all my gold and platinum albums. Behind that panel there are 100 magazine covers that Jayne Mansfield hung up of herself.

She was, like, built.
Whoever purchases the home has got a piece of history there.

Did you ever feel her presence here?
Yes, I did. Yeah. At the beginning. I even smelled her perfume.

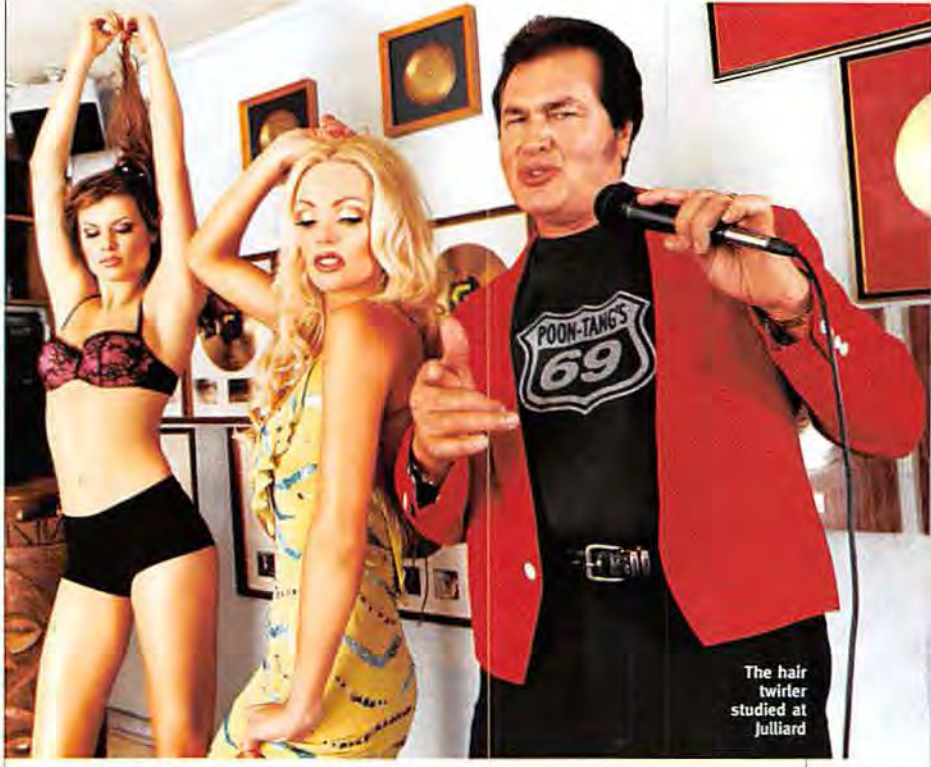
In a quiet moment of desperation, have you ever peed in the Pink Palace's heart-shaped pool?
No.

You've said that Elvis Presley stole your sideburns. True?
Yes, he was a dear friend. I had these big muttonchops down to here when I was younger. I said, "Elvis, you stole my sideburns." He said, "Hell, if it looks good on you, it's gonna look good on me."

Do you think his obsession with peanut butter, banana and bacon sandwiches was karmic retribution for stealing your sideburns?
[*Laughs*] Elvis liked bacon sandwiches? I didn't know that. When I worked in a factory in the old days, we used to order bacon sandwiches in the morning, right? And one of my favorite sandwiches is a banana sandwich.

Get outta town!
Yeah. Banana sandwich and bacon. I used to take the bacon sandwich and dunk it in my tea and eat it. I still dunk sandwiches in my tea. Banana sandwiches, cheese sandwiches.

You must have a lot of bread to make all of those sandwiches.



The hair twirler studied at Julliard

"I said, 'Elvis, you stole my sideburns.' He said, 'Hell, if it looks good on you, it's gonna look good on me.'"

When you've sold 130 million albums like I have, you should be sitting very pretty. But all the managers I've had really did a good job of taking cash out of my pockets. Thank God I still have the ability to earn and the support of my fans, my cheerleaders.

I think Elvis died on the john. What do you want your very last activity on earth to be?
Well, I think the way I would like to go—it's a morbid way of talking—is either onstage or on the golf course.

Are people whirling their panties in heaven waiting for you to show up?
There was a guy who got buried in his Ferrari with the tape deck playing my song, "Release Me." They covered him up while it was playing.

What scares Engelbert Humperdinck? Barbara Walters? Frogs?
When I sleep on my own, I'm afraid of the dark for the simple reason—this may sound stupid, but I have seen spirits in my life. I was once visited in Barbados by the ghost of a woman with a hip replacement.

Oh, her. Yeah. What's the worst thing you've ever smelled?
I think the worst thing is if you're sitting in a car with a person who has really smelly feet. I have had that experience before.

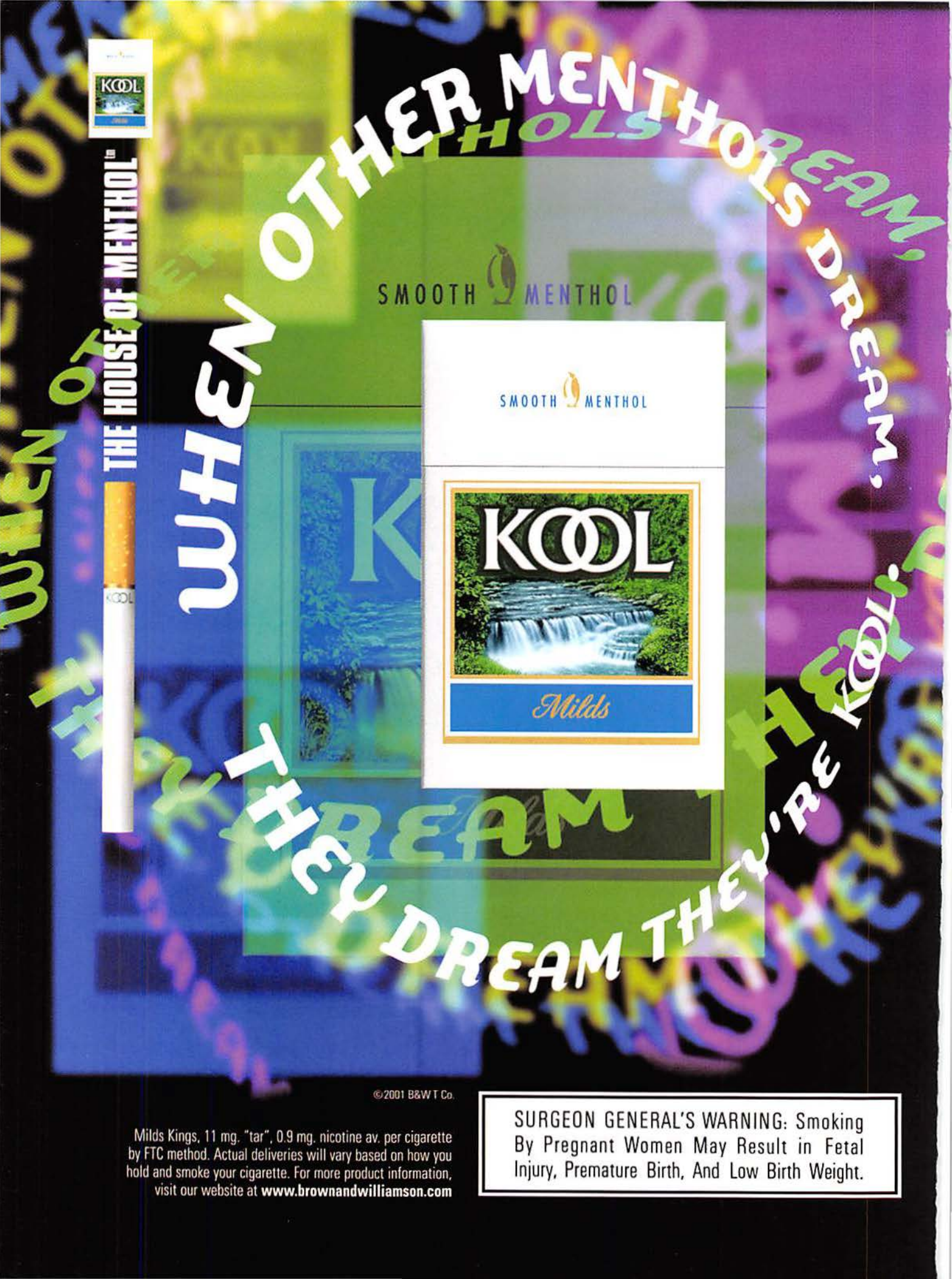
Hey, ever try on any of those panties people threw at you?
No.

[*Engelbert looks at me the way he looks at a dartboard. I thank him for his time and call a cab—from the phone booth down the block. Brad Pitt answers the phone. L.A.'s strange.*]

To see the Hump in action, visit the reviews section of www.stuffmagazine.com.

THE HUMPERDINCK DUNK

1. Toast some bread.
2. Cut a banana into thin slices and arrange on bread.
3. Add some bacon.
4. Top with another slice of toast.
5. Dunk it all into your tea.
6. Bite in and smile as the hostages sit quietly—terrified—in their own filth.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Milds Kings, 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Actual deliveries will vary based on how you hold and smoke your cigarette. For more product information, visit our website at www.brownandwilliamson.com
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

"Think about how much you like this TV before you answer again. Who do you think is prettier, me or blondie?"

PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER!

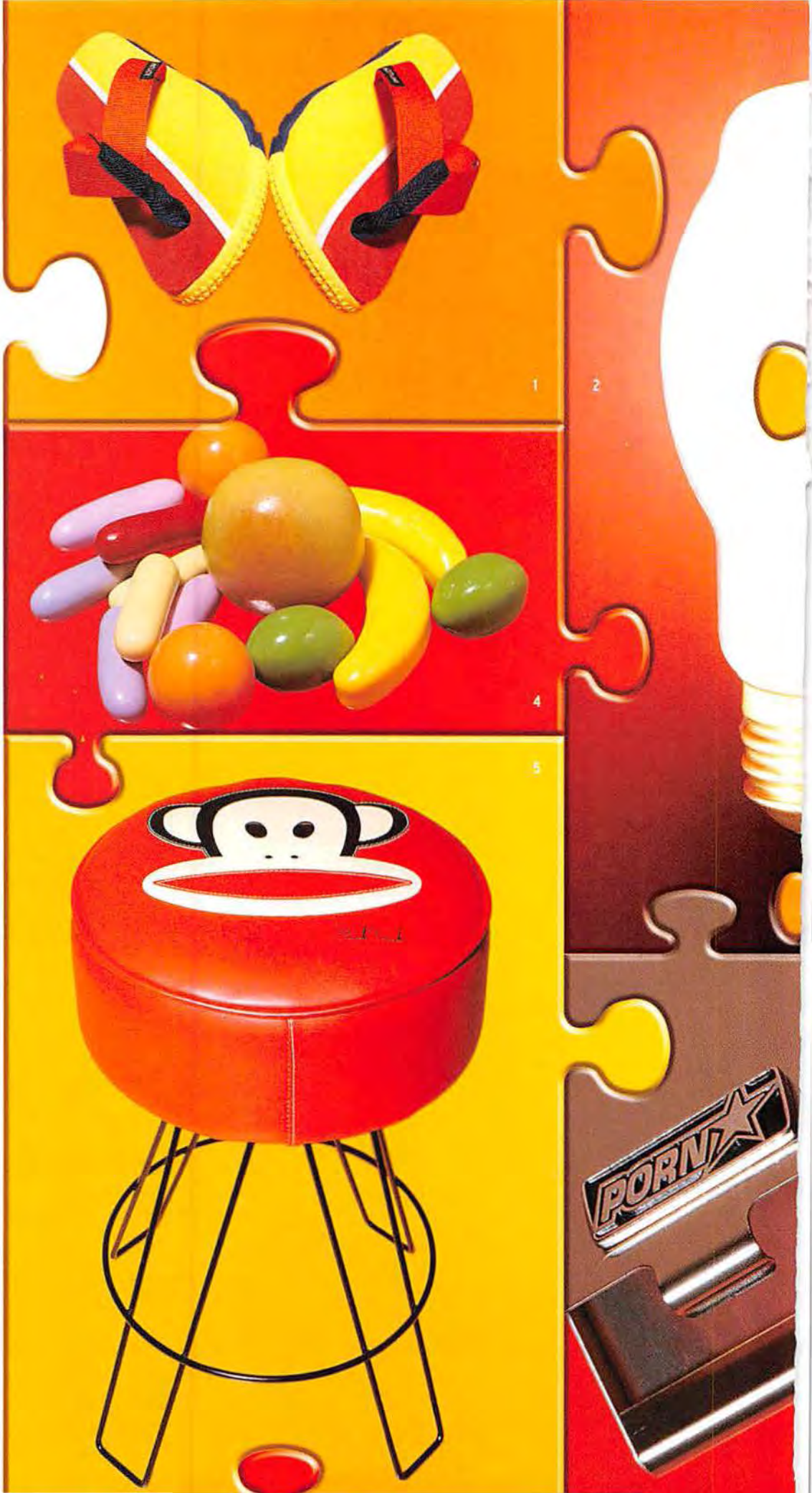
Fit the following items into your oh-so-puzzling life and unsurpassed happiness will follow—guaranteed!*

If *Stuff* wrote *Moby Dick*, it'd be much: a) shorter and b) more stylish. Here then, with apologies to the avenging ghost of Herman Melville, are all the things you need to own, visit or taste to make your life great—seamlessly blended into that whale of a classic, *Moby Dick*.

BY DAN BOVA
STILL PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAMIEN DONCK, OPENING PHOTOGRAPH BY DAN COUTO

*By following the asterisk, you immediately release the publisher of *Stuff* magazine of any legal obligations to live up to the aforementioned claim in perpetuity.

Call me Ishmael. Go ahead, use **IBM's EoN wireless phone ($100)**[26] if you like. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no **coins ($.88)**[8] to pay for time at the supercool **Slate Restaurant and Billiards ($14 an hour)**[7] in New York City and nothing particular to interest me on shore, a **Sylvania 100-watt two-year lightbulb ($5)**[2] went off in my head and I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery parts of the world. The contents of my **Porn Star condom case ($18)**[9] hadn't seen the watery part of a female for quite some time, so I figured, *Why not?* Besides, going to sea is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation, much in the style of **CinemaTech Seating's Casablanca dual recliner ($4,000)**,[3] and working off all those **Runts ($.75)**[4] that I so love to snack on. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth (damn! Where is a bottle of **Stewart's Root Beer [$1.50]**[10] when you need it?); whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my **ice-cube ($1 a bag)**[6] soul; whenever I find my stylish **Nautica Spinnaker thong flip-flops ($28)**[1] involuntarily pausing before coffin and **Paul Frank Julius stool ($150)**[5] warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my ire so digs in like a **Macy's ice cream scoop ($13)**[11] that it requires a ▷▷▷



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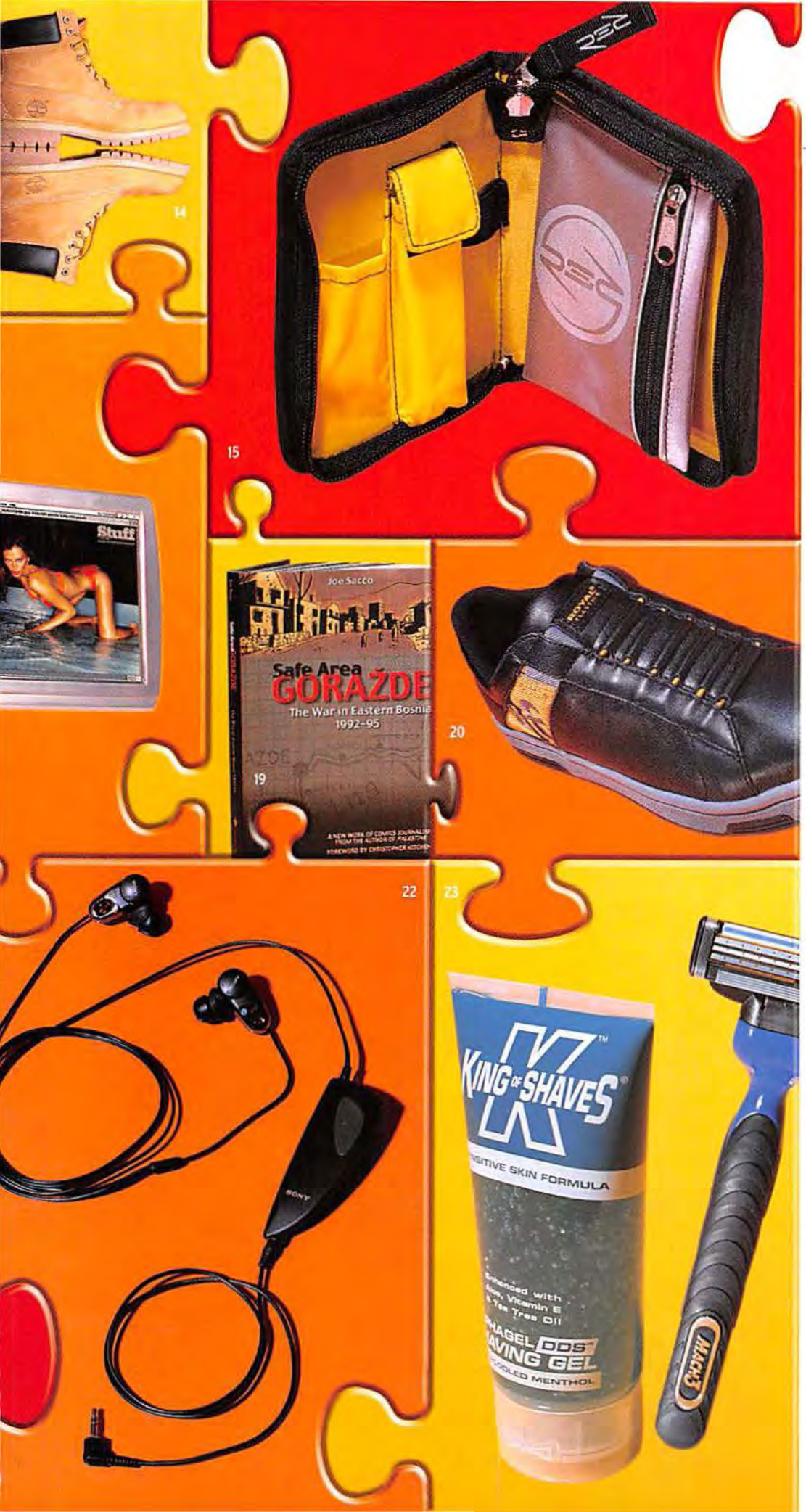

strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street in a pair of kick-ass **Timberland Classic Wheat boots ($145)**[14] and methodically knocking people's **Kangol denim Lahinch caps ($40)**[13] off—then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. So I take to the ship with a **deck of cards ($3.50)**,[12] **King of Shaves AlphaGel DDS in Supercooled Menthol ($7)** and a **Mach 3 razor ($7)**.[23] There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings toward the ocean with me. Oh, to be surrounded by the sea! To be surrounded like **Panoram's PV230 video game screen ($10,000)**.[18] My heart races as if it were the pistons on **Honda's CBR600F4i ($8,200)**[21] or the drive-train on the **Millennium Force roller coaster at Cedar Point, Sandusky, Ohio**.[17]

"Now, three-to-three, ye stand," shouts a peg-legged Captain Ahab, who clearly has no need for **Royal Elastics Icon shoes ($80)**.[20] "Commend the murderous chalices! Apply the **Chap Stick lip balm ($1)**![16] We shall empty the sea of the white whale like a sailor empties his **Burton 420 wallet ($12)**!"[15] His call crisply enters my psyche, as if emitted from **Sony's Noise Canceling Fontopia ear-bud headphones ($200)**.[22] ▷▷▷

Ahab goes on: "Drink, ye harpooners!" He reads my emotions like the comic-book history of the war in Bosnia, ***Safe Area Goražde*** **($29).**[19] His prickly voice strums my blood lust like a **Gucci guitar ($19,000).**[30] "Drink lustfully from a **Porn Star flask ($36),**[27] harpooners—and swear, ye men that man the deathful whaleboat's bow, clad in **Evisu black shirts ($295).**[34] Swear to the heavens above: Death to Moby Dick!" His fury blazes like a **Silo Grill lighter ($12),**[32] shaking every inch of my body and loosening all of the **Gummi Severed Fingers & Toes ($2.29)**[25] that were hitherto stuck to the inside lining of my jacket pocket. "Death to Moby Dick! Write that phrase down in your handy **marble composition book ($1.50)**[28] and memorize it!" The sailors roar, surpassing the cheers of a capacity crowd at **San Francisco's Pac Bell Park.**[31] Ahab is driven to avenge the loss of his leg to the mighty fish's jaw, but yet maintains the smooth handling of a **Ford Focus SVT ($18,000).**[33] His words well-chosen, inspirational and economic, like that sweet deal that guy at the dock offered me for a **DirectTV with TiVo ($300 for the dish, $400 for the Tivo).**[29] "God hunt us all with **brass knuckles (severely illegal),**[24] and collect us like irons inside a sizzling custom-made **Alphanumeric golf bag**[35] if we do not hunt Moby Dick to his death!"

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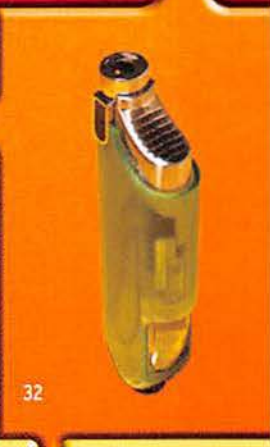

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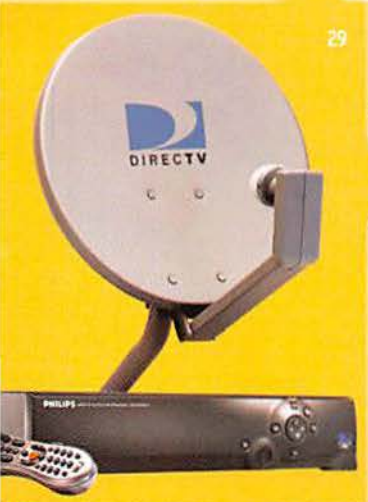

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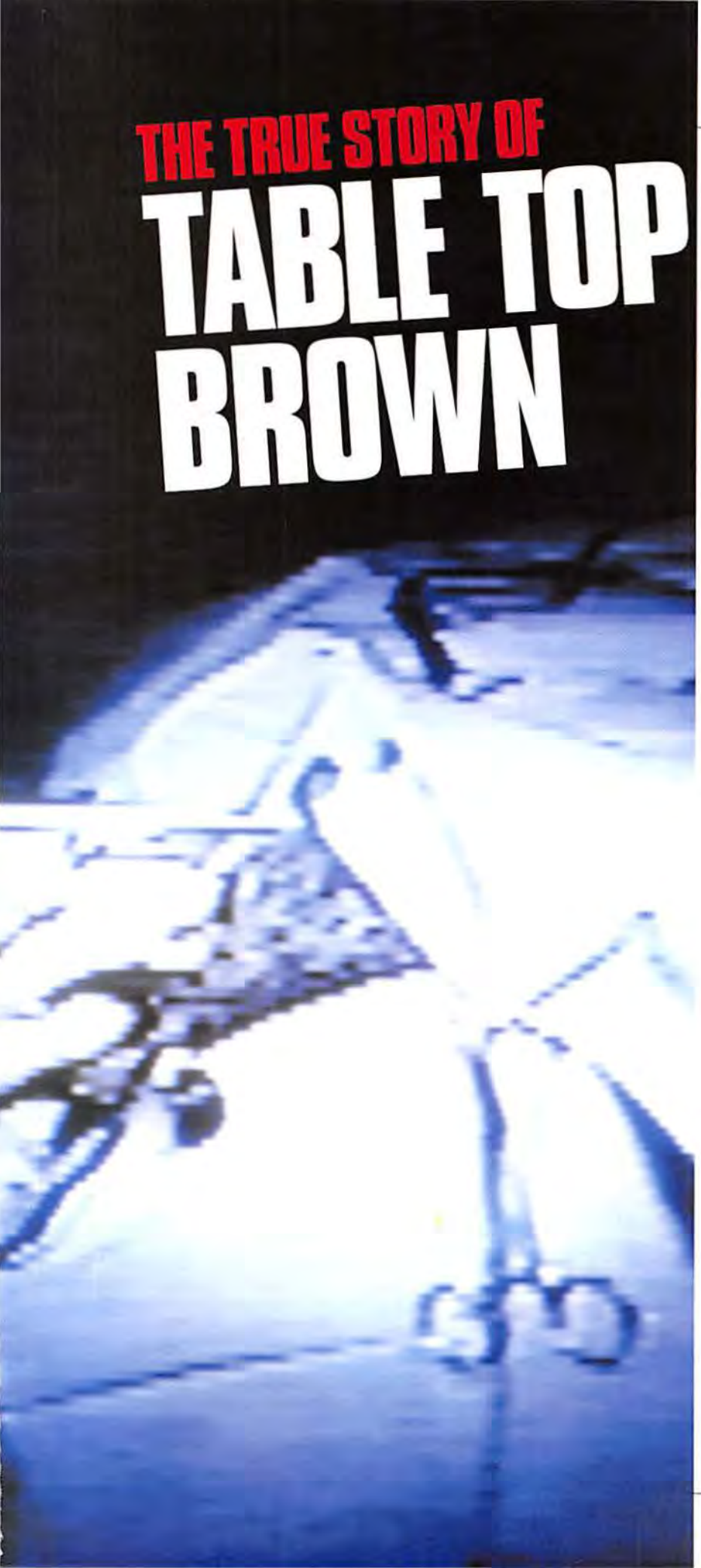
Outlaw doctor John Brown alters a hairline in one of his homemade instructional videos



THE TRUE STORY OF TABLE TOP BROWN

As an unlicensed doctor who has already turned 600 men into women, this sex-change surgeon offers "a vagina at a fair price." So if you wanted somebody to cut off your leg, he'd be your man, right?

BY REBECCA LIEB

IN MAY 1998, THE POLICE KNOCKED ON THE DOOR of a modest apartment in San Ysidro, a hot, treeless corner of sprawl on the California side of the Mexican border. They were greeted by a tall, disheveled 75-year-old man. John Brown knew why they were there and what they wanted to find.

The one-bedroom apartment, though scarcely furnished, was not just a mess–it was a biohazard. The sofa and mattresses were stained with blood. Scattered about, as if the police had already turned the place inside out, were jumbles of bloody pillows and sheets, used syringes, silicone vials, anesthetics and, inexplicably, a few dozen empty tubes of Krazy Glue. In the bathtub, there were bloody towels soaked in bleach. A travel bag contained bloody swabs and dozens of Brown's advertising brochures:

THE PRETTIEST PUSSIES ARE
JOHN BROWN PUSSIES.
THE HAPPIEST PATIENTS ARE
JOHN BROWN PATIENTS.
Because...

1 Each has a sensitive clit.
2 All (99 percent) get orgasms.
3 Careful skin draping gives a natural appearance.
4 Men love the pretty pussies and the sexy response.

There were also dozens of patient records and videotapes of Brown performing sex-change operations. You didn't have to attend medical school to ascertain that his technique was not exactly by the book. In fact, the state of California had stripped John Brown, M.D., of his license to practice medicine long ago–back in 1977–but none of the records or tapes were that old. Brown had been playing doctor without a license.

Brown's beat-up Datsun pickup was parked in the lot. Inside, the cops found a bunch of surgical implements and masks strewn across the floor and seats in a pile of old Burger King wrappers. They took him in.

Sex changes made easy

The story that emerged after Brown's arrest wasn't the sort of medical drama you'll encounter on Lifetime. While Brown's home wasn't exactly cozy, it was convenient to Tijuana, where the rules governing physicians were a lot more casual and where Brown could give his style of medicine his all. His specialty was ▷▷▷

Brown explains how to perform a sex-change operation with the help of crude drawings

transsexual surgery. In the 21 years after losing his license–working out of "clinics" in the Caribbean and in garages, hotel rooms and homes across America–Brown claimed that he'd turned about 600 men into women. His on-the-fly style of surgery had earned him the nickname Table Top Brown. But Brown had put down roots in San Ysidro. With an "office" in California and a tabletop in Mexico, Brown was scaling up to meet a growing market.

And many of his patients were happy with the results. They came to him for the kind of procedures–and fees–you'd be hard-pressed to get from your average plastic surgeon. He even made house calls, mostly for silicone injections, after which he'd plug the hole with Krazy Glue to keep the stuff from leaking out. It was pretty strange medicine, but most of the time it worked. As one transsexual said, "He gives you a vagina at a fair price." What more could any man ask for?

Had all Brown's patients been content with their dongless lives, he'd probably still have a license. But some suffered complications that were really...complicated. Because Brown had developed a technique to construct vaginal lining out of scrotal skin, his new vaginas would fill with hair, since scrotums are, well, fur bearing. Infections would result. And some Brown vaginas turned out to be more durable than others. One "woman" ruptured, causing excrement to pour out of her vagina. No extra charge for party tricks.

The state had done what it could to keep tabs on Brown. After bungling a sex-change operation in 1989, he was arrested, convicted and sent to jail for three years for practicing without a license. When he was released, the police watched and waited. And when

Brown removed the leg faster than you could say "kick me"–then ditched it in the desert.

they knocked on his door in San Ysidro, the cops weren't there to punish quackery: This time the doctor was wanted for murder.

Enter Mexican doc with butcher knife...

Nine days earlier, on May 11, a manager at a Holiday Inn on the outskirts of San Diego called 911 to report that room 609 contained a dead guest. Police arrived to find the body of Philip Bondy, a 79-year-old New Yorker, wrapped in a tangle of bloody sheets. What was really outstanding about the body was that one leg had recently been amputated. The bandaged and roughly stitched stump was covered with a messy ooze. The cause of death was gangrene.

Bondy's body had been discovered by his friend, Gregg Furth, who was staying in an adjoining room. Furth told police that his friend had been injured in an automobile accident in Mexico, necessitating the amputation. But a quick check revealed that no Americans had been involved in recent automobile accidents in Mexico. And then there was that receipt the cops found. Something about voluntary surgery.

So Furth came clean and told an incredulous D.A. about the events leading up to Bondy's death. It turned out that two days earlier, Brown had amputated Bondy's healthy leg at Bondy's request. It was a fixation Bondy had. For 40 years he had tried to be rid of his leg. He hated having it there. He needed to have it gone. Instead of sinking his pension into more therapy, he went the surgical route. He was delighted that he had finally found the man to help him remove it.

It was actually Furth who introduced Bondy to Brown. It seems that Furth was literally on Brown's operating table in Tijuana to have his own leg cut off when he bailed at the last possible moment. There are a few versions as to why: the most common is that he freaked when the Mexican physician assisting Brown entered the room carrying a butcher knife.

Furth's voluntary amputation had been far from easy to arrange. He had made the trip from New York to Tijuana for the surgery once before, only to have a touchy Mexican physician refuse to participate once he learned what the procedure was.

It took Brown another year to reorchestrate the event, and during that time, the price tag jumped from

$3,000 to $10,000, paid in advance. When Furth jumped off the operating table, he called Bondy and offered to let him take his place. After all, everyone had gone to a lot of trouble, the money was nonrefundable and Bondy was a friend who also wanted an appendage removed–so why not? Furth reached his friend in New York. Bondy couldn't believe his good luck: He was finally going to get his leg cut off! He was on the next plane down.

The surgery went quickly; before you could say "kick me," Bondy was a one-legged man, the man he'd always wanted to be. Brown cleaned up and offered Bondy a hasty lesson in how to use crutches. Brown thought then that there might be a problem: Bondy was hopeless. "He just didn't seem to understand basic principles of balance," says Brown.

Brown worked with him a little longer, then drove Bondy back across the border later that same day. He left his patient at the Holiday Inn with a bottle of painkillers. And the severed leg? He ditched it somewhere in the desert. Furth spent part of the evening with his friend, who was in some pain but in great spirits. Bondy told Furth that during the surgery, he could hear Brown sawing. It was great.

But Bondy's jubilation was short-lived. And so was Bondy. He was found dead less than two days after the surgery.

Some people just hate their own limbs

Perhaps you're wondering why both Furth and Bondy were so eager to part company with a leg. They're members of a rare breed, an estimated 200 people worldwide who are afflicted with something called apotemnophilia. The word was coined by a psychologist in 1977. Apotemnophiliacs are desperate, from early childhood, to become amputees. They are convinced that one (or more) of their limbs just has no place being attached to their bodies. No one knows why. Not psychiatrists, and least of all those suffering from the disorder. There's no known cure: "You can talk until the cows come home, but it doesn't make any difference," one psychiatrist told the BBC. "They're still going to want their amputation."

It's not that these people are into the pain. They just really, really don't want that arm or leg–and they'll go anywhere, do practically anything for the pleasure of being rid of the appendage. Bondy once traveled to England for an amputation. The doctor who agreed to do it didn't go through with it–but kept the money. ("Officer, I gave that man thousands of dollars to cut off my leg, and he wouldn't do it. Arrest him!")

Other apotemnophiliacs have resorted to more drastic measures, including in one instance a homemade guillotine. One man practiced shooting off his arm by blasting away at pork shoulders. Another drank himself into oblivion, laid his knee across a railroad track and woke up legless.

Apotemnophiliacs have a Web site, of course, at www.ampulove.com, with all the usual stuff that lunatics create to justify their lunacy: "If becoming an amputee made a person happy or even mentally stable (possibly for the first time in their lives), should we stand in their way to such happiness or stability?" Only somebody afflicted with apotemnophilia would see losing a leg as a way to gain stability.

You should see the *other* pillow

"I don't understand it," says Brown. "How can I help *you* understand it?"

It's hard to rid oneself of a limb without help, and it's not easy to find that help. Surgeons will reroute your nostrils or vacuum out your love handles in a minute–you can even put it on a credit card. But voluntary amputations are cash and carry–and a whole other story. So who can you call? Not your HMO. Most doctors refuse to perform such an operation. But not Brown.

"An individual has the right to do whatever he or she wants with his or her own body, as long as it's not hurting anyone else," Brown insists. After all, he points out, if you can enlarge healthy breasts or reshape a healthy nose, who's to say you can't amputate someone's healthy leg if he wants you to?

At 79, Bondy was hardly an ideal surgical candidate. He had a heart condition and pneumonia. Furth later testified that there was no preop exam or even a request for medical records. Brown claims that he did examine Bondy but did not order X rays, which would have revealed the pneumonia. Brown has expressed regret, but he claims that X rays are not standard operating procedure in Mexico. Still, admits Brown, "He was brittle–very brittle." But he was also determined: "This was something he desired and had wanted all his life."

"The risk here was sky-high," says Jack Fisher, M.D., a University of California, San Diego, professor of surgery and witness for the prosecution. "This was a setup for failure."

San Diego Deputy District Attorney Stacy Running says that nothing in her career of prosecuting society's least savory characters prepared her or the detectives for this case. She had never heard of apotemnophilia. Her long blond hair and scrubbed face suggest disconcerting wholesomeness. "We had no clue why he wanted his leg cut off," she says. "Never...in my wildest dreams...would I imagine what it really was."

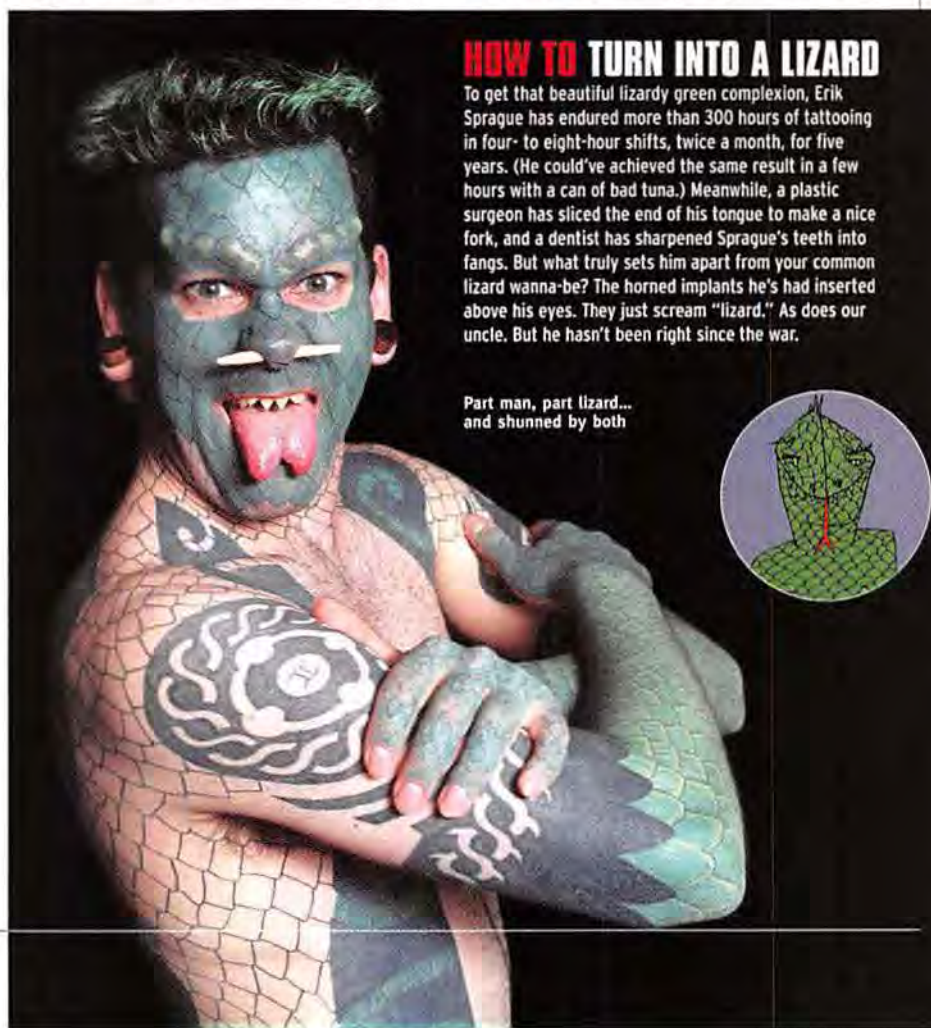
Winning Furth's cooperation in exchange for an immunity deal, Running got a crash course in apotemnophilia. A search of Bondy's New York apartment turned up photos of amputees. It was that search that led to Brown's arrest for murder.

Brown was dragged out of his filthy apartment and taken into custody. A detective grilled Brown, but the doc wouldn't confess. When the cop decided that he had enough evidence for an arrest, he left Brown alone for a few minutes. Bored ("There was nothing to read"), Brown got up and walked out of the station, apparently assuming that nothing was wrong and eager to get back to work.

Which is how he got arrested on the street by a posse of cops yelling "Freeze!" their guns drawn and pointed at the incredulous "fugitive." They cuffed him and locked him up. He thought they were nuts. ▷▷▷

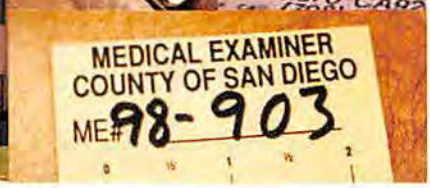
HOW TO TURN INTO A LIZARD

To get that beautiful lizardy green complexion, Erik Sprague has endured more than 300 hours of tattooing in four- to eight-hour shifts, twice a month, for five years. (He could've achieved the same result in a few hours with a can of bad tuna.) Meanwhile, a plastic surgeon has sliced the end of his tongue to make a nice fork, and a dentist has sharpened Sprague's teeth into fangs. But what truly sets him apart from your common lizard wanna-be? The horned implants he's had inserted above his eyes. They just scream "lizard." As does our uncle. But he hasn't been right since the war.



Part man, part lizard... and shunned by both

Illustrations: David Tazzyman



Lifestyles of the sick and famous: Brown's San Ysidro home (bottom) included (clockwise from left) "surgical" supplies, bloody sheets getting bleached in the bathtub, handbills advertising the doc's skills and bloodstains on the sofa. The medical examiner had a corpse to match the mess

Videos you won't find at Blockbuster

Brown is used to being misunderstood. Getting busted for hacking a hack-job is not exactly the ending you'd expect for a physician whose beginnings were both promising and precocious. As a child in Arizona, Brown skipped several grades in school and scored so well on tests that the army plucked him out of a grunt job and sent him off to med school. Brown probably could have been a great physician had he not, early in his career, decided that he was a genius–a maverick genius.

Convinced that "all great medical discoveries have been made outside the system," Brown skipped the road less traveled and went for one that wasn't even on the map. When his first-ever transsexual surgery was scheduled, he was offered an opportunity to observe a renowned surgeon perform the procedure. He ducked it. "I'd already worked out in my mind how to do it," Brown said. "Watching him would have corrupted my technique."

What Brown called technique, the California Board of Medical Quality Assurance called–in the grounds cited for the 1977 revocation of his medical license–"gross negligence, incompetence and practicing unprofessional medicine in a manner which involved moral turpitude." When Brown appealed for its reinstatement several years later, the request was denied, in part for "lack of remorse."

Even as the board was stripping Brown of his license, it acknowledged that he had developed innovating techniques in transgender surgery. Has he ever published his findings in medical journals or presented papers at conferences? "No," he answers distractedly. He is quick to add that a procedure he'd developed for constructing a clitoris from the tip of the penis was considered very innovative, as it enables transsexuals to achieve orgasm. "Two other doctors tried it, but it didn't live," says Brown.

Didn't live?

"The clitoris...uh, died."

Brown's fees were cut-rate–two or three grand was all that stood between male and female; legit gender-reassignment surgery costs tens of thousands of dollars, plus up to six years of hormone therapy and psychiatric evaluation. In a hurry? Short on cash? You could call Brown and join NOW by the following Tuesday.

"What determines whether or not someone is a man or a woman is not what's between the legs," says Brown. "It's between the ears."

Deputy D.A. Running wanted to prove that Brown had a history of disregarding patients' health and safety, but to accomplish that, she needed his transsexual patients to testify. It turned out that the doctor had developed something of a reputation. When his arrest hit the media, Running recalls, "All of a sudden, [transsexuals] are calling us from all over the country–and they know John Brown. Some of these women were as beautiful as what you'd see in *Playboy*, and some looked like Joe Frazier with a wig on."

Questioning witnesses certainly had its moments. Detectives called on one lady who'd had Brown augment her lips for modeling. Running recalls that as they scrutinized her mouth, failing to notice anything unusual, the woman laughed. "Not those lips!" she said, lifting her skirt. For the most part, though, these were not ladies who wanted to be outed in court or in the media. A few had husbands who had no clue that their wives were short an X chromosome. It took Running months to build her case.

The homemade videos that police seized at Brown's proved to be a treasure trove of evidence. I watched some. In one video, Brown removes the male genitalia from an attractive Asian and constructs a clitoris, vagina and labia. The video is apparently meant to be instructional, with cuts to Brown explaining his technique with crudely drawn illustrations of sexual organs, complete with misspellings (for example, *prostrate* for *prostate*).

But the highlight of all the videos is Brown's scrotum-to-vagina technique. In extreme close-up, Brown removes a scrotum from some guy and tacks it to a plywood board. The board is stained, presumably with the blood of other scrotums. The thumbtacks are not

color coordinated. There's a red one, a blue one, a green one. The kind you can buy at Staples. With a scalpel, he perforates the scrotum like Swiss cheese, explaining that the holes will grow together and heal. (An expert who viewed the tape says that this is true in theory, but Brown's perforations were so numerous that the skin would tear at every instance of penetration.) In an aside, Brown tells the camera that his patients "all become self-lubricating for sex."

Brown titled another video "Jack Has a New Pisshole Behind His Balls." Jack, conscious for the procedure, had a hole poked in his urethra between his testicles and his anus. His member has been augmented with so much silicone that it resembles a football in both size and shape. Jack lies with his feet in stirrups, revealing tattooed flames spurting from his asshole. On the soundtrack, one hears barking dogs and an easy-listening radio station oozing tunes ("Good Morning Sunshine"). Brown's surgeon's mask doesn't cover his nose as he operates.

I had assumed that Brown operated on Jack's urethra because having a penis as big as his head meant that Jack could no longer whiz like he used to. "No," Brown told me flatly when I inquired, "he just wanted to be able to pee sitting down."

Trial of a surgeon who can't even shave

Considering the video evidence, Brown had little option but to plead guilty to seven counts of practicing medicine without a license, earning a seven-year prison term. But Running also wanted to thumbtack him on a second-degree murder conviction. Only that would stop him. "John Brown murdered Philip Bondy," she asserts. "He really believes that what he's doing is OK. And that's the problem. As long as he can hold a scalpel, he will never stop." She called him "a butcher" and his patients "a steady, ample supply of humans to experiment on."

She worked on the case until she was finally able to bring it to trial, which began on September 23, 1998, in San Diego. Brown, who didn't testify, was not an ideal defendant. Throughout the pretrial hearing, he picked at his arms until they were bloody. At the trial, he licked his lips compulsively. "He seemed like a sweet old gentleman," said one observer, "but then I noticed his face was covered with nicks and cuts from shaving. I thought, *If this guy can't even shave, what's he doing operating on all these people?*"

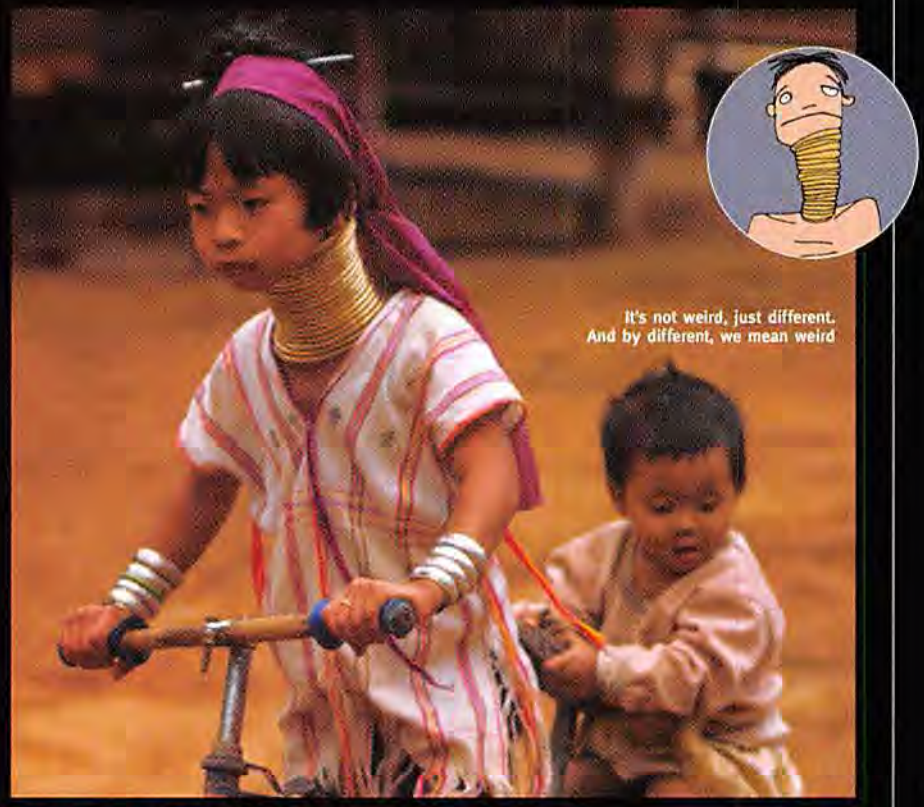
"No help for the weirdos," defense lawyer Sheldon Sherman said in court. "That's the problem. Not John Brown. Not his surgical techniques. The problem is that there's no help for the weirdos except somebody like John Brown."

A good point, maybe, but it took the jury only one day of deliberation following a nine-day trial to find Brown guilty and give Running the second-degree murder conviction she had been seeking. At age 78, an increasingly frail and diabetic Brown will in all likelihood spend the rest of his life in prison–even if he successfully appeals the conviction.

Yet he violated no Mexican law...

Today, Brown whiles away the hours in maximum security, tucked inside a California state prison that's located in a remote and windswept spot outside Los Angeles. Of course, he doesn't think he should be there. "I am quite confident that in this matter I have violated no California or U.S. laws," Brown told me when I paid a call on the doctor. After all, he points out, the operation took place in Mexico, where the law allowed him to perform surgery as long as a Mexican physician was present (thus the guy with the butcher knife). Is an operation in Mexico leading to a death in California considered murder under California law?

Besides, Brown thinks he's being punished for committing a far worse crime: He exercised his peculiar genius, and that was more than the AMA types could handle. "Medical societies never know what to do with a genius doctor," says Brown. "I feel confident referring to myself as a genius," he wrote in a letter. "When I started kindergarten at the age of five, I was already reading. They didn't half [sic] to teach me."



It's not weird, just different. And by different, we mean weird

HOW TO ELONGATE YOUR NECK

To look like a giraffe woman of Thailand's Paduang tribe, all you need is some brass coil from your local Home Depot. Wind it around your neck like you're some kind of a human Slinky. The coils will force your chin upward while pressing down your collarbone and ribs. In the months that follow, add more coil. But there's no going back: If you remove the coils after you've been stretched, your neck will collapse like wet pasta and you'll suffocate. On the plus side, you'll never have to sit through another Kevin Costner movie.

Maxi pads: For Brown, as good as sterile gauze

Brown is bursting with plans. Although frail and somewhat distracted–with a slight tremor in his hands and long white hair that stands straight up in places–he's keeping himself busy. He's writing a book that he claims will resolve the conflict between Darwinists and creationists. He's also planning his memoirs, a study on hypothermia and a novel about Jesus. He is already at work on a screenplay. He calls it *Pig Surgeon.*

Then there's the Big Plan, explained over vending-machine chili and chocolate milk at the table we've been assigned in the prison visitors' area. "Within months of being released, I will be curing AIDS, genital herpes, hepatitis and several other diseases, including probably many cancers, arthritis, the common cold and the mental disease Ronald Reagan has," he claims, apparently unable to recollect the term *Alzheimer's.*

Brown is sure that Third World countries will provide him with grants and research facilities. "I am really a genius who has something to give to the world.... I have the ability to end this pandemic, but I've made foolish mistakes that have allowed my enemies to lock me up to keep me from doing it."

But doesn't he think that, given his past legal problems–a murder conviction and the revocation of his medical license–he would perhaps encounter difficulties in obtaining support for his work?

He regards me with a puzzled expression: "No."

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InstantCool

FOR THE MAN WHO HAS ALMOST EVERYTHING

VIPER ACTIVE $3,100

Sony's slick new VAIO PCG-R505 laptop computer, code-named VIPER, is the best thing to land on our pants since yesterday's Kung Pao chicken. The VIPER's 850 MHz Pentium III processor is the fastest in its class, the 20 GB hard drive is large enough for more than 300 hours of MP3s and there's 128 MB of memory—that's two bytes more than your own brain.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SHIN OHIRA

STUFF 1

Some people go to bars for companionship. We go for the fireworks.

BY JEFFERY LINDENMUTH PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHIN OHIRA

1

2

1 ORANGE YOU HOT

This Rat Pack classic isn't just tasty—it's healthy. One half of a large orange gets hollowed out and filled with a shot of brandy and orange bits. After a slow burn, the flaming fruit gets extinguished with the other half of the orange. Gulp the brandy out of the orange, and eat the singed slices. Scurvy, begone! Life, be improved!

2 IRISH IRE

In one glass, a pint of Guinness; in another, a shot of Jägermeister. Whoop like a jubilant chimp who loves fire as the shot is ignited and quickly dropped into the pint of Guinness. Leave the shot glass in the pint until you've downed the entire thing. Some say that this tastes like Dr Pepper—but they're drunk. We say it takes like Mr. Pibb. But we're drunk, too.

3

4

3 HOT SUNDAE

The bartender fills a shot glass with half butterscotch schnapps and half Bristol's Irish Cream, leaving a little space on top for a splash of Yukon Jack whiskey. Then he ignites it. Stand back—you haven't seen flames like this since... Oh, who are we kidding? It's not that impressive.

4 WHITE HEAT

A shot each of Cointreau and Drambuie are poured into a white-wine glass and swirled around until the sides of the glass are coated. The flame now has a home—we all need homes. Once it's lit, the barkeep wets his palm with his tongue (don't worry—the flames will take care of the salmonella) and places it over the glass. This will create a seal that will extinguish the flame—which is a much better seal trick than that ball-on-the-nose routine.

5 GREEN GENIE

A shot of Green Chartreuse and Bacardi 151-proof rum turns a glass of ice into a potential firebomb. Once the mixture gets lit, let it burn for up to 15 seconds. Turn to a complete stranger nearby and say, "Hey, it reminds me of that joyful summer when we burned down Mother and Father's ranch house."

5

STUFF 1a

Once you light the fire, you have to put it out. Or do you? Look for these items at your local hardware store.

Goes great with your shoes. You know, the red metallic ones.

The silver model reflects the pretty flames in its mirrorlike finish.

Can it extinguish the flames of passion in your heart? Yes, it can.

High-tech model comes with easy refill feature and carrying handle.

Photography (Extinguishers) Damien Donck. Extinguishers courtesy of A-1, Brooklyn, New York.

1

STUFF2

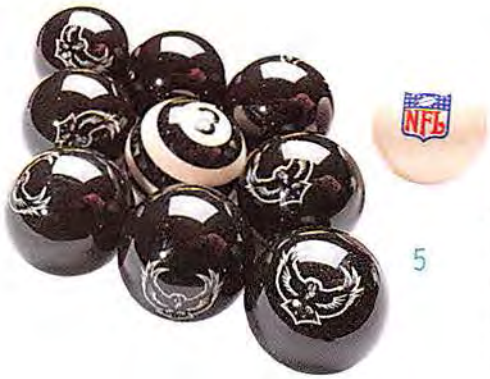
These fancy pool accoutrements will make you look like a shark. Even if you play like a salmon.

BY MICHAEL OLSON PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM HUIBREGTSE

2

3

4



5

Photography: (Toys) Jens Mortensen.

SICK STICK

1 **Pechauer Pool Cue** $2,000

The Pechauer Limited Edition 7 comes decked out in more jewels than an NBA player: ebony cuts, ivory points, silver rings. Will it help your game? Do we urinate in public? **www.pechauer.com**

ELECTRIC BALLS

2 **Real Shootin' Pool** $15

Too poor for pool? Try this handheld video game. A spring-loaded cue rotates 360 degrees and has quality sound effects–like *thwap! shirrrip!* and *weeeeee!* **www.playmatestoys.com**

SHINY, HAPPY TABLE

3 **Olhausen Maxim** $8,250

The superchromed Maxim (complete with a tournament-regulation-size felt surface) is the kind of table that we'd buy if we had $8,250 to spend on a pool table. **www.mnfats.com**

ORBS OF PLEASURE

4 **Minnesota Fats Pearlescent Billiard Ball Set** $160

These pearly balls add swank to any game. Pros won't play with them 'cause of their light weight. And, oh, do they chafe! **www.mnfats.com**

SACK ATTACK

5 **NFL Team Balls** $250

Pick two teams and turn that expanse of effeminate green felt into a virtual gridiron. No pool table? Just put them in a sock and beat the shit out of someone. **www.imperialusa.com**

STUFF2a

Toys for the other pool in your life.

"Ride me, big boy—ride me like the slut that I am."

Sex toy for single, fat alligator shut-ins

Cheerful smile appears while you inflate the dragon. Coincidence? We think not!

THE ROAD SCHOLAR

PANOZ SPEAKS ESPERANTE

Marty Padgett knows cars. And we mean that in, like, a totally biblical way.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NATALIE BOEHM

One day I'm springing with eternal youth and hiding it behind my math textbook. The next I find myself just one long step away from wearing a Depend undergarment—I just turned 30!

So I commenced my first midlife crisis by looking for a hot car and a girl half my age without braces. For both, I went to rural Georgia—where, coincidentally, those kinds of girlfriends are plentiful—to visit a small family carmaker, Panoz.

At 80 grand, their Esperante two-seater convertible is a piquant, full-bodied, wood-filled car—and not a little insouciant, like a bottle of really expensive Boone's Farm. Why go to the trouble of plopping a V-8 last seen in the Ford Mustang Cobra into their roadster? To convey loopy levels of horsepower and torque. They should call this thing the XS. It's got too much of everything, except what you really need to own it—a good financing plan.

When I asked for a test-drive, the anxious family handed me a photograph of the car instead. Something about my driving history made Panoz nervous about letting me get behind the wheel. Perhaps it was the damp spot on the seat of my pants. Perhaps it was the damp spot on the front of my pants. We'll never know. But, as I sat locked in the men's room holding their publicity shot, I saw that the car's sweeping fenders and sturdy rear end shared some minor styling characteristics with Anna Nicole Smith. After thinking about Anna for a moment, I moaned with pleasure. Leather abounds inside—just the thought of sitting in the Panoz cockpit made me salivate for a juicy steak. So I thought, *Who cares about an unknown car made by a bunch of paranoid yahoos?* I went to an Atlanta steak house and drove the steak instead. It was as insouciant as the car, and the day after I bought it, it looked like crap, too.

2001 PANOZ ESPERANTE

Base price	$79,868
The goods	320-hp 4.6-liter V-8, rear-wheel drive
Acceleration	0-60 mph in five seconds
Top speed	155 mph
X factor	An unknown car make. Earn points for every "What the hell?" overheard.

"It's suburban!" "It's outdoorsy!" Stop! You're both right! Now take off your clothes!

THE AIR BAG

Marty waxes poetic about cars, trucks and powerboats. Then he waxes his bikini line.

Speedy for a fat guy

Ford's new 380-horsepower, full-size SVT Lightning pickup (above) can sprint to 60 mph in 5.8 seconds. That makes it the fastest pickup on the road and a deal at $32,460. Now I'm able to create twice the roadkill in half the time, throw it in the truck's bed and bring it home for dinner.
www.svt.ford.com

Flame on

I was delighted to learn that, for $50, I can now affix real Huggy Bear-style racing flames down the sides of my Yugo. The last time I put stickers on a car, it was a plastic General Lee model kit. That was about a week ago. I'm so lonely.
www.herringtoncatalog.com

Wet 'n' wild

After losing all my money in Vegas last winter, I snuck down to the Colorado River and escaped on an $8,599 Ultra 150 watercraft by Kawasaki. The 1,176cc, three-cylinder engine got me downriver at a top speed of 70 mph—quick enough to reach Laughlin, Nevada, by nightfall. There, I planned to sell the boat for cash and win back all my money at Harrah's casino. Then I awoke in a Vegas prison. Send cash.
www.kawasaki.com

Adds $10,000 to car's price

Daddy goes here. Mommy goes in the airtight trunk

"Wow, I *can* do anything with this hair weave! Well, except find true love."

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UNO OBJETIVO.

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a.d. one

StuffStyle

PAGES AND PAGES OF CLOTHES YOU'LL ACTUALLY WEAR

LOOK SHARP

Victorinox, the company that brought us the Swiss Army Knife (funny, we always thought the Swiss Army brought us the Swiss Army Knife), is bringing their multi-tool style to outerwear. Their windproof, waterproof and—we're just going to say it—*nerd*proof Summit Jacket has a built-in wallet and numerous pockets. Plus, it all folds up into a tiny fanny pack. The world needs more tiny fanny packs. **$185**

PHOTOGRAPH BY SHIN OHIRA

Shoot Eagles with This

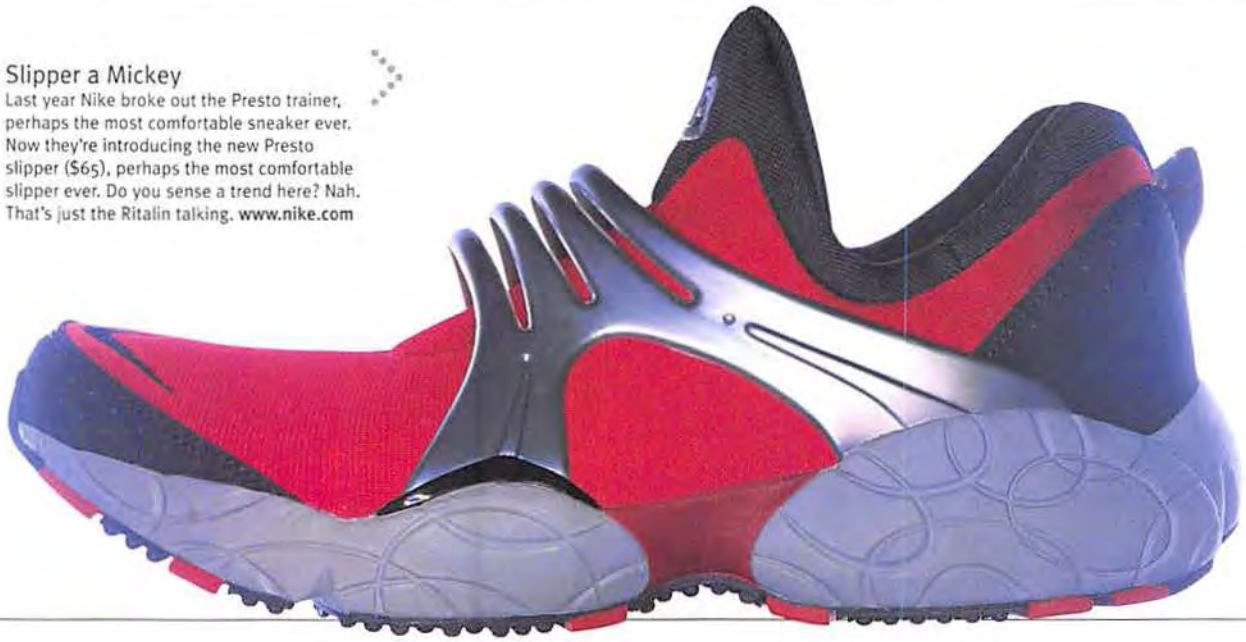
There was a time when golfwear was all about knickers, knit shirts and pretty little pumps with bows. *So 1999.* Now Oakley ushers in its Golf Zero sunglasses ($125), visor ($15) and Dual Zip jacket ($150). It zips not once but twice. Clever. **www.oakley.com**

CLOTHES MINDED

Fashion news for the wardrobe impaired. PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHIN OHIRA

Slipper a Mickey

Last year Nike broke out the Presto trainer, perhaps the most comfortable sneaker ever. Now they're introducing the new Presto slipper ($65), perhaps the most comfortable slipper ever. Do you sense a trend here? Nah. That's just the Ritalin talking. **www.nike.com**



Issey on the Icksnay

Legend has it that women have mistakenly worn Issey Miyake gowns upside down. Luckily, guys won't suffer from such confusion. Pants are pants, and Miyake shoes ($370) are gloves. **212-439-7822**

Sneaker Pimp

From Adidas, a name that has become synonymous with fine dining, comes a new fragrance, Moves. It smells like peppermint, grapefruit, jasmine and clove. In other words, you'll smell like a Bed Bath & Beyond. **212-242-9353**

Slightly Shady

The Bugz sport optics ($70) are perfect for snowboarding, skateboarding and even boarding up retirement homes. The specs are supported by earpieces or elastic sports bands—and viewers like you. **www.skylinenw.com**

Bathing Beauty

Billabong's Wet Dreams board shorts ($50) look benign enough, but get them wet and they reveal silhouettes of naked girls (like those chicks you see on the mud flaps of semis). Once you put these on, you'll have to beat away the love-struck ladies with a stick. We recommend something in maple. **www.billabong.com**

Iron Deficiency

Go ahead, stomp on the Endurance suit ($550) by Ted Baker. Crush it into a ball and play croquet with it. Or just fold it into neat little squares and make an origami crane. No matter what you do to the suit, it will not wrinkle. Ever. Why? It's made from tightly twisted wool. You ever seen a wrinkled sheep? **212-354-7310**

How to...

DECORATE YOUR TURBAN

God bless America.

Trick or treat?

Happy holidays!

(1) Ralph Sommerson

Pictures of Men Walking

D&G
Why travel all the way to London or Paris to buy a lousy T-shirt when you can just buy a D&G shirt with that city name on it at a local boutique? D&G's summer line also includes worn camo pants and jean jackets for that well-traveled look. Angst not included.
212-965-8000

Nautica
Despite its seaworthy name, Nautica actually makes clothes that you can wear on land. Check out their flyweight nylon shorts and pants, yellow nylon vests and cable-knit sweaters. Then pretend you're a big yellow sailboat and take a three-hour tour.
www.nautica.com

Doctor Feel Good

Dr. Martens Open AirWair sandals ($105) are so sturdy, they'll last longer than your feet. But what kind of medicine does this Dr. Marten practice, anyway? Answer: A little thing called love. **www.drmartens.com**

Game Boy

How often have you found yourself playing a Sega game and thought, *Gee, I like what that action figure is wearing. Where can I find such fine apparel?* Right here. All of the characters in Sega's *Extreme Sports* video game wear 55DSL. The stuff is sporty, fashionable and, according to one Sega character, "Kinda two-dimensional." Miope tank top ($59) and Luca-Gava pants ($129). **www.55DSL.com**

BEAR USA

The arctic outfitter comes out of hibernation this summer.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEFAN NYVANG-TATOO

WHO'S THE MAN IN BEAR'S CLOTHING?
In the early 1990s, designer Albert Hong meshed hard-core winter outdoor garments with street fashion by reinventing a '70s icon, the puffy down jacket. Soon everyone resembled marshmallows.

DON'T BEARS OVERHEAT ON HOT DAYS?
Not anymore. Bear USA ripped out the insulation and hacked off the arms from their winter gear to make their summer clothes. Plus, they added laminated jackets with concealed hoods and pearl-coated carpenter pants. We're not sure what that means, but it sounds dirty.

WHO WEARS BEAR?
Cast Away's Tom Hanks and wild-girl Rosanna Arquette keep Bears in their closets.

WHAT'S HOT THIS SUMMER?
Cycling jacket with convertible ventilation system ($80) and nylon shorts ($40). **www.bearusa.com**

TOMMY JEANS

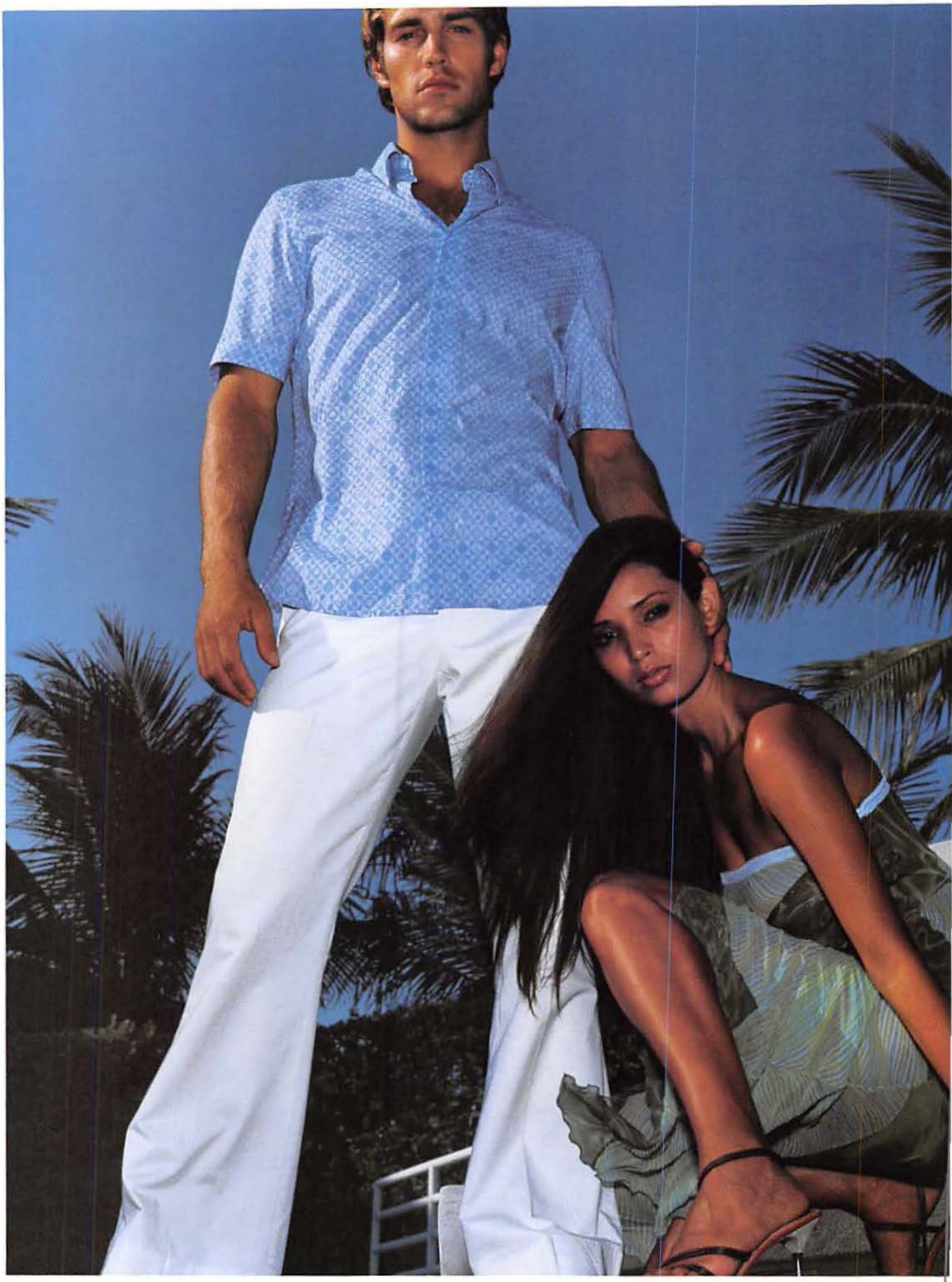
You've heard his name, but do you know his game?

WHERE'D TOMMY GET HIS START?
The king of baggy prep style began selling bell-bottom jeans in upstate New York in 1969. Oddly, this is the same year that the Who released *Tommy*. Later in '69, they played *Tommy* at Woodstock. Coincidence? Yep.

THEN WHAT HAPPENED?
He continued making high-quality jeans and added all-American prepster fashion, to boot. It wasn't until the mid-'90s that Tommy launched his signature baggier than usual classic styles. Soon an entire nation of young men couldn't keep their asses covered. Tommy, of course, was ready with his underwear line.

WHO WEARS HIS STUFF?
Funnyman Tom Green, pie fornicator Jason Biggs and movie hack Chris Connelly.

WHAT DO TOM-TOM CLUB MEMBERS WEAR NOW?
Distressed denim jacket ($90), jeans ($70) and tank top ($25). **877-TOMMY-CARES**



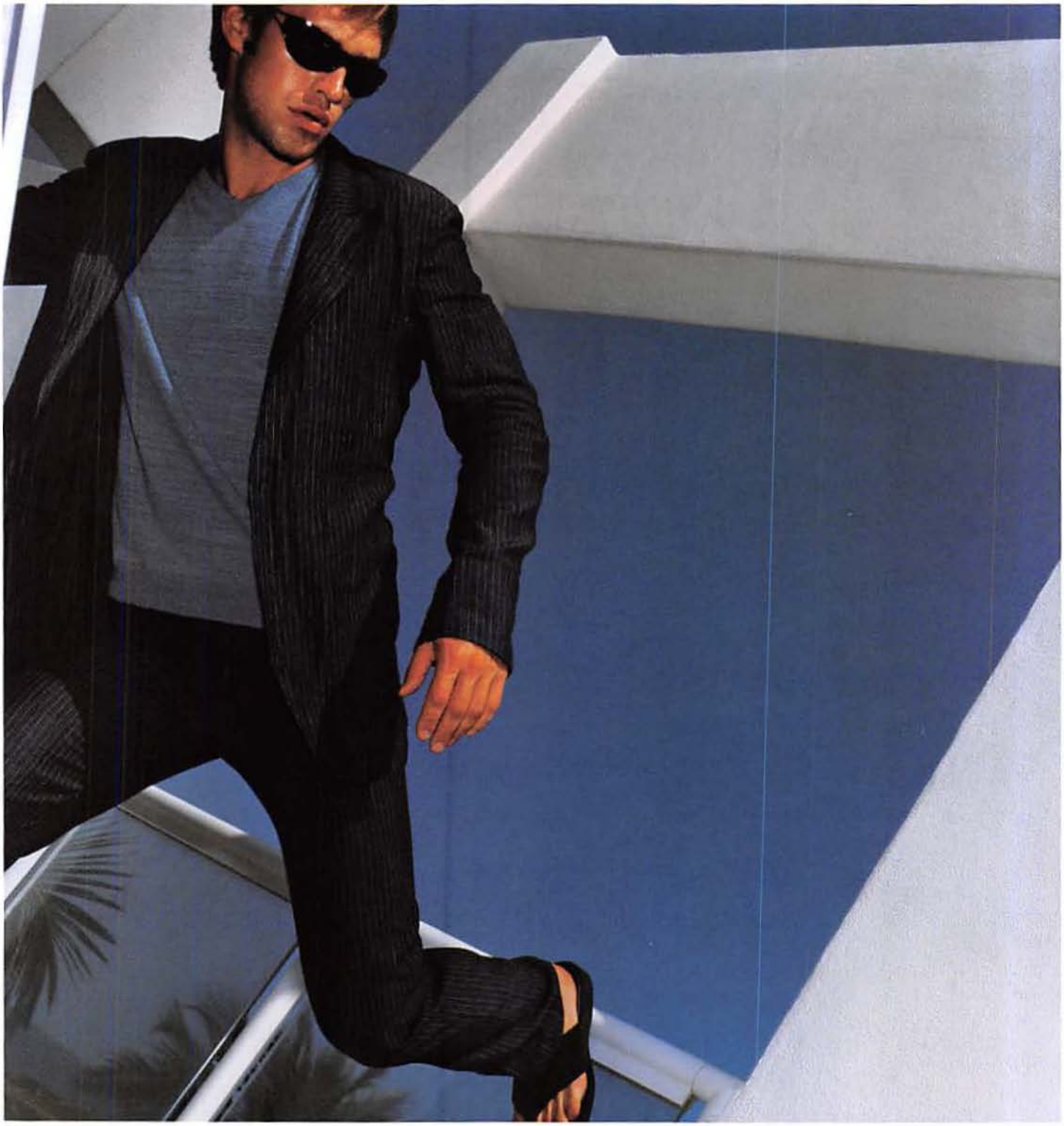
Miami Heat

This fashion pictorial is brought to you by spring.

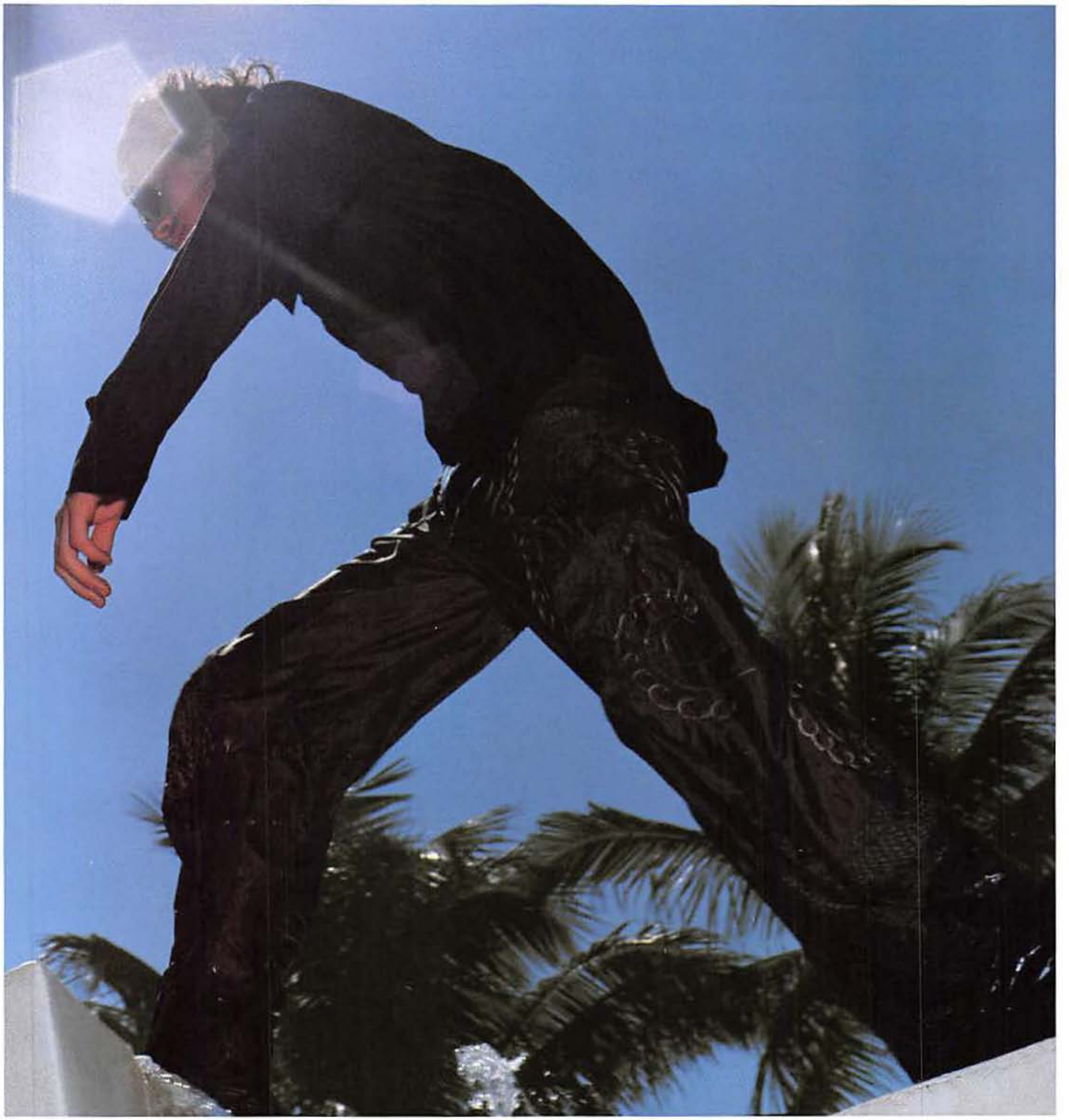
PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICOLA MAJOOCHI

STYLING BY KELLY RAE
HAIR BY BAKER HAIR FOR ERIC FISHER SALON
MAKEUP BY JOSHUA BARETT FOR SHU YEMURA/NICOLA BOWEN

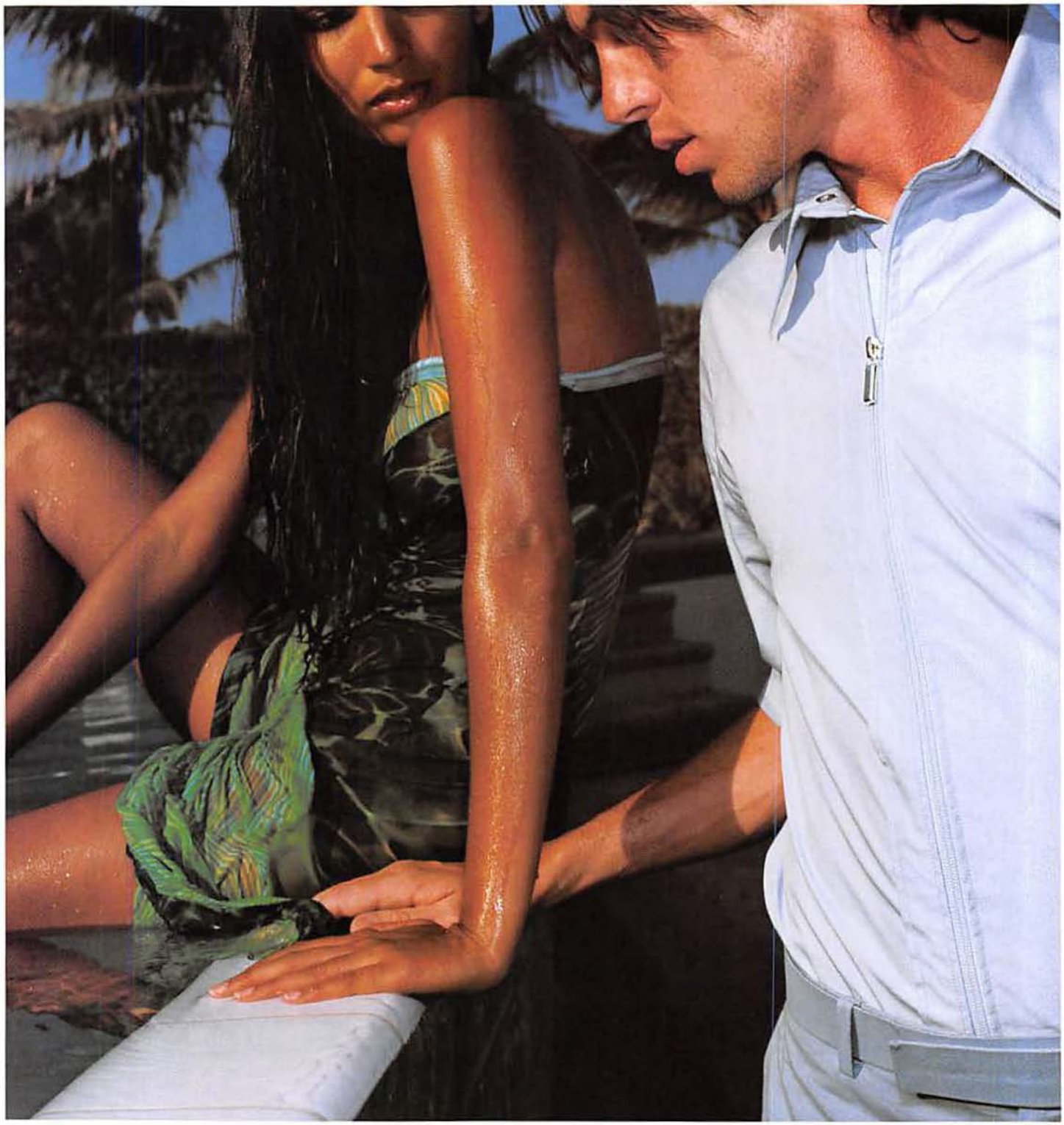
OPPOSITE PAGE On him: Shirt, $205, by Moschino Uomo. Wide-leg pants, $200, by J. Lindenberg. On her: Chiffon dress, $375, by Just Cavalli. Denim sandals, $425, by Chanel.



THIS PAGE Linen blazer, $840, and linen pants, $395, both by Jean-Paul Gaultier Homme. Sweater, $235, by Nicole Farhi. Thong sandals, $250, and sunglasses, $130, both by Emporio Armani.



THIS PAGE Cargo shirt, $460, and parachute pants, $1,500, both by Gucci.



THIS PAGE On her: Chiffon dress, $375, by Just Cavalli.
On him: Glacier cotton-blend shirt, $255, and cotton twill pants, $185, both by Calvin Klein.

THIS PAGE At left: Suit, $825, by HUGO Hugo Boss. Dress shirt, $85, by BOSS Hugo Boss.
At center: Suit, $955, and tank top, $98, both by Dolce & Gabbana. Sunglasses, $85, by cK Calvin Klein Eyewear.
On her: Bikini dress, $200, by Gianfranco Ferre. Earrings, $180, by Chanel.

THIS PAGE On him: Tokyo suit, $1,740, and shirt, $230, both by Tom Ford for Gucci.
On her: Dress, $1,250, by Fendi. Sunglasses, $169, by Emporio Armani.

THIS PAGE At left: Suede pants, $815, by Moschino Uomo. Shirt, $90, by J. Lindenberg. Jacket, $598, by DKNY. Sunglasses, $125, by cK Calvin Klein Eyewear. Sandals, $180, by D&G.
On her: Chiffon dress, $1,635, by Thiery Mugler. Denim sandals, $425, and gold resin bangles, $85 each, both by Chanel. Sunglasses, $85, by cK Calvin Klein Eyewear.
At right: Hemp vest, $295; silk pants, $295; and sandals, $215, all by John Varvatos. Sunglasses, $130, by Emporio Armani.

RIP CURL Formula watch, $75

GOTCHA Blockhead shorts, $42

OP Vinyl flight bag, $25

PAPASURF

The world's best beach stuff. Ocean sold separately.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID WEISS
STYLING BY RICHARD STEWART

SPY Scoop sunglasses, $90

SANÜK Beach Mat flip-flops, $28

CELL SAFE Palm Pilot protector, $25

QUIKSILVER Shorts, $46

NON FICTION Twisted T-shirt, $25

HURLEY Big Al belt, $32

HURLEY Nasa board shorts, $49

BACK YARD BOARDS 5'8" Squash board, $470

DIESEL Laabon shirt, $99

RUSTY Expainher backpack, $91

ADIDAS Posydon II, $75

BILLABONG Meadowlark jersey, $26

JEAN POOL

Put on your favorite blues and jump in.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEFAN NYVANG–TATOO

STYLING BY RICHARD STEWART
HAIR BY MIOK FOR CAMERON MANAGEMENT
MAKEUP BY JOE J. SIMON FOR LAURIE LOMBARDI COSMETICS

OPPOSITE PAGE ON HIM: SHIRT, $100, BY D&G. JEANS, $99, BY REACTION KENNETH COLE.
ON HER: SHRUNKEN OXFORD SHIRT, $49, BY DKNY JEANS. TIE-DYED JEANS, $62, BY ECKO RED. REVERSIBLE BIN HAT, $45, BY KANGOL. BRACELET, $29, BY DIESEL.

THIS PAGE MOTORCYCLE JACKET, $90, AND PATCHWORK JEANS, $80, BOTH BY TOMMY JEANS.

THIS PAGE JACKET, $225, AND JEANS, $275, BOTH CUSTOMIZED BY LEVI'S JEANS.

OPPOSITE PAGE ON HIM: SANDBLAST JACKET, $82, AND SANDBLAST JEANS, $67, BOTH BY PHAT FARM. T-SHIRT, $44, BY TRIPLE 5 SOUL. STUDDED BELT, $68, BY ICEBERG. OH HER: FAUNE-FRAYED JEANS, $149, AND CUFF BRACELET, $49, BOTH BY DIESEL. STILETTO SLINGBACKS, $390, BY D&G.

OPPOSITE PAGE AT LEFT: LIGHTWEIGHT JEANS, $70, AND T-SHIRT, $22, BOTH BY TRIPLE 5 SOUL. COMPTON SHOES, $65, BY BEN SHERMAN. WRISTBAND BY EVISU.
AT RIGHT: JACKET, $90, BY CAT. SIX-POCKET SPLATTER JEANS, $70, BY VARCITY. ITCHY SHOES, $125, BY ACUPUNCTURE.

THIS PAGE TOP LEFT: SELVEDGE JACKET, $98, BY NAUTICA JEANS COMPANY. JEANS, $78, BY cK CALVIN KLEIN JEANS.
TOP RIGHT, ON HIM: SIGULANA FRAYED SHIRT, $139, AND DULEX SNOW BLEACH JEANS, $199, BOTH BY DIESEL.
ON HER: VEST, $305, AND MINISKIRT, $235, BOTH BY E-PLAY.
AT BOTTOM: JACKET, $360, BY EVISU.

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photo courtesy of Vivid Video

Free For One Month ... A Full Head of Hair In 32 Seconds A Day!

Proven Breakthrough Used By Over 200,000 Men and Women! Try It FREE!

NEW YORK -- If you have thinning hair, receding hair or balding areas, there is now a solution for you.

This natural remedy for lost or thinning hair requires NO drugs or surgery, NO club to join, NO pills or ointments at all. And the best news is, you can try it and enjoy a full, new, natural head of hair FREE for 30 days!

Breakthrough Science Adds "Hair" Fibers To Your Hair

Revolutionary Toppik combines natural keratin protein fibers -- the exact same organic makeup as your own hair -- with electrostatic bonding technology.

Normal thin hair

You simply hold Toppik's custom container over your thinning areas and shake the color-matched natural hair fibers out. In literally seconds, they intertwine with your own hair forming a nearly inseparable bond of thick, real hair.

Toppik fibers bind securely to your thin hair for a full, natural look.

Relax ... No One Will Ever Know

With Toppik, you can relax and stop worrying about your hair ... or about someone discovering that you're trying to cover something up.

Toppik fibers are completely natural and invisible even to a trained eye as close as 2 inches away. Their electrostatic bonding technology ensures that Toppik fibers stay in place as long as you want them to -- all day and all night -- until the next time you shampoo!

All-natural Toppik fibers can never smear, stain or "shed". They are proven to withstand both wind and rain.

© 2001, Spencer Forrest, Inc.

NBC 30 News, Hartford — "It really looks like my hair grew back!"

KYW-3 Eyewitness News, Philadelphia — "You can look years younger in less than a minute. It really seemed like more hair was being created as the bald spots just disappeared. Toppik really does live up to its ads."

KFMB-TV News 8, San Diego — "That's honest-to-goodness hair. I've got to admit it -- it does look like the real thing. It doesn't come off. It's a miracle."

FOX TV News, Los Angeles — You can have a full look on top... It's one of Hollywood's best kept secret's."

The only thing people will notice is a thicker, fuller, more natural looking head of hair than you have ever imagined.

Look 10 Years Younger

As soon as you apply Toppik, friends will marvel at how you grew such a thick head of hair ... and new acquaintances will never suspect you ever had a balding or thinning problem at all.

Most importantly you'll love the way Toppik makes you feel as young as you look. Most people find they instantly subtract 10 years or more from their looks.

By combining your own thinning hair with the amazing Toppik fibers, you will even be able to wear your hair in the new younger-looking styles that you had all but given up on. Read these typical comments from Toppik users:

"I was amazed how Toppik filled out my hair. It was as if I'd had 1,000 hair transplants in less than a minute. I strongly recommend it for any man or woman with thinning hair."
—Dr. Leonard Moore, Denver, CO

"I was amazed to see my hair fill out the very first time I used Toppik. Even my front hairline looks completely full and natural."
—Richard Walker, Evanston, IL

"Toppik has made me feel different about myself after just one application. I'll never feel self-conscious about my hair again."
—Susan Drexler, Los Angeles, CA

"I can even exercise and perspire with Toppik with complete confidence. It's quick, easy and completely undetectable. Even my doctor was amazed."
—Chris Lametta, Denver, CO

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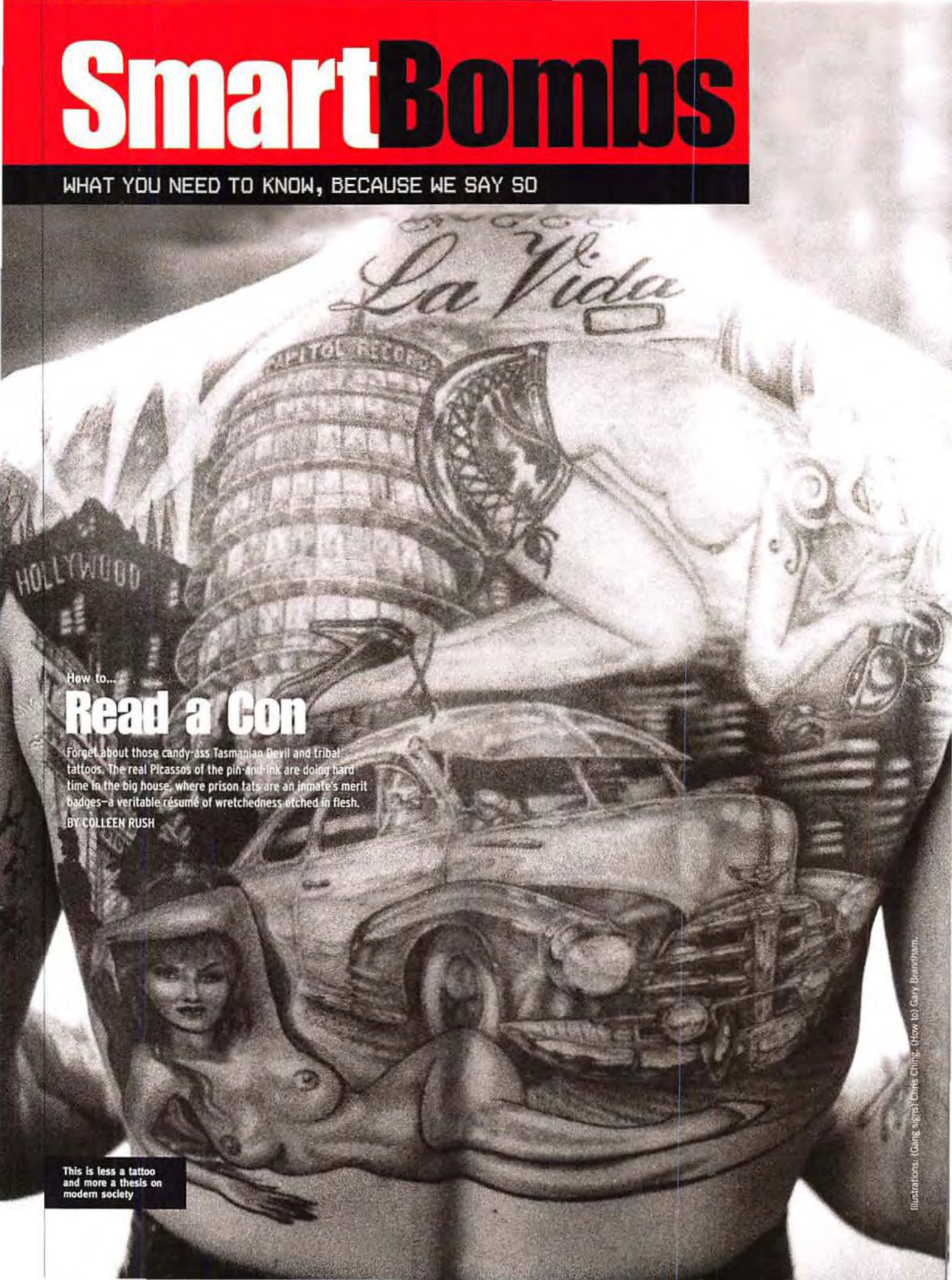
SmartBombs

WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW, BECAUSE WE SAY SO



How to...

Read a Con

Forget about those candy-ass Tasmanian Devil and tribal tattoos. The real Picassos of the pin-and-ink are doing hard time in the big house, where prison tats are an inmate's merit badges—a veritable résumé of wretchedness etched in flesh.

BY COLLEEN RUSH

This is less a tattoo and more a thesis on modern society

Illustrations: (Gang signs) Chris Chung; (How to) Gary Brandham.

BASIC JAIL TATS

Eight-ball: Public-sodomy aficionado
This tat shows off that the bearer laid pipe in someone's pooper in public. It's a beloved prison pastime that cons love almost as much as Bill Maher.

Barbed wire: Lifer
When the wire stretches across the forehead, it signifies life imprisonment without parole. That's a conspicuous place for a tattoo, but it's not like he's got job interviews lined up.

69: Public oral-sex expert
This ink job tells the same old oral story that we all know and love, but with a twist: The con did his yin-yang sex thang with witnesses—and without a woman. But all in good fun, of course.

Clock with no hands: Doing time
Just showing up every day in jail should be enough to show that you're doing time. But just in case other cons think you're there for the food and fun towel fights, this tat will set them straight.

13: High sign
Cons love running numbers on their arms, hands and legs. The 13th letter of the alphabet is *M*, which stands for marijuana, as in dealing. The number 8 is *H*—horse, heroin. The number 3,714 is a typo.

Teardrop: Gang murderer
Placed under a con's eye, it can mean he's mourning the death of a friend. But mostly it's given to gang bangers who've killed a rival gang member—or fans of the world's saddest clown, Emmett Kelly.

Spiderweb on the elbow: Racial murderer
White supremacists are awarded webs for murdering a minority. The web symbolizes that once you join by killing you're in forever and can't leave. Like those CD clubs.

Tombstone with numbers: Years in jail
Represents the number of years a con's been locked up. If it's joined by the letters *RIP*, it's either in memory of a loved one's death or a tribute to Rip Taylor.

GANG MARKINGS

AB: Aryan Brotherhood
In prison, the Aryan Brotherhood is a notorious white-supremacist gang. They also sport double lightning bolts, Vikings, the phrase 100% PURE (as in pure white) and many more honky hieroglyphics.

311: Ku Klux Klan
A 311 is slammer slang for KKK, since *K* is the 11th letter of the alphabet. Get it? Prison helps cons learn to spell *and* count. Not to be confused with the band of the same name. Those surly punks.

1%: Menstrual muncher
Signifies a Hells Angel who's performed cunnilingus on a menstruating woman. Only the toughest 1% would do so, let alone be as proud of it as a guy who eight-balled the cell-block bitch.

BGF: Black Guerilla Family
A gang founded in 1966 by former Black Panther George L. Jackson. Kindred black inkbonic tattoos include crossed sabers or black dragons taking over prison towers. And hanging new curtains.

LATINO SKIN LANCERS

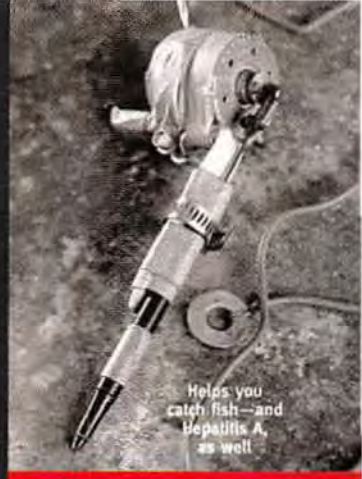
Crossed fingers: Neta
Neta is a wicked-bad Puerto Rican prison gang. Other symbols include an *N* inside a heart, the above fat with a Puerto Rican flag and many hands fondling chicks at a pride parade.

EME, MM: Mexican Mafia
The Mex Mafia is also known for its tattoos of eagles with shakes in their beaks, like on the Mexican flag, and single black handprints. Like when you're playing in mud and then slap yourself on the arm.

NF, LNF, ENE: La Nuestra Familia
These acronyms mean you belong to a Mexican Mafia-style gang that also favors dagger tats and the number 14: *N* is the 14th letter of the alphabet, and it stands for Northern California. Or Netscape.

TS: Texas Syndicate
At last, a Mexican-American prison gang smart enough to hide its "Please, arrest me—I'm too stupid to wander free" logo in a huge, intricately detailed tattoo mosaic of daggers, dragons and snakes.

(Special thanks to Douglas Kent Hall, author of Prison Tattoos, *St. Martin's Press.)*


Helps you catch fish—and Hepatitis A, as well

How to...

Get a Tattoo In Prison

Need to mark your territory or inform future employers of your valuable interpersonal skills? Use these easy and painful methods to get that skin accessory you've always wanted, prison-style.

The Polynesian method involves repeatedly tapping an ink-dipped straight pin into the flesh. Though painful, most inmates find that it pales in comparison to the discomfort caused by getting repeatedly tapped in the communal shower.

The prisoner's answer to the tattoo gun—rigged out of a hollowed-out ballpoint pen, a guitar string, the motor from a tape recorder and a nine-volt battery—is MacGyver's wet dream. Turn it on and let your affiliate status run wild. Inmates tap into their ballpoint pens for ink, which explains why you don't see a lot of rainbow tattoos in prison.

Randy the Helpful Pineapple says: "Of course, giving or getting tats in jail is illegal. You could get thrown in jail for it. Just an FYI."

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While no one was looking, Jim let out a brief fart, then continued on with his work

How to...

Pick a Lock

Need to see your dreaded permanent record? Want to catch your boss with a midget prostitute? Just need a new TV set? Follow these simple steps and you'll be rotting behind bars in no time.

GET THE GEAR

Find a jeweler's screwdriver and bend it at a 45-degree angle. This is your tension wrench. Next, take a safety pin and twist it the same way. Angle the end of the pin up to make a tiny hook. This is your pick.

KNOW YOUR ENEMY

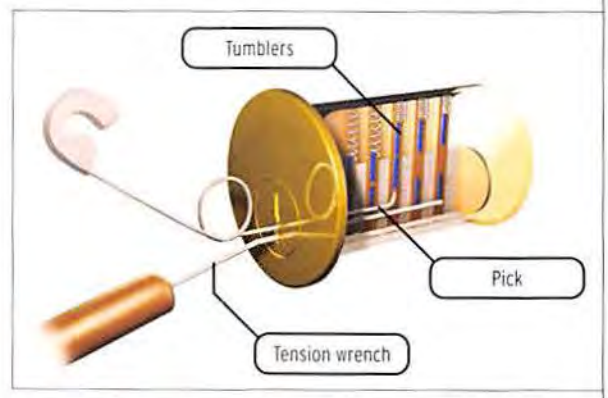
The five-pin tumbler lock is very common. It's a cylinder with five spring-loaded tumblers, each of which have to be raised to a preset position in order to open. Steven Hampton, master locksmith and author of *Secrets of Lock Picking*, suggests that picking a lock is similar to having sex. "Visualize her naked, and know that if you want to get the goods, you'll have to handle her right." It's obvious he's never tried to seduce a woman with a bent tool.

DO THE DEED

Slip the pick into the lock seven-eighths of an inch, with the hook pointing up toward the tumblers. Now insert the tension wrench at the bottom of the lock, making sure to leave room for the pick to move around. Apply constant gentle clockwise pressure to the tension wrench. Next, raise the front tumbler with a gentle prying motion of the pick. You will feel (and barely hear) a click when the tumbler is in the right position.

Proceed to the next tumbler, keeping the pressure on the wrench steady. Do the same for all five. The lock will not open if you have raised a tumbler too high. If this is the case, gradually release the tension-wrench pressure and the overextended tumbler will drop into place.

If all the tumblers are in the right place, you will feel a "very satisfying click" and the cylinder will pop open and rotate freely.



SMILE

You did it. You'll probably be arrested and thrown in jail, but next month we'll show you how to make a prison vagina, so we've got you covered. *–Seth Jacobs*

Self-Defense 101

THE ART OF HIDING BEHIND CHILDREN

Find two youngsters, and crouch behind them. The young have an uncanny ability to screech at high decibels as well as fling snot, so they can act as both an alarm and a shield.

Illustrations: Gary Brandham.

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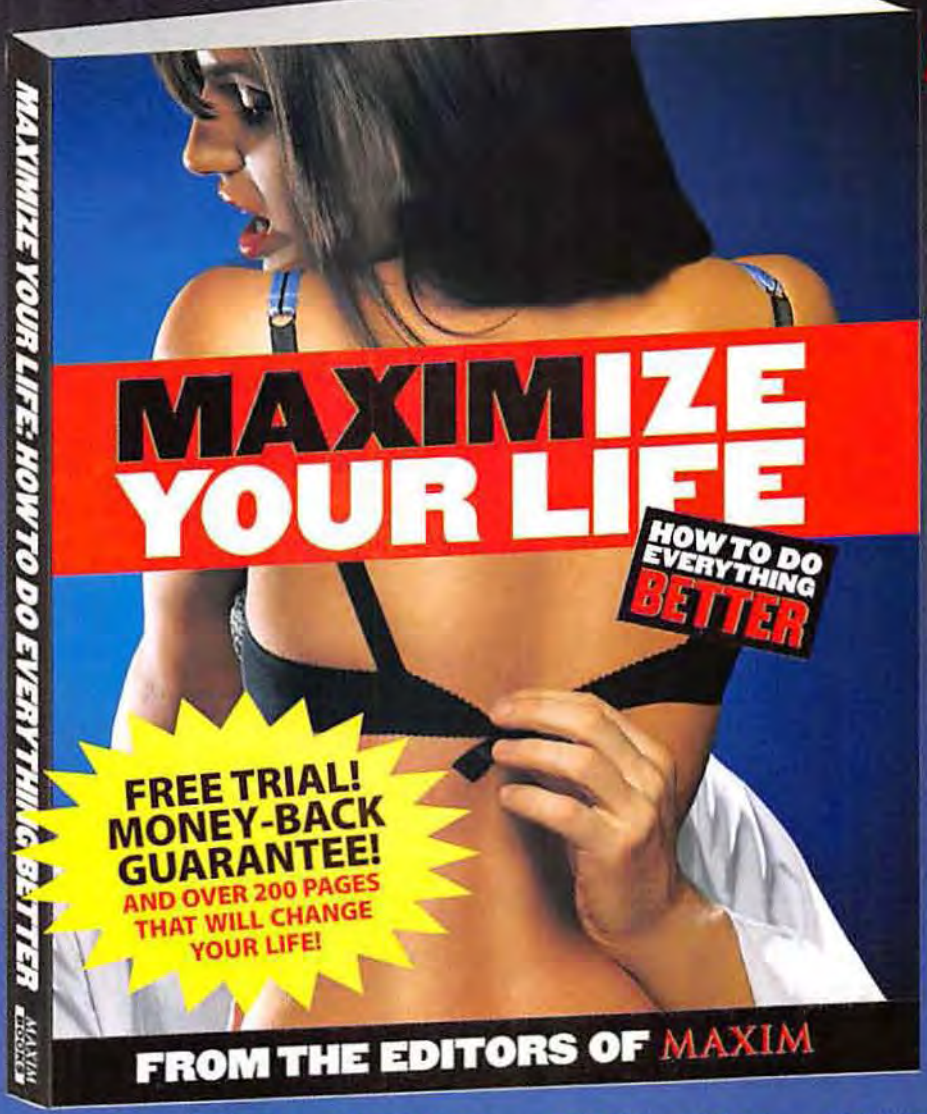

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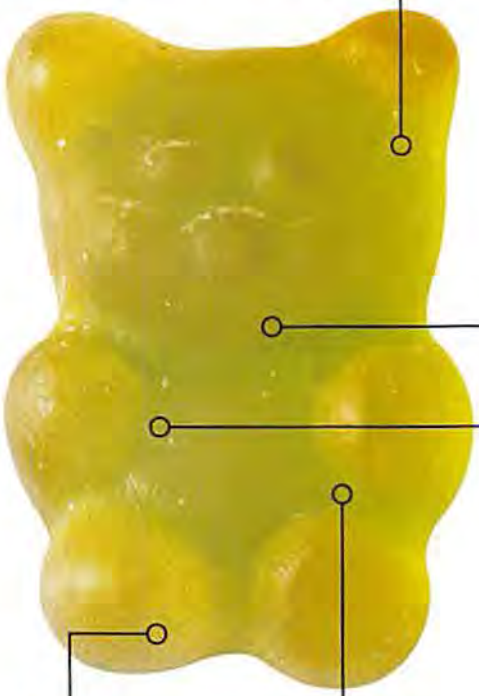
KNOW WHAT YOU EAT NO. 11

Gummi Bears

Normally, sucking down gobs of wax and acid would make a billy goat puke. Solution? Shape 'em into bears!



Fumaric acid
Used in paints, dyes, printing inks, varnishes, resins and animal feed. Excellent for starching paper pulp, dress shirts and your useless, withering colon.

Sorbitol
Artificial sweetener and strong laxative that's commonly used in fireworks. Eat too much and–*blammo!*–you're squatting like a Gummi Bear in the woods. Sucker. No, literally–sucker. It's not mean, it's true: You're a sucker.

Mineral oil
As another time-honored stool softener and petroleum distillate, it's a purer form of the gas you pump into your mom's Pacer. When mules are constipated, their owners feed them a gallon of this stuff, then take cover. We slip it in the Sunday meat loaf and Gramps turns into a human Slip 'n' Slide. It's a real scream.

Gelatin
This ingredient you surely know. Maybe you have a friend who makes it himself. It's what you get from boiling dead pigs and cattle. Hides, ligaments, tendons, bones–pretty much any part will do. We rub it in our hair to give it that healthy glow. Then we play tackle football with no helmets–and still the glow shines.

Carnauba wax
This is how the bears keep their pelts so shiny. Carnauba is a polishing agent from the carnauba palm. Prized as a top-grade car wax, it's also used in the manufacture of paints, stains and explosives, as well as a prized lane buffer in bowling alleys across the land. We like how it feels between our toes. *–Al Ridenour*

IN A NUTSHELL

How Planes Fly

Explained in 50 words or less.

To defy cruel, cruel gravity, the force of air flowing over a plane's wings, or the lift stemming from the engine's thrust, must be greater than its weight and drag. That, and you need the wings to stay attached to the fuselage. And a pilot. You need a pilot, too.

"I never learned to read! Eh, I guess that's neither here nor there."

UNDER THE HOOD

The Flamethrower

Barbecue season starts now!

HOT GREECE

Some 500 years *before* the discovery of gunpowder, the Byzantine Greeks built enough firepower to terminally torch the ships of their enemies who periodically showed up to steal the Greeks' women and rape their horses. An oily, highly flammable liquid made from naphtha and quicklime, "Greek fire" was a dish best served really frickin' hot. The modern flame spitter hasn't changed a whole lot since the Greeks spewed their incendiary mixture from a pressurized siphon. But, my, how fashion has!

A SINGED WIENER SCHNITZEL

Berlin-based engineer Richard Fiedler invented the modern flamethrower–basically a backpack and a flame-spitting nozzle–way back in 1900. A year later, the Huns tried out two different models, both built by Fiedler. Light enough for a single soldier to carry, the smaller of the two *flammenwerfers* (guess what that means) could reduce anything within 20 yards to a pile of soot. Then Fiedler supersized the idea. Result? A much larger and angrier two-man version capable of spitting *fuego* almost 40 yards. The new weapon became the toast of World War I when the Germans used *flammenwerfers* to fry up some trenchy Frenchies. The U.S. successfully used flamethrowers in Guadalcanal and other Pacific hot spots. GIs liked them because whomever the thrower didn't toast, it suffocated: A well-placed burst of flame can suck more air out of a bunker than a high-performance bunker-air sucker.

FLAMING MECHANICS

A typical flamethrower consists of a fuel container filled with oil, gas, napalm or anything else that burns, coupled with a cylinder of gas propellant and a hose with an adjustable nozzle. The U.S. military favors white phosphorus, which ignites spontaneously in the air, and highly pressurized carbon dioxide for delivery. Finally, a handheld trigger ignition system puts the power to flambé at your fingertips. If you want to try out a scale model on a GI Joe, a lighter and a can of your brother's hairspray will do the trick. But we don't recommend it.
–Salvatore Tuzzeo Jr.

For kids three and up

Photography: (Paint can and gas can) Damien Doroch, (Nutshell, Gummi Bear, stool softener, wax and gel) Jens Mortensen.

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BEYONCÉ AND BEYOND

If the pictures of Destiny's Child in the April issue aren't enough, check out our cover-girl gallery. It's packed with exclusive photos of browser-busting babes, including cover girl Marisa Coughlan, Alyssa Milano, Ali Landry, Charisma Carpenter and Jaime Pressly. Also check out our recipes!

STARS CAUGHT ON TAPE

Spy on models and celebrities in exclusive footage featuring Kimberly Pressler, Brittany Daniel, Andy Dick and the great Engelbert Humperdinck. It's almost like stalking, except you don't have to worry about getting arrested.

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE REVIEWS

Stuff's online Hype! section is updated daily and packed with eye-frying, ear-popping audio and video clips from the latest movies, CDs, DVDs, video games, TV shows and Web sites. This month: an online-only interview with rap-metal kings Crazy Town.

PLUS MORE THAN...

50 Amazing gizmos!
40 *Stuff* cover girls!
30 Gut-busting jokes!
25 Women talking about sex!
1 Manservant named Hans!

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♥ Jim (CT) "Women are crowding around me in social situations. 10X really works! **Other men are trying to figure out what I have that they don't.** Women say to me, 'There's something about you that attracts me.'"

♥ Larry (OH) "This is Larry and I want to order another vial of the 10X for men. I'm gonna tell you – my ex-girlfriend has done a complete turnaround. I didn't psychologically do anything that could account for it. I haven't acted any different. **The second time I had it on, at a home improvement store...we were standing in line, she just grabbed me and started whispering in my ear. She said, 'I just wanted to get close to you.' The 10X may be contributing to renewing a relationship that has been going on 5 years now.** I honestly think it's the 10X because I didn't do anything different except start to wear it."

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WHADDAYA KNOW?

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Old people are so much fun to play with!

Do you want the truth? Can you *handle* the truth? Then send your questions to:

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WHAT IS THE WORST THING THAT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU IN COURT IF YOU REFUSE TO ANSWER "YES" TO THE QUESTION, "DO YOU SWEAR TO TELL THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?"

–Kris Rocanello, Altamonte Springs, Fla.

In the 16th century, they would crush you flat as a *pfannkuchen* with the big heavy rocks for refusing to testify. Those were great days for no-nonsense law and order. But in our decadent modern age, you may simply be jailed for contempt of court, like Susan McDougal. For saying *nein* during the Whitewater investigation of Bill Clinton, she passed 18 months in *der* hoosegow–making her perhaps the only woman in America who was safe from that horny little piglet.

WHAT THE HELL IS A FREEMASON?

–Adam K., Phoenix

A Mason for which you are not obliged to pay. Ha! Heh! Ho! And they say we Germans have no sense of humor. *Nein*, seriously, John Wayne, Ben Franklin and Harry Houdini were all Freemasons, members of a solely male fraternity who assemble to either: (a) support one another, charities and mankind in general; (b) covertly run the world; or (c) get away from their wives, practice secret handshakes and guzzle *bier*. In 1930s Europe, Freemasons were persecuted by Messrs. Hitler and Mussolini. They obviously wanted no silly costumes, secret societies or oddball ceremonies other than their own. Freemasons' rituals are clandestine, and they have many ranks and titles, such as Worshipful Master, although they deny that they are some kind of cult. I myself am the Grand Screaming Goblet Bearer at my local lodge, and if I tell you any more, the brethren will tear out my tongue at the roots and egg my Mercedes. Oh, to have my gun permit back.

"Whew! Smells like dingo!"

IS IT TRUE THAT TOILETS FLUSH IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS IN THE NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN HEMISPHERES?

–Tom P., San Francisco

They do nothing of the sort, *mein lieber*. A phenomenon known as the Coriolis force, which only affects large systems, makes cyclones and other such meteorological events circle counterclockwise south of the equator and clockwise to the north. This would happen in your *schiessehaus* only if you own a *johann* the size of Bangladesh. We can dream, can't we?

WITHOUT Q-TIPS I'D BE AS DEAF AS A POST. WHERE DOES ALL MY EARWAX COME FROM?

–Jenny H., Atlanta

Never mind that, where does ear *hair* come from? I have enough of it to stuff a mattress! Instead, I make many small souvenir pillows, which you may purchase by sending your checks directly to me. But as for earwax–or cerumen–it is produced by the outer ear canal (the opening just inside the ear) to defend the inner ear (where the eardrum and all such *trommelfell* reside) against bacteria, dirt and hobbits–damn their furry toes! My only problem with this miraculous excretion is that it makes a horrible fondue.

The spring-loaded dildo seat tested poorly in the Midwest

WHY DOES LOOKING INTO A SOLAR ECLIPSE MAKE YOU GO BLIND?

–Compcrusher, via e-mail

Because it will make you masturbate more than a four-fisted goat during rutting season. A *klein* joke: I may possess withered genitalia and a right arm like a steam-train stoker, but *mein* eyesight remains as *scharf* as the business end of my favorite frog gigger. However, when you are staring at the sun, you *felkopf*, you are, in fact, cooking your eyeballs with ultraviolet radiation. You may look directly only when the sun is completely obscured by the moon during a total eclipse; even 99 percent coverage will not prevent you from burning a hole in your baby blues. Truth be told, you are safer polishing your *wankschaft* down to a nubbin.

Photography: (Pineapple) Damien Dovick

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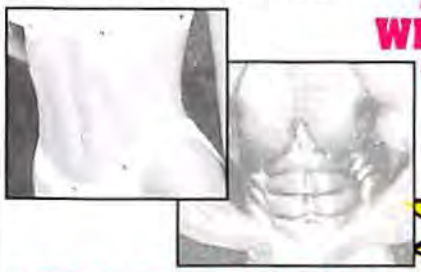

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CinamaTech www.cinematech.com
DirectTV www.radioshack.com
Evisu at Vice, NYC, 718-599-3101
Ford www.ford.com
Gucci at select Gucci stores
Gummi Fingers & Toes www.stupid.com
Honda www.hondamotorcycles.com
IBM www.ttsystems.com
Kangol 800-431-1802
King of Shaves at Target stores nationwide
Macy's at Macy's stores nationwide
Nautica 877-NAUTICA
Panoram www.panoram.com
Paul Frank Julius www.paulfrank.com
Porn Star www.pornstarclothing.com
Royal Elastics www.royalelastics.com
Silo Grill at smoke shops nationwide
Slate 212-989-0096
Sony www.sel.sony.com
Stewart's 303-298-9038
Sylvania at hardware stores nationwide
Timberland 800-445-5545
TiVo www.tivo.com

Instant Cool Intro p.123
Sony www.sel.sony.com

Stuff Style Intro p.131
Victorinox 866-99-SWISS

Miami Heat p.136–143
BOSS Hugo Boss 800-HUGO-BOSS
Calvin Klein Collection 800-294-7978
Chanel 800-550-0005
cK Calvin Klein Eyewear at Saks Fifth Avenue
Dolce & Gabbana 212-249-4100
Emporio Armani www.emporioarmani.com
Fendi 800-FENDI-NY
Gianfranco Ferre Jeans at Gianfranco Ferre, Bal Harbour, Fla.
Gucci at select Gucci stores
HUGO Hugo Boss 800-HUGO-BOSS
J. Lindenberg 212-625-9403
Jean-Paul Gaultier Homme at H. Lorenzo, L.A.
John Varvatos at Barney's, NYC
Just Cavalli at Azul, Miami, Fla.
Moschino Uomo at Moschino Boutique, NYC
Nicole Farhi 212-223-8811
Thiery Mugler 212-935-8060
Tom Ford for Gucci at select Gucci stores

Papa Surf p.144–145
Adidas www.adidas.com
Back Yard Boards www.backyardboards.com
Billabong www.billabong-usa.com
Diesel 877-4D-Diesel
Gotcha at Jack's, Calif., 714-436-4516
Hurley at Beach Access, Costa Mesa, Calif., 714-754-0221
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Rip Curl www.ripcurl.com
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Sanük www.sanuk.com
Spy 800-SPY-EYES

Jean Pool p.146–151
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Ben Sherman www.guyshop.com
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cK Calvin Klein Jeans at Macy's nationwide
Customized by Levi's Jeans at Selvage, NYC, 212-219-0994
D&G at D&G, L.A.
Diesel 877-4D-DIESEL
DKNY Jeans 800-777-4524
Ecko Red at Dr. Jays, NYC, 212-695-3354
E-Play at Henry Bendel, NYC, 212-247-1100
Evisu at Barney's, NYC, 212-826-8900
Iceberg 212-755-5530
Kangol 800-431-1802
Nautica 877-NAUTICA
Phat Farm 212-533-7428
Reaction Kenneth Cole 877-REACTION
Tommy Jeans 877-TOMMYCARES
Triple 5 Soul 212-431-2404
Varcity 877-VARCITY

Clothing Credits
First Lady p.20–21
Black chiffon wrap blouse and black silk tap shorts, both by Costume National (at Costume National, NYC)

Come on In... p.68–73
In pool: Black parachute-fabric bikini top by Eres (800-340-6004). Body chain by Sara Samoiloff (special order only, 212-460-5382). Poolside: Body suit by Byblos (www.byblosit.com). Standing: Black parachute-fabric bikini by Eres. Zebra-print coat by Maione Weisser (special order only, 212-226-8510). Leaning on car: Ripped top by Punk & Empire (at Fragile, NYC, 212-982-5437). Bikini bottom by Eres. Glittery bracelet by Noir (212-244-4846).

Candid Kam p.96–101
Lying down: Blue leather bikini top and red leather hot pants, both by Shapes by Anton (www.shapesbyanton.com). Earrings by Cathy Wonaker (at Tracey Ross, L.A., 310-854-1996). Bracelet and waist chain by Lisa Dorrin (e-mail lisadorrinjewelry@msn.com). Sitting: Dress by Louise Barthes (at Tracey Ross, L.A.). Gold bikini bottom by Liza Bruce (212-966-3853). Lying on mirror: Bra by Agent Provocateur (www.agentprovocateur.com). Earrings by Cathy Wonaker. Standing: Dress by Bessie Guthrie (e-mail bessieguthrie@hotmail.com). Vintage panties by Pucci (at Paperbag Princess, L.A., 310-358-2985). Fur cuff by Agent Provocateur. Earrings by Cathy Wonaker.

A Cool Hump p.102–107
By pool: Blue Sequence bikini by Ungaro Sun (at Diane's Swimwear, 310-224-1900); boots by Emanuel Ungaro (at Emanuel Ungaro Boutique, NYC, 212-308-3653). Purple Sequence one-piece bathing suit by Ungaro Sun; bronze leather strappy sandals by Stuart Weitzman (at select Stuart Weitzman stores nationwide). Leopard robe and brown loafers, Engelbert's own; black suit pants by Emporio Armani (www.emporioarmani.com). Hot pink string bikini by Ungaro Sun; bronze sandals by Genny (212-249-9660). Pointing finger: Black denim/leather jacket by Avirex (at Cockpit, NYC, 212-925-5456). By piano: Couture black striped suit by Gianni Versace (at Jeffrey's, NYC, 212-206-1272); tie-dyed shirt by Mecca (www.meccausa.com). Gold bikini by Polo Jeans Co. (one-of-a-kind, unavailable for purchase). Silver and gold bikini by Delfina (at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC, 212-753-7300). Singing: Sequined tube top by Pat Field (at Patricia Field, NYC, 212-254-1699); miniskirt by Lip Service (at Religious Sex, NYC, 212-477-9037). Lace bra by DKNY (at Bloomingdale's, NYC, 212-705-2000); hot pants by Mossimo (at Target stores nationwide). Yellow dress by Emanuel Ungaro. T-shirt by Poon Tang (www.poontangs.com); red jacket, Engelbert's own; black suit pants and belt by Emporio Armani.

Additional Photo Credits

Corrections: Issue 16: First Lady: Check out [illegible] **Issue 17:** [illegible] Illustrations by Simon [illegible]
Issue 19: StuffMagazine.com ad: Photographs: Michael [illegible] Styling: Kelly [illegible] Makeup: [illegible] Tickets: [illegible] Corbis; **p.8:** [illegible] **p.22:** JFK: Corbis; [illegible] **p.24:** Football: Photofest; Gingrich: James Kelly/Globe; Presley: Globe **p.26:** [illegible] **p.28:** [illegible] **p.30:** [illegible] **p.32:** [illegible] **p.36:** [illegible] **p.40–41:** [illegible] **p.42:** [illegible] **p.44:** [illegible] **p.46:** [illegible] **p.48:** [illegible] courtesy of America's Most Wanted; **p.50:** Entrapment: Neal Peters; **p.52:** Rocky: The Everett Collection; **p.53:** Titanic: Photofest; **p.56:** Checkers man: Galen Rowell/Corbis; **p.58:** Main image: Corbis; [illegible] Photofest; SNL: Owen Franken/Corbis; yelling: AP Wide World; **p.75:** Small horse: [illegible]; jockey with men: Harold Roth/Horsephotos; **p.76:** Jockeys walking: Harold Roth/Horsephotos; horse and jockey on ground: Underwood; party man: Dan Dry & Assoc. [illegible] **p.77:** Abbott & Costello: Photofest; [illegible] **p.85:** [illegible] The Stock Shop [illegible] **p.86:** [illegible] Everett Collection; Viagra: Archive Photos; **p.87:** [illegible] **p.88:** [illegible] The Stock Market [illegible] **p.89:** [illegible] **p.91:** [illegible] The Stock Market [illegible] courtesy of Stuff Photo Ladies; **p.92:** [illegible] **p.93:** [illegible] **p.94:** [illegible] **p.95:** [illegible] **p.116:** [illegible] **p.117:** [illegible] **p.119:** [illegible] **p.121:** [illegible] all other Reality Bites images: Courtesy of Rebecca Lieb and the San Diego County [illegible] **p.127:** Pool water: Superstock. **Smart Bombs p.154:** Tattooed man: Estevan [illegible] **p.155:** Barbed wire: Corbis; tattoo pen: Michael Mazzeo; **p.156:** [illegible] Everett Collection; **p.158:** Deer Hunter: Everett Collection; man blowing fire: Jeff [illegible] Incredible Features; **p.160:** Koala: Animals Animals; toilet: courtesy of [illegible] The Stock Market; candle: Superstock; 3-D movie: Superstock

WOMEN'S STUDIES

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HOW TO ENTER: To enter, send your name, street address (including apartment number), zip code, daytime telephone number and a recent photograph of yourself to: Stuff's Scholarship Competition, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Entries must be postmarked no later than May 15, 2001, for inclusion in the June 2001 selection. Dennis Stuff, Inc. is not responsible for lost, illegible, misdirected, postage due or late entries. You may enter as often as you like, but each entry photograph must be separately mailed. You must submit an entry each month that you want to participate in the contest; entries submitted in previous months will not be considered. No photocopied, mechanically reproduced or incomplete entries or airbrushed or altered photographs will be eligible.

ELIGIBILITY: Open to residents of the United States 18 years and older. Winner must be enrolled in a school or planning to attend school on or before January 1, 2002. Winners will be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility, including an affidavit that the entrant has all rights in the photograph submitted, that the photograph is less than six months old, and that the entrant is the person in the photograph submitted. Employees and their families of Dennis Stuff, Inc., its parent companies, subsidiaries, affiliates and their advertising and production companies are not eligible to participate. All federal, state and local laws and regulations of the United States apply. Void where prohibited or restricted. Participants agree to be bound by these rules.

WINNER SELECTION: Each month, the editors of STUFF will choose one photograph as the most attractive entrant of the month, as determined through their sole discretion. After 12 entrants are chosen, the readers of STUFF will vote for the most attractive of the monthly winners.

PRIZE/VALUE: Each month, the monthly winner's photograph will be featured in STUFF Magazine and/or on STUFF's Web site (prize has no monetary value). The person chosen by the readers as the most attractive of the monthly winners will win a grand prize of $4,999.

NOTIFICATION/TERMS: Winner will be notified by mail. Entry constitutes winner's permission to post winner's name in STUFF Magazine and/or on the World Wide Web, and their consent to use his/her name, photograph and/or voice recordings and likenesses for advertising or publicity purposes, in all media, without additional compensation or permission, except where prohibited by law. This competition shall be governed and construed by New York law, and the venue for all controversies will be in state or federal court in New York, New York. All federal, state and local taxes are the exclusive responsibility of the winner. STUFF reserves the right to terminate the contest early and to award the grand prize to the woman chosen by its readers as the most attractive of the monthly winners already chosen.

RELEASE OF LIABILITY: All entrants and winners release Dennis Stuff, Inc., and its parents, affiliates, subsidiaries, wholesalers, retailers, officers, directors, agents, employees and all others associated with the development and execution of this competition from any and all liability with respect to, or in any way arising from, this competition and/or acceptance or use of the prizes, including liability for personal injury, death, damages or monetary loss.

WINNERS LIST: For a copy of the Official Rules or the name of the winner, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to STUFF Magazine, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018 by May 15, 2002. (Vermont and Washington residents and residents of other states where prescribed by law may omit the stamp.)

STUFF (ISSN 1524-2838) is published monthly by Dennis Stuff, Inc., 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Tel: 212-302-2626. ● Periodicals postage paid New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. ● POSTMASTER: Send change of address to: Stuff, P.O. Box 420234, Palm Coast, Florida 32142-0234. One-year subscription rates: for U.S., $11.94; for Canada, $24.00; for all other countries, $34.00 in prepaid U.S. funds.

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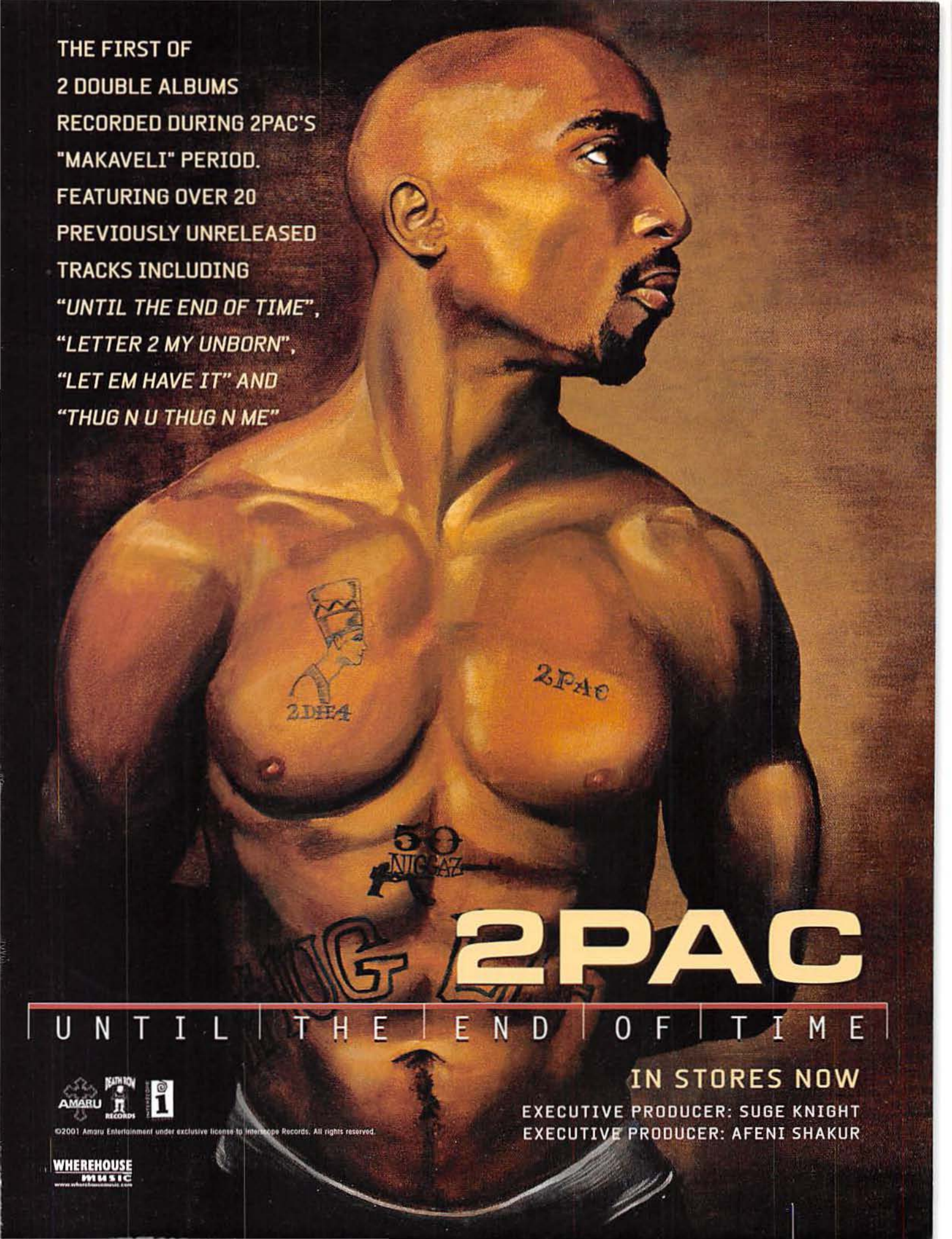
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